

The Dixie Ranger

Editors: Bert and Betty Bray Vol. XXVII No. 3 August 1997

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Thirty Seven Years of Personal Experience and History in The U. S. Forest Service

Hugh Redding, Forest Supervisor, Kisatchie NF, in 1953 wrote the following:

National Forest Administrative training of new employees is based largely upon the experiences of men who successfully served in the various positions of the Forest Service. Many men who retire from the Service leave the organization without recording their personal experiences and opinions based upon observation over a long period of service. The loyalty of the personnel to the ideals of service, both to the organization and to the public, often without thought of personal gain, has been one of the main forces behind the generous acceptance of the Forest Service by the people. The ideals and traditions are not achieved by wishful thinking or set policies, but by a high sense of responsibility to duty always keeping the best interest of the service in mind, which should be of importance to others who will follow in the future.

I have asked District Ranger Guy Cox, who is retiring June 30, 1953, to write of his experiences over the past 35 years. Guy has served over a period that has seen the Service advance from largely the custodial service to one of intensive forestry; from horse-drawn graders to Diesel-powered motor patrol graders; from potato hook and fire flaps to tractor and plow fire suppression tools. It truly has been an age of mechanization and forest utilization.

* * * * *

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.

Scores of young technical foresters have received training and advice from Cox's well-rounded experience and philosophy of life. Anyone who has been charged with the enormous responsibility of the position of District Ranger will readily realize what it is like to have been alert to the demands of the public and his superiors for almost 35 years with hardly a breathing spell. Day after day being alert and keeping the organization moving ahead requires planning, thinking and keen observation ability. Men who can meet the heavy mental and physical demand and can still look at the bright side with a sense of humor will do all right as future forest officers.

I hope that the personal experiences and facts Ranger Cox has set down of his part of the history will serve to continue to make the Forest Service organization one of the best in Government.

--Hugh S. Redding, Forest Supervisor

Leesville, LA - I have been asked by the Forest Supervisor to record some of the things I have observed during the past 35 years as Ranger on the Ouachita, Ozark and Kisatchie National Forests.

I do not pretend to know all the answers, policies, rules and regulations—I have been confused and do not know that I have understood all objectives. So to get down to writing this small history of the jobs I have tried to do, I must rely upon the facts as I remember them and in the way they were observed.

I suppose in the future, as well as in the past, many Forest Officers will be seeking the job of District Ranger, Supervisor, Regional Forester or Chief of the Forest Service. Many will wonder what it is like to have the position and the prestige it carries; fewer in number will perhaps overlook or nearly so the responsibility that goes with the job. What is it like to have spent thirty-five years of one's life on a Ranger District, most of the time in the responsible position of District Ranger, always under the gun and at times far behind schedule, seldom if ever caught up, and is the constant grind hard on the nervous system? What physical condition can one expect to be in after getting telephone calls about problems of employees, requests of Supervisors and the constant demand for some service from the often unappreciative public? The answer depends upon the philosophy of the individual and his ability to do almost any job, work under any condition, often in a near or impending emergency.

On the other side of the ledger, the opportunities for learning from association with a group of outstanding fellow Forest Officers and intelligent people outside the Forest Service is almost unlimited. Generally, my career in the Service has been pleasant. I do not know of any other position that would have offered so much in this span of years.

During the early fall of 1915, Charles W. Fritts came by our home and asked me to go with him to Hot Springs and take the examination for Assistant Forest Ranger and I decided that this would be a good excuse to make a trip to Hot Springs. At that time you had to fill out a form and were furnished a card admitting you to the examination. After the examination, R. C. Huey, the Forest Supervisor, talked with me and offered me a job on the Slatington Tower, Womble Ranger District, to begin about February 1, 1916.

A. J. James was the District Ranger stationed at the old Hay Meadow Ranger Station, Womble, Arkansas. I received a written appointment as lookout and fire warden. I worked under Charles Fritts and lived with him when I was not on the tower. My board cost me 25 cents per day. I was furnished a potato hook, D.B. axe, canteen (no rations). I lived in the tower when there was any fire danger. The tower was wood, with living quarters in the base or bottom part of the building; the observatory was about 10 x 10, with no windows and wires placed in the openings where the windows were supposed to be and numbered 1 to 360. We did not have any fire-finder or maps. I had to write a diary and make a fire report when I had a fire. We worked as long as there was any fire danger, and when I discovered a fire, I closed the tower and went to the fire and stayed with it until it was out. Some of these fires got to be big fires. We had to walk sometimes 8 to 10 miles and across two or three mountains. Some of these fires burned two or three days and did considerable damage. Law enforcement, none. Training, none.

July, 1918, the Forest Service started a road job on what is Arkansas Highway No. 8. We had a crew of about 15-20 men. R.C. Huey was Improvement Superintendent and Charles Fritts was Road Foreman. We built concrete culverts and concrete bridge foundations with super structure of native untreated bridge material. We had a small camp with telephone connection on this job. I drove a team when the job closed down for the winter. I was flunky—moving rangers, hauling wire for drift fences, feed and materials for different rangers. While doing these jobs, I first became interested in becoming a Forester. About this time, I worked with different size crews, but a big part of this time, I did not have any help or just one man. I took the Ranger examination that fall and passed.

June 15, 1919, I was appointed and attended my first ranger meeting at Hot Springs. Captain I. F. Eldridge was the man who actually conducted this meeting. A Mr. Cobb was Supervisor. I have a copy of this program. After this Rangers' meeting, I was sent to Bates, Arkansas, to work with Abner Casey on sales, but his sales were all closed down and I was sent to Eagleton and the same thing happened there, and I worked on telephone lines, painted the Ranger Station. About the first of August I was sent to Oden and worked with Ranger Frank Hale on improvement work.

September 20 I was appointed District Ranger of Shady Ranger District. I reported September 30 for duty all crippled up with an attack of rheumatism. I was not able to work. I had an office in the Ranger Station and spent several days reading reports, diaries and manuals which helped out later on when I was able to go to work. (I purchased a J.L.B.Taylor Handbook). I spent four years on this Ranger District, made a lot of mistakes, helped A.C. Shaw and Bill White make a Management Plan. A. C. and I did the south side and later White and I did the north side.

I had my first timber sale with W. W. Stevenson who, with the assistance of his brother Marvin, taught me a lot about sales. I went to Bill, as we called him, and told him I did not know a thing about sales and that he could make or break me. He was a good man and he and Marvin spent a lot of time helping me and showing me the different things around their mill and logging operation. On the way to this sale I looked over a sale Ranger J. M. Wait had had some five years previous to this one.

I did not have any one from the Supervisor's Office for the first year I was on this Ranger District. I did not have much trouble and they just left me to work out my own problems and I made a mess of the job before it was over. I had 13 miles of telephone lines, one guard the first fire season about three months; one tower, a few trails and the area, as I remember it, was about 110,000 acres. We had a lot of fires in 1921, 1922 and the spring of 1923.

I learned more about people and factions in these communities, etc. I also learned some things about myself that have been worth a lot to me since that time.

The Eagleton and Shady Ranger Districts were consolidated. This is now the Mena with S. C. Payne as Ranger. I was transferred to the Eagleton Ranger Station and John Ryals was sent to the Shady for a short time, then Willie Egger was sent to the Shady. We continued to have fires through 1924 and 1925. We always had to build a fire line along the State line to keep Oklahoma fires out. We also had Poteau Mountain west of Waldron to protect. I have spent two or three days on a single fire during a fire season. We would always have 300 or more hours per month. I have a copy of my diary for June 4 and 5, 1925. On the fourth, I worked 17 hours, next day I worked 20 hours.

When we went to sale areas we were horse-back and had to stay in mill camps, eat greasy beans and sowbelly, greasy fried spuds and sleep in bunk houses with the loggers and flatheads. We scaled in the woods. The lumber company would furnish a man to roll the logs out. We had to stay three to six days to scale the logs, cut and keep marking ahead of flatheads. We had a tie sale on Poteau Mountain that took a hard day's ride to get to it. We always spent a week or more at a time on this sale.

S. C. Payne, District Ranger, resigned during Spring of 1925 and I had the district several months. C. D. Murrell came in as Ranger about July. During the summer the personnel from the Ozark and Ouachita met with Major Evan W. Kelley, District Forester, and H. O. Stabler, Assistant District Forester, at Valley Springs north of Hot Springs and got data for Region 7 Fire Handbook. We held our first fire training school at Buck Knob Cabin the fall of 1925. This was our first forestwide training. All previous training was on-the-job training.

Office work was done on rainy days and on standby time, Sundays. We made allotment estimates and work plans along with these estimates. Some of the first plans were just simple job lists. When we received our allotments, they were sent to us on a large card, Form 35. We knew exactly how much money we had and were expected to get at least dollar for dollar in labor or merchandise. And some times we got more than a dollar, especially in labor. We had a job to do and it was up to us to do it or step down and let someone else try it. Fire was the big problem. A ranger spent approximately sixty percent of his time on fire problems and what time he had left for sales and other activities. We did not have many activities to charge our time to—fire prevention and suppression, timber sales, road and trail maintenance, telephone maintenance and maintenance of headquarters, which was office time, mail and supplies (just mail and supplies for ranger and family), plus forage for saddle horse, paint, nails, etc., for the different maintenance jobs. Inspections were few and far apart. The first three years I was on a Ranger District I did not average three inspections per year from anybody including Supervisor and staff, Regional Office or Chief's office.

We had the old Forest Service Manual and a few small pocket-sized manuals on road, trail and telephone construction and maintenance, and it was up to the ranger to figure out the jobs and how to do them. I acquired habits and ways of doing things that do not always agree with approved plans and practices now in use.

June 10, 1926 - January 10, 1929. I was transferred to the Pleasant Hill Ranger District on the Ozark with headquarters for the District between Lurton and Cowell. I think this is known as the Buffalo District now. We had a very good house one and one-half miles from the post office, school and store. I had some good men on this district and some I had to let go. We put the whole district under protection, changed our guards around, used road crews for fire suppression and reduced the number of fires. It was a tough job to change the personnel and I could not have made the grade without the help of men like Uncle Bob McChristian, the Supervisor, Road Superintendent, Road Foreman, and the better citizens of the different communities on the district. Fire Control was the big job on this district. Acquisition was a large job on this forest. We had a party under James S. Long to examine

50,000 acres of timberlands that belonged to the Missouri Pacific Railroad; who owned every other section in this area. The crew consisted of surveyor and two three-man crews cruising. We spent approximately three months on this job.

We held annual fire training schools, as they were called then. In 1926 or 27, we made our first elaborate work plan. I went to Hector, spent about 6 or 7 days with Ranger on Bayou Ranger District, Supervisor, and a Mr. Scott on the old card system. We also had a joint fire training school with the Ouachita at Jesseville.

January 20, 1929 - February 14, 1937. I was transferred to the Sylamore Ranger District with headquarters in the old Wild Cat Ranger Station near Hedges, Arkansas. Here I ran into a job—fire problem. The people were setting fires for jobs and we had a tough group to content with. Schools were not very good and in 1930 we moved to Big Flat where they had a better school and I organized a fire crew outside the forest with the help of our Road Crew. We did not have to hire any of these woods burners. I had my first large stave sale, 1929-1930. This was a new experience. H.S. Mabry was the purchaser and we got along all right. I learned all I know on this sale about the white oak stave business. I also got my first experience with wildlife with the two refuges—one 3800 acres and the other 5300 acres. We were fortunate to have a good State warden who helped out with these refuges.

After I left the Wild Cat Ranger Station and organized my fire crew at Big Flat, we had a lot of trouble around Fifty-Six and the old McGowan Tower. I had three guards and one lookout with a 10-man road crew. The going was rough for a few years. There was a group of woods-burners who sent the Congressman a petition to get a large area around Fifty-Six set aside for homestead purposes. Here again the better people got in and helped us out. We used blood hounds and any other thing we could think of to stop these fires. In 1934 the boundary was changed to take everything on the North to White and Buffalo Rivers and West to Big Creek. This new area added to our fire problem, and also timber trespass.

Part II will continue in the November issue. It covers the first CCC camp and the Leesville District from 1937 to retirement in June, 1953. Many thanks to Merlin Dixon for submitting this historical write-up - Editors.

You know you've become a Senior Citizen when—

—for breakfast, what you want you can't have.

—rest stops become panic stops.

—Bob Neelands



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Joe Bennett (Pat)
Rt 1, Box 530
Hertford, NC 27944

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13 Plantation Way
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Betty B. Wells
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Nora R. Autrey
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A change of address: Inez Winfrey Haskill, 808 Summerwalk Pkwy,
Tucker, GA 30084-8406



CONGRATULATIONS! Mr. and Mrs. John E. Johnson celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary on July 20th in San Augustine, Texas. Harlowe and John Johnson were honored by their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren at a reception at the San Augustine Theater Museum. Their daughter, Mrs. Johnida J. Huggins, says her father enjoys reading *The Dixie Ranger* and hearing from anyone he has worked with in the Service. Mr. Johnson is 87 years young and remembers everyone's name and stories in detail. Friends may write to them at P. O. Box 185, San Augustine, TX 75972.



You know you've become a Senior Citizen when—

—TOMORROW becomes your best friend, guaranteeing
that everything gets done THEN.

—Bob Neelands



LETTERS FROM OUR MEMBERS

BILL EATON, No. Myrtle Beach, SC - Just a note for the record—Bill Eaton is retiring again! First time was April 1977 from USFS in Asheville, NC, to enjoy growing and marketing tomatoes and Christmas trees during the past 20 years. Its been rewarding both physically and financially; however, the Christmas tree growing proved the best—ever tried eating 150 tons of tomatoes over a 6-year period? So now I retired again and moved to Mrytle Beach where the grandkids can keep tabs on us. Will send phone number later.

JOEL & IRENE NITZ, Hot Springs, AR - (*Joel and Irene have spent the last year in the Czech Republic and I had a problem getting The Dixie Ranger to them. I wrote them a letter and mentioned the cruise that Bert and I took to the Greek Isles*). Our departure date is planned for June 10th. Your letter mentioned going to Athens and a cruise. That's just what we did over Spring Break. Yes, even we 'old duffers' get a break from school. Our Athens trip was great. We stayed near the center of the city and were able to walk to many of the sights: Parthenon, Areopagas, Acropolis, Zues ruins, Hadrian's Arch, etc. Very impressive. Also had a 1-day cruise to 3 islands and a bus trip to Poseiden's temple. Didn't get to Turkey but have always wanted to go to Istanbul and see the Blue Mosque.

From Christmas to New Year's Day we had a trip to the Canary Islands. Where are they? Look to the west of West Africa and you'll see a bunch of islands belonging to Spain. They are quite a haven for the British, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Finns and now the Czechs who finally have the liberty to go anywhere. We have been to Prague several times and to a number of towns in Germany and the Czech Republic within a radius of an hour or two by bus, car and rail. We're planning on going to Budapest yet.

Irene and I volunteered to serve in whatever capacity the Evangelical Lutheran Mission school (Skola Martina Luthera) wanted us to do. So all is not 'fun and games'! Irene and her Czech counterpart assist in the kindergarten class. She also assists in the second grade, being required to get to school at 7:30 and finishing up anywhere from 12:00 to 1:15 pm. I tutor 2 adults in English 3 times a week and 3 classes of adults once a week. I also work with parents of the kindergarteners once a week on their

children's English vocabulary words of that week. I also report at 7:30. We attend American faculty and Czech-American faculty meetings once a month. We also attend monthly staff planning meetings. Then there are chapel services and visits by Board Members from the States. If I mention any more, you'll begin to feel sorry for us!

We have become friends with quite a number of Czechs and others. A week ago we helped celebrate the 52nd year of Czech liberation by the 16th Armored Division of the US Army. This was kept a 'secret' from the general Czech population by the Russians and Czech Communists. Until recently the Czech students were taught that the Russians liberated Plzen and the surrounding area. One of the prime movers to recent memorial celebrations is the grandfather of one of our students. He asked me to speak to the audience about my service in WWII. I told him that I served in the Pacific Theater of Operations. He said that the local people are anxious to hear from any American who served in WWII. And I did! Our Pastor interpreted for me. Nothing like getting involved in local affairs!

The Czech Republic is the most atheistic country in Europe. Some say about 90+ %. Even among the Roman Catholics, church attendance is very small, according to the church officials. Communism for 40 years took its toll among Christians.

JIM MacNAUGHTON, Harrisonburg, VA - I'm happy to say I've finally made it official and joined the Retired Ranks on March 30.

What an enjoyable and fulfilling journey to have worked for the Forest Service over the last 40 years! The journey started with summer duty in 1957 on the Gila NF in New Mexico. Spent the summer of 1958 on the Carson NF in New Mexico and in 1959 I was on the NFs in Mississippi. In mid-1961, received formal appointment as a Civil Engineer. Graduate school interrupted work for 9 months until June 1962 when work resumed full time in Jackson, Miss. Monk Farnam, Bob Bailey and Harold Strickland ran the Jackson show.

February 1966 took us to the Jefferson NF in Roanoke, VA and in 1969 we moved to New Orleans as Chief of the Facilities Engineering Branch for the Southern Station. In 1972 we moved to Atlanta where I served as Group Leader for Structures and Architecture in RO. In September 1976 we relocated to Harrisonburg, VA as Forest Engineer.

On March 30, 1997 will begin a new assignment which is currently being negotiated and studied by all parties. Will probably involve some consulting work with local firms in the area. If that doesn't work out then will try being a greeter at Wal Mart.

It's been a great experience. Thanks to all who shared part of the ride.

JIM FLANDERS, Russellville, AR - I have enclosed the page from *The Dixie Ranger* asking for identification of the gentlemen. Hugh Mobley (top right) was on the Catahoula R.D. of the Kisatchie NF when I started on the Winn RD in 1963. I worked with Joe Duckworth (bottom photo) when he was Ranger on the Vernon RD on the Kisatchie.

(Jim was the first person to identify correctly the above two gentlemen in the photos. The third gentleman, (top left) is Jim McConnell, Catahoula RD, Kisatchie NF. All in the year 1961).

NANCY GREENWOOD (Mrs. Sam), Franklin, NC - Sorry to be late with my dues, but '97 has been very busy for me.

I was very sad to read of the deaths of Yvonne Hunt and Eunice Chipman. They were good friends of ours while living in Houston and Lufkin, Texas. I had lost contact with them.

CLIFF COMFORT, Lake Placid, FL - *The Dixie Ranger* arrived at 1:30 in the mail box and I just finished reading it (2:52 pm). In doing so I recognized a grievous oversight. In recounting the F.S. organization, circa 1952, I overlooked one important individual. I noted that we were meeting on the Wayah District and neglected to recognize John Waslic (sp?) as District Ranger. My apologies for this error to John and all who knew him.

Oversight #2. The quality of *The Dixie Ranger* is superb. Congratulations to both of you and to all your contributors.

My forgetter seems to become increasingly efficient!

JACK BOREN, Alexandria, LA - Hi! Time for another timely chronicle from the sage of the Kisatchie. The May issue was great! Some fine input from several "old timers." Wonder who will write when we're gone?

You asked for ID on the photos: Top left I've no idea. Top right is the former Catahoula District Ranger Hugh Mobley. Bottom is the famous "Burning Vernon" District Ranger Joe Duckworth. Joe did some time in the KNF SO before DR'in on the Vernon. He probably had one of the toughest Ranger jobs in the USFS. Trespass was a key word. Fire, hogs, cows, goats, people, moonshiners, encroachments, US Army at Fort Polk (Danny Britt, the current KNF supervisor, is still doing battle with the Army). It's hard to fight a great big tank with a cannon, with a fire rake. Guts helped. Also there were just a whole lot of local folks who just didn't like the re-forestrys, or the "CS" depending on how old you were. Glad you're running photos.

Talking about trespass, and that's what Forest Service law enforcement is all about, I enjoyed Wayne Cloward's "How to Control Trespassing Livestock on the Southern Forests."

Wayne, what an understatement when you said "Many Rangers and Supervisors were skeptical and made fun of the effort." You had Rangers there who were very opposed to your micro-managing their Districts. A lot of them, like George Tannehill on the Winn RD just wasn't thrilled about the program. Supervisor Hans Raum was supportive.

Ranger Don Blackburn had one of the tougher Districts. I worked with Don, as much as a bodyguard, although he didn't realize it, as trying to get the system explained to the locals. Opposition from them ran from "The Indians grazed cows and burned the woods. My Granddaddy did and I'm gonna do it and ain't no re-forester gona tell me any diferent." The scenario as I recall it—in 1964 the program was to be explained to those who had livestock in trespass. In 1965 the applications for permits to be offered. And in '66 we'd start enforcing the program.

It was very difficult to get not only the local folks, but our own employees to understand what we were doing and why we were doing it after all these years. A couple of our old timers left the service rather than give up their livestock.

It was difficult because "enforcement" was "new" to the FS. When it came time to impound trespass animals, Supervisor Raum, Clyde Peacock, our Range staffer, and I went out and purchased a livestock trailer. As the Kisatchie "KOP", I purchased a tranquilizer gun and the drugs.

After consultation with a vet we started out to impound a great big bull (this was on the Evangeline RD) that was going to be our example. Well, we found the bull, I shot him, he went down on his knees and was quiet. Hey, have you ever tried to get a 2,000 pound bull loaded into a little trailer? After a lot of tugging, pulling, and some very unkind words, some probably directed at Wayne Cloward, we got him in the trailer and to the pen at the Work Center. Bull's owner had heard about our efforts and was at the Work Center. Some more unkind words and things, but the owner did go to the bank, got some money and got his bull.

As Wayne said, he could write pages. This was just the beginning. We finally got into the hogs and other animals, but those will have to be for another day.

(In 1967 I worked for Wayne Cloward as his Chief Clerk. The files in Wildlife and Range were loaded with reading material regarding these early days of enforcement and read like a western novel. If only I could get my hands on those files today - what a story they would tell! - Betty)

WAYNE MILLER, Lavonia, GA - Here's my check for first timer dues, having left the RO for the last time on June 6. It was a terrific 18 years in Region 8, and I was fortunate to have worked with some very fine people throughout the Nation.

I never will forget the interview I had prior to being offered the job as Special Agent for the NFs in Alabama. At the time, I was a Special Agent with the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms stationed in Houston, Texas. Johnny Brewer, who was the Fire and Lands Staff Officer in Alabama, was interviewing for the new Forest Agent.

Johnny called, and had me arrange a motel for him in Houston. I did, and when he got there, I picked him up and took him out to eat. After a pleasant meal, we returned to Johnny's room for the interview. The first thing Johnny did, after directing me to a chair in the room, was sit down on the bed and take off his shoes. I thought to myself, this is sure a first for me, but I'll see how it goes. Apparently it went ok, because a few weeks later, I was offered the job and moved to Alabama, and I never regretted it for a moment. Several months later, I told Johnny about the shoe incident, and he just laughed.

Wanda and I are now situated on Lake Hartwell near Lavonia, GA. We'd love to hear from our many friends and acquaintances throughout the years, so get in touch, and plan a trip our way.

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LUNCHEON SEPTEMBER 11

Our next luncheon is on September 11 at the Petite Auberge Restaurant on North Druid Hills Road in the Toco Hills Shopping Center. This is a change in the date mentioned at the June luncheon. The correct date is September 11. We have fellowship at 11:30 a.m. and lunch is served at 12 noon. The price of the luncheon has increased to \$10. Please phone in your reservations to either the Brays (770 253-0392) or Peaches Sherman (770 253-7480) no later than September 9. Hope to see you there.

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"The courage to speak must be matched by the wisdom to listen."

—George Bernard Shaw

IN MEMORIAM

Beatrice Smith Cagle, Atlanta, died May 2. Bea is survived by three daughters, 18 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren. Bea worked for many years in Personnel and Engineering in the RO.

Keith William Dorman, 87, died in Laurens, SC, on June 7. He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Doris; two sons, a daughter, six grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren.

Malcolm G. Edwards, 74, of Gainesville, formerly of Lawrenceville, GA, died Sunday, May 18. He is survived by wife, Betty, two daughters and one stepson.

John B. Fortin, Sr., 87, died May 28 in Russellville, AR. Mr. Fortin spent the early years of his 40-year career in Southern National Forests and in 1961 transferred to the Intermountain Region headquartered in Ogden, Utah. He is survived by his wife of 43 years, Marian; a son John B. "Jack", 2 granddaughters and a great-grandson.

Elizabeth Doswell Knight Glass, 90, of Buena Vista, VA, died January 6, 1997. Mrs. Glass was the widow of Thomas H. Glass, Jr., a retiree from the Pedlar Ranger District, George Washington NF. She is survived by two sons, Thomas H. Glass III and Benjamin, five grandchildren and four step great-grandchildren.

Wilburn Juanita Shelton, 79, Benton, TN died as a result of injuries received in an automobile accident on the way to work. She is survived by two daughters, Kaye Shelton and Dana Sue Pruiett. Kaye was a long time employee in the Supervisor's Office in Cleveland.



KISATCHIE NATIONAL FOREST RETIREES' REUNION

The KNF is planning a reunion on October 25, 1997 at the old Stuart Nursery (now the Catahoula Work Center). All KNF retirees and any other retirees who worked on the Kisatchie sometime in their career are encouraged to attend.

Plans are to meet about 9 a.m. on Saturday, October 25, for coffee, donuts, etc. No other meals are planned—just a time for socializing and getting reacquainted. It's still in the planning stage as we go to press. For further details, please call the Supervisor's Office 318 473-7160.

NOTE TO ALL OTHER FORESTS: If you know of plans by other Retirees for reunions, please send information to *The Dixie Ranger* and we will get a notice in the newsletter. Give us plenty of time, please.

A TRIBUTE TO KEITH DORMAN

By his daughter

My father was a kind and gentle man.

He was a man with foresight, diligence, and attention to detail. These qualities served him well in his career as a researcher and led him to pioneer the concept of tree nurseries for excellent pine seedlings to benefit the pulp and paper industry. They caused him to notice a different species of a pine tree in northern Florida which is now named *Pinus elliotii* Little and Dorman. They led him to publish more than 80 articles and compile his work into the book, *Genetics and Breeding of Southern Pines*, and to be invited to China to lecture and visit tree farms no Westerner had ever seen. A distinguished career for a farm boy from Iowa who attended a one-room school. Who, as an adult, never again wore denim or overalls and failed to appreciate both when they became fashionable.

He was a wonderful father who sought to teach his children wisdom and to nurture in us a sense of wonder: like how a tree defies gravity slowly and surely to lift its branches to the sun. My brother, the geophysicist, might be able to explain it, but I probably wouldn't understand it because he speaks a language understood only by other physicists. Dad taught us the adventure of travel—to read a map, to keep a journal, to take photos. He had a sense of humor and told us of the things in the forest that are not seen: the "tree squeaks" and the "Hide behinds," and about "two look trees" (the ones you had to look at twice to see all the way to the top).

As a faithful and loving husband, he dried and put away the dishes every night. He built lawn furniture and worked with Mom to keep the yard filled with flowers, which she beautifully arranged. He taught us to do things right the first time and not to complain about the weather.

God had a plan, and we followed that path as it was shown to us to guide us through Dad's last difficult years of failing health. I am thankful that he retained his gracious manner, his wit, and his keen mind until the last few weeks of his life. After first meeting with Dad, his latest physician told me he was struck by Dad's "wonderful mind, trapped in that frail little body."

Although we may weep bittersweet tears today, primarily we celebrate his life. I'll always be grateful for the wonderful life lessons he taught.

—Jean DeVee Dorman Knighten

Malcolm Grey Edwards, 74, *pioneered falconry in Georgia*

By Cato Bass
STAFF WRITER

Malcolm Grey Edwards of Gainesville was known by many as the grandfather of Georgia falconry, helping lay down the ground rules for the sport in Georgia.

Mr. Edwards, 74, died Sunday of cancer at his residence. The memorial service will be at 3 p.m. today at the First Presbyterian Church of Gainesville. Little-Davenport Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

A lifelong falconer, Mr. Edwards helped draft state legislation to regulate hunting seasons and to establish falconry licensing requirements in the mid-1970s, according to his wife, Betty Wilson Edwards of Gainesville.

The sport, which uses birds of prey to hunt small game, had been more established in Western states such as Texas and Colorado. The terrain, plus an abundant supply of jackrabbits, squirrels, ducks and other small game in those states, led to the sport's popularity there, said his wife.

A former Southeastern director of the North American Falconers Association, Mr. Edwards raised and trained red-tailed and Harris' hawks among other birds. A master falconer for many years, he sometimes sponsored an apprentice, provided the person could handle the responsibility. "There are strict requirements. It requires special skill and care and a lot of



Birds of prey were Mr. Edwards' lifelong passion.

responsibility," his wife said. "It is not for children."

After serving an apprenticeship, a novice falconer must pass state and federal examinations and keep careful records on the bird, identified with a band on its leg. Mr. Edwards worked with Cornell University's peregrine falcon recovery team and was a founder and past president of the Georgia Falconry Association.

Recognizing Mr. Edwards' expertise and contribution to the sport in Georgia, Georgia Public Television aired a program several years ago on falconry, which was dedicated to Mr. Edwards as "the grandfather of Georgia falconry," said his wife.

A native of Asheville, N.C., Mr. Edwards earned a

Georgia Public Television aired a program several years ago on falconry which was dedicated to Mr. Edwards as "the grandfather of Georgia falconry."

bachelor's degree in wildlife management from North Carolina State University in Raleigh.

He supervised game wardens in western North Carolina for the North Carolina State Wildlife Commission before joining the U.S. Forest Service. He later came to Atlanta to work in the agency's Southern Regional Office and became branch chief of the wildlife division for the Southeastern region.

A decorated World War II veteran, Mr. Edwards served in the Army Air Corps as a bombardier and was awarded the Silver Star, Purple Heart and Air Medal.

Surviving in addition to his wife are two daughters, Anita Grey Edwards of Atlanta and Janice Lee Edwards of Copenhagen, Denmark; a stepson, David Prickett of Clermont; a brother, William B. Edwards of Asheville, N.C., and three step-grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, the family requested that contributions be made to the Archives of American Falconry, c/o S. Kent Carnie, Curator, 5666 West Flying Hawk Lane, Boise, Idaho 83709.

NECROLOGY - Paul Russell compiled the first Necrology for the years 1971 through 1991 and this was published in Vol. XXII, No. 3, August 1992. This is a continuation of that necrology going back to include dates in 1990 and some in 1992 that were not available at the time that Mr. Russell compiled his list.

1990

Betty S. Guest October 24

1992

Evelyn Partee	February 14
Richard V. Bowman	March 1
Lionel Johnson	April 15
Constance B. Tiller	June 18
Willie G. Lunsford	August 5
Myrtle Maxey Thomas	August 26
Kenneth D. Henderson	August 27
Denton H. Bloomer	September 5
Luther B. Colbaugh	October 10
Elizabeth P. Lownde	October 20
Erma Miller	November 6
Asa Coleman, Jr.	December 8

1993

Maude P. Cartwright	January 11
Arthur B. Collins, Jr.	January 29
Lewis G. Whipple	February 27
Dorothy F. Albert	March 12
Arva S. Cloward	March 20
Leland J. Prater	April 1
Gaylord A. Knight	April 9
Bennett B. Foster	April 20
Robert A. Campbell	June 15
Sally Kent	July 9
Rose Fischer	July 12
Naomi Cox	August 20
Donald J. Morriss	August 22
F. Henry Sipe	September 17
Fred Ames	September 28
Opal M. McKinley	September 30
Olene V. Woody	October 5
James P. Hutchins	October 21
Harold J. Ackerman	November 2
Ruth Schaap	November 7
James Padgett	November 25

Mack L. Little	November 27
Frances K. Christensen	December 16
Ruth Gray	December 23
Lucile C. Scott	December 27

1994

Rosemary James	January 19
Guy M. Wilkinson	January 26
Charlie Sebesta	February
Alva B. Williams	February 12
George Smathers	February 23
Edward A. Smith	March 16
George Vitas	April 1
George F. Fox	May 2
Martha Mae Hall	May 4
Neal H. Raum	June 13
Sam Tunnell	June 24
E.B.(Rip)Williams	July 2
Edna Mae Gerred	July 18
Russell L. Chapman	October 3
Edward F. Kerr	December
Bruce Medford	December 1
Viola L. Meltz	December 1

1995

Merle S. Lowden	January 24
Fannie R. Lane	April 15
Gus L. Lovin	May 21
Helen H. Howard	May 24
Raymond M. Housley	July
Vesta Owen	August 26
William E. Hunnicutt	September 4
Steve Wilson	September 5
Roxie Howell	September 14
Victor B. MacNaughton	October
Harry Tomlinson	October 7
Howard T. Brasher	October 30
Marie J. Eriksson	November 1
Neva Lee Chumney	November 2
Charles J. Saboites	November 4
Robert B. Harkness	November 18
William R. Nicholls	December 14
James R. Cheek	December 16

1996

Richard Pennington	January 10
Columbus (Pete) Mills	March 7

Albert E. Mandeville	March 9
George S. James	April 12
Larry Henson	April 17
Blanche W. Paddock	April 27
Phillip A. Briegleb	June 20
Harvey W. Boston	July 24
Myrtle O. Riebold	August 7
Harry S. Kinner	August 15
Joseph H. Pattillo	September 7
Walton R. Smith	September 10
Alexander L. Setser	September 17
William G. Stephens	September 21
Mary Davis Black	October 15
Robert E. Lee	December 6

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A Look Back...

25 years ago, 1972:

Luncheon at the Black Angus Restaurant on Peachtree Road, cost \$2.50

Bill Huber retired on March 30

Membership topped 230!

Trip to Cradle of Forestry on chartered bus. Toured Pisgah Ranger Station with Ranger Danny Hile

Harry Rossoll making plans for a month-long trip to Europe

Dues are \$2.00 per year

15 years ago, 1982:

Luncheon at Petite Auberge Restaurant, cost \$7.00

Jim Vessey Golf Classic held at Hard Labor Creek State Park. Jim Armfield (69) won the Vessey trophy

Reported that Warren Cagle was on his way to complete the entire hike of the Appalachian Trail

Dues increased to \$4.00

The following article by former Regional Forester Charles A. Connaughton appeared in the May 1982 issue of *The Dixie Ranger*:

HOW THE FOREST SERVICE BECAME INVOLVED IN THE SAVANNAH RIVER PROJECT

The Savannah River Project was an urgent undertaking, which AEC was charged with organizing in great haste. After several possible locations nationwide were examined, the area near Aiken, SC, was selected and steps were started to purchase all of the property within the area, even the cemeteries were purchased and the graves relocated. About 60,000 acres were in cultivation with some forest land scattered among the farms. After discussions with the Forest Service, AEC concluded that timber could be grown commercially on the area without conflicting with the prime purpose of the project. It was decided that the cultivated land should be planted with trees for reasons of productivity and to provide a screen for the primary installations. A crash planting program was conceived. Planting stock was obtained by activating the Ashe Nursery in Mississippi. This nursery had been closed because of root rot problems, but the Southern Experiment Station solved the problem and developed a remedy. Almost the entire production of the nursery was committed to the Savannah River Project. In addition to planting, the Forest Service agreed to make some timber sales in existing stands. All receipts were retained by AEC. Fire protection was handled by AEC. The work was handled at first from the Regional Office with Larry Newcomb in charge. Later, headquarters were moved to Aiken with John Hatcher, formerly Asst. Supervisor in Mississippi, in charge. All costs to the Forest Service were reimbursed by AEC and the project was handled on a truly cooperative basis. The result has been a joint effort by two agencies of government, with entirely different primary missions. The cooperative results have been excellent and a major tract of land is now producing important timber crops while continuing to serve its primary purpose of producing materials vital to national defense. All employees involved in this undertaking deserve great credit for carrying out their assignments in such high order.

5 years ago, 1992:

Department of Agriculture proposed a new policy to limit clearcutting

Ouachita NF retirees held their second annual retirees' party on September 13

Necrology compiled by Paul Russell from 1971 through 1991 published in DR Vol XXII, No. 3, August 1992

Tom Smith presented program on The Living Will and Durable Power of Attorney for Health Care at Retirees' luncheon

Jack Kirby retired at 80 years of age after a 58-year career. His was longest career in history of agency

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LOOK

ANOTHER MESSAGE

Just when I thought the zip codes were correct and I could leave off the "Address Correction Requested" from *The Dixie Ranger* until the beginning of 1998, I find that many of you in the Atlanta area are having your zip code changed. Would you please notify me as soon as possible of your new code. The Post Office is furnishing a card that you can mail at no cost to you.

All members—please note your current address label. If (96) appears after your name, then this is your last newsletter. The (96) indicates that your dues were only paid through the end of 1996. We have given you a grace period of 9 months. Soooo to continue to received *The Dixie Ranger* dues should be paid now. I plan to remove names before the next mailing in November.

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Coming in the next issue...

Part II - CCC Camp in 1933. A continuation of Guy Cox's 37 years of experience with the U. S. Forest Service.

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RIDING WITH RED

Red Myler was a character. Those who knew him surely would agree that there was no doubt about that fact! For those who didn't know him, he was the Chief Pilot for the Region, and a great guy—but still, oh yeah, definitely a character. And he came fully equipped with a temper to match his red hair.

I first flew with Red on a mission to get aerial photos of tanker planes working on Arkansas' inevitable spring fires.

One evening after enduring several boring days in the little flight room waiting for a fire call, Red and I were quaffing a couple of brews (non-alcoholic) in a local pub. Out of the blue, so to speak, Red said something like "These tanker pilots don't think you fit in here at all."

It takes a lot to gall me, but that really did it. As I remember, I blasted off with words to this effect: "I'm telling you and you can tell them, I'm here to get pictures—not on a popularity contest. If those prima donnas can get those old tubs up off the ground somehow, and are maybe lucky enough to find the fire, AND you get that churn of yours in the VICINITY of the action, I'll get the photos! Period!."

Knowing Red's hair-trigger temper, I watched alertly for the signs of a punch coming my way. After he had pondered my outburst for a dozen seconds, he shot his hand out toward me. I flinched. But it wasn't a fist, but an offering to shake hands. "Neelands," he said, "you're OK. I'll straighten those guys out from here on."

The fires broke out, and they were the "doozies"—typical of Arkansas in the spring. My photo vantage-point for the operation was on the floor of the Aero-Commander, peering out the opening from which the large side door had been removed.

Red's job as "lead-plane" was to fly ahead of the tankers and waggle the wings over the spot where the tankers were to release their loads of retardant. Red did this, but then had to get us back in photo position alongside the tankers. What he did was a maneuver called an Immelmann (I learned later).

From my position, all I could see was a limited vertical slice of the scenery, which suddenly went crazy. First it whooshed straight up, rolling up and over my narrow field of view. Then it zoomed back into place, only to spin on down out of sight as it swirled back down below the horizon, then stood vertically on end, first one end up, then the other.

The camera I was struggling to hold onto went from zero-weight buoyancy to that of a cement block, faster than I could control it. Up until then, I had never had a problem with motion sickness, but this was my first exposure to "contortion sickness." The glazed donut I had noshed on before takeoff seemed to have re-formed itself in my stomach into a small grindstone, rolling first up one side of my "innards" then down the other. Just as I was about to recognize the value of barf bags, one of the tankers suddenly snapped into my view, looming hugely right outside my door. I had the quick impression that I could read the gauges in the cockpit if my eyes would only focus. Strictly by reflex, my thoughts turned

from my rebellious stomach to the working of the camera. Somehow the final results both from the standpoints of photography, and from those of my agitated internals, turned out satisfactorily and under control. I still wonder if Red was answering my earlier tirade with a superb bit of aerial showmanship. If so, it worked! I never again made a crack about his flying ability. And we remained good friends.

—Bob Neelands



THE 10 COMMANDMENTS FOR RETIREMENT

1. Thou shalt not honor age over wisdom.
2. Thou shalt be grateful for memories while making new ones.
3. Thou shalt thank those who have made thy retirement possible.
4. Thou shalt not waste time thinking about what might have been.
5. Thou shalt accept change so thou might become younger than thy years.
6. Simplify thy life.
7. Thou shalt be active and have many interests.
8. Thou shalt savor the past, but not live in it.
9. Thou shalt bury all wrongs done to thee and forget them.
10. Thou shalt pace thy race.

By Dr. Roger Fritz. The 10 Commandments for Retirement on frameable scroll can be ordered by calling 800-298-9292. The cost is \$9.95 plus postage and handling. E-mail RFRitz3800@aol.com* Internet - <http://www.rogerfritz.com> (Used with permission).



"There is nothing so powerful as truth; and often nothing as strange."

—Daniel Webster

THE FIRST SPECIAL AGENT CONFERENCE, CLEVELAND, TN 1964



Left to right: Warren Cagle, SC, Harold Lintznich, MS, Harold Watson, RO, Personnel, Red Crawell, AL, Randy Miller, TN, Joe Couch, RO Law Enforcement, John Spring, Assistant Regional Forester, RO, Fire, Jack Boren, LA, John Chaffin, TN, Fire, Red Myler, RO, Pilot and Reese Munch, Pilot (now at Epps Air Service, Peachtree DeKalb Airport).

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A Reminder

Please phone in your reservations by September 9 for the luncheon on September 11 to the Brays or Peaches Sherman. See page 12 for phone numbers.

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