



DIXIE RANGER

SOUTHERN FOREST SERVICE RETIREE ASSOCIATION

Suite 901 1720 Peachtree Road, N.W., Atlanta, GA 30367-9102

Editors: Bert and Betty Bray Vol. XXI No. 3 August 1991

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Lee Cromley 1993 (3 year term)
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ANNUAL PICNIC

The annual picnic will be held on Saturday, September 28, at noon at the American Legion Clubhouse, 3905 Powers Ferry Road, adjoining the golf course in Atlanta's Chastain Park. We'll gather at noon with lunch around 1 p.m. Please bring a dish for the buffet. Soft drinks, coffee and tea will be provided along with plates, cups, etc. You may bring your own before lunch drink and appetizers. Please see map enclosed with newsletter for directions on how to get to the picnic site. We hope to see you there! Do come and join us.

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The last luncheon was held on June 27 at the Petite Auberge Restaurant. About 45 people attended. Out of town visitors included Mr. and Mrs. Dave Scott from Portland, Oregon, and John Allen from Oakton, Virginia.

President Helen Thomas presented Lee Bardwell, past President, with a Certificate of Appreciation for serving as President during 1990.

A reminder about the December luncheon. The election of officers for 1992 will take place at this time. This is according to Amendment #6 passed on March 28th.

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REQUEST FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Joy Patty, Public Affairs Officer on the National Forests in Alabama has asked for help with a project she is undertaking. Joy is trying to develop a pictorial display of former Forest Supervisors of the National Forests in Alabama. She has the names and dates they served and is asking for information on where she might obtain photographs. Many are deceased, but Joy hopes that relatives, friends, etc., would be willing to help in locating photographs.

The list of Supervisors and the dates served:

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The Dixie Ranger is published in February, May, August and November. Dues are \$5.00 per year payable at the beginning of the year. Please notify Editors of any changes in address.

S. R. Broadbent	1933
Donald E. Clark	1934
R. F. Hemingway	1935-36
F. W. Rasor	1936-43 & 1944-46
H. P. Bradner	1943-44
P. A. Swarthout	1946-50
E. R. DeSilvia	1950-51
C. A. Burnham	1951-56
A. A. Grumbine	1956-59

If you can help Joy, please write to her at USDA-Forest Service, 1765 Highland Avenue, Montgomery, AL 36107 or phone her at 205-832-4470.

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TRIBUTE TO ARCH NICHOLS

On October 6, 1990, a plaque was unveiled dedicating the section of the Mountains-to-Sea Trail between Mount Pisgah and Mount Mitchell in memory of Arch Nichols. It is located on the trail where it crosses the north edge of the parking area at the Folk Art Center, milepost 382 on the Blue Ridge Parkway.

NATURAL BOTANY, Winter 1988/89 carried this article by Dorothy Hussey regarding Mr. Nichols.

"Arch Nichols has blazed a new trail. On February 1, 1989, he laid down his boots and shovels for the last time. His forty-year impact on the building and repairing of mountain trails in several states, especially the Appalachian Trail, will be enjoyed by generations to come who never knew him. That is the way he would want it. He gave of himself, his time, his money without calling attention to himself.

He worked faithfully for at least two days a week for 27 years at the University Botanical Gardens where he built, repaired, dug drainage ditches, weeded, pruned, raked, mulched, hoed, sowed and transplanted. His quiet good humor made him a delight to those who worked with him. His unflagging energy was an inspiration. He looked around to see what needed to be done and did it. He was an activist for causes in which he deeply believed. His typewriter was busy with letters to the editor, foundations and groups who could give money. He kept closely in touch with his many friends. He reached out to others, volunteering to take men and boys who had been sentenced to community service to work with him on the trails. Some of them were introduced to nature for the first time and developed a love for it. He was patient while teaching others what needed to be done and always willing to share his knowledge.

Arch was on the boards of the Gardens, the Smith-McDowell House, Community Arts Council, Asheville Symphony, the Appalachian Trails Conference, and the Men's Garden Club. He worked hard and gave generously to all. He and Zeffie gave, anonymously, the first \$10,000 for the building of the Botany Center at the Gardens. He worked on fund raising and construction of it, as well as almost every other project at the Gardens.

He and Gladstone McDowell were in the same freshman class in 1924 at Duke University where, following graduation, he went on to studies at Northwestern. He began work with the U. S. Forest Service in 1939 and retired in 1972, interrupted by service in World War II, where he served as a captain in the Army Infantry.

He was active to within a few short weeks of his death, although ill. The last time he repaired a trail, he was so weak that his tools had to be carried by others, yet he didn't give up. Several people are now needed to pick up those tools which he has so reluctantly laid down. Others must continue the work which he started. The Botanical Gardens and the Appalachian Trail are enjoyed by thousands each year. Volunteers are badly need for both.

Happy trails, Arch. Hiking and working with you was a never-to-be-forgotten experience."

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Sons and Daughters of Forest Service employees and retirees - Jack Alcock gave us a partial list of these off-spring and Tanya Henderson, Realty Specialist, Lands, in the SO in Asheville was omitted. Tanya is the daughter of Ken Henderson, Supervisor of the Chattahoochee-Oconee NFs.

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New Forest Service Supervisors - John Yancy, Forest Supervisor, NFs in Alabama. John replaces Joe Brown who transferred to the RO as Director of Cooperative Forestry. John is a native of Auburn, Ala. For the last three years he has been a forester in the WO Timber Staff.

John has a BS degree in forest management from Iowa State University. He and his wife, Yvonne, have three children: John, Jr., 18, Shannon, 16; and Kristie, 14.

David W. Wilson, Forest Supervisor, Francis Marion and Sumter National Forests in South Carolina. David was the Deputy Forest Supervisor of the Ouachita NF in Arkansas. David obtained a BS degree in Forest Resource Management, with majors in Wildlife Management and Forestry, from the University of Tennessee. He and his wife, Diann, have a 9-year old son, David.

Welcome to both of you in your new positions.

Retirement- Dick Cox, Director of Fire and Aviation for the Southern Region retired in early July. Dick has been Director since 1980. He plans to return to New Mexico where he was Assistant Regional Director of Fire and Aviation for Region 3 prior to his transfer to Atlanta.

Personnel Selections - Bill Rice, who has been on extended detail to the Soil Conservation Service, will join the SCS management team as their Deputy Chief for Administration.

Lamar Beasley, SE Station Director, has been named to succeed Rice as the Deputy Chief for Administration.

Jeff Sirmon, former Deputy Chief for Programs and Legislation, is the first Deputy Chief for International Forestry.

Mark Reimers has been appointed Deputy Chief for Programs and Legislation.

Alan Moore transferred from Kisatchie NF to become head of the Property and Procurement Section succeeding Tom Hunnicutt. This is a shared services section for the NFs SO, and the Southeastern Station.

Awards - In the category of Environmental and Natural Resources Protection in the Department of Agriculture Honor Awards, the Distinguished Service award was given to the Hurricane Hugo Red-Cockaded Woodpecker Response Team, Group Leader- Robert Hooper, Francis Marion NF. The team was recognized for mobilizing an emergency recovery program to save the red-cockaded woodpecker populations devastated by Hurricane Hugo.

Mike Curran, Ouachita National Forest Supervisor, received the 1991 Chevron Conservation Award for his efforts in improving the 1.6 million-acre Ouachita National Forest. As Supervisor, Mike developed a management plan that led to the establishment of the 121,000-acre Winding Stair Mountain National Recreation Area, which includes the first Forest Service botanical areas, wildlife and recreation areas, and a scenic byway. The Forest plan greatly reduced clearcutting in the Forest and initiated a program to retain and increase the amount of hardwoods in the forest.

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WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Robert LaVal
HC 64 Box 3476
Heavener, OK 74937

Jim Helms
78 Wayah Road
Franklin, NC 28734

Bryant E. Watts
631 Zanark Drive
Columbia, SC 29212

Karl F. Wenger
Rt 3, Box 341F
Tappahannock, VA 22560

Address change: David A. Dubow
3222 Cloudland Ct.
Buford, GA 30518

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IN MEMORIAM

Karl Rodney Mayer, 81, Gainesville, GA. Mr. Mayer died on June 6 after a short illness. He was born in 1910 in Easton, Penn. An honor graduate of Pennsylvania State University, class of 1931, he worked for the Forest Service and the Agency for International Development in Liberia and Africa.

He is survived by his wife, Lucile B. Latimer Mayer of Gainesville; brother Ronald H. Mayer of Bethlehem, Pa; a niece and two grand-nieces.

George K. Schaeffer, 83, Tallahassee, Fla, died on June 1. Mr. Schaeffer and his wife, May, moved to Tallahassee from Atlanta 3 to 4 months ago to be near their son. Surviving besides his wife are a son, Larry G.; daughter Lovie Ruth, two brothers and seven grandchildren.

Mary Nan Still Aulds, wife of retiree Charles B. Aulds, Cleveland, Tennessee, died June 4. Mrs. Aulds was an R.N. and a member of the Westwood Baptist Church where she was a teacher in the Pre-school program for 17 years. Besides husband, Charles, she is survived by three sons and a daughter; sister; and one granddaughter.

Herbert E. Oshsner - date of death unknown. From Eastern Forest Service Retirees' Newsletter.

REMEMBERING - "SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT"

Life as a Forest Ranger during the thirties, in the early years of the DeSoto National Forest, was not exactly romantic, no rosy bowl of cherries - at least not on the Biloxi Ranger District.

Many people whose homes bordered on the newly-established National Forest had a difficult time visualizing any long-time future for these old "stump and rough grass lands", now government property. Why, for years after the lumbermen had cut the timber and gone away, the local folks had felt free to get their firewood off these lands, to graze their cows on them, to hunt and fish them, and as their fathers did before them, and their fathers did before them, they also felt free to "burn off" these lands at the "proper" times. Their aim was "to kill the snakes, boll weevils, chiggers and ticks and such" and to "green up the land for better grazing" (or so they thought).

Fire Prevention and Fire Control - These activities were given top priority. We tried to reach as many people as we could, never slighting our other important activities. We used the press as much as possible. A weekly, 15-minute Sunday morning program broadcast locally from the Biloxi (Miss.) radio station proved especially popular. Called the "Ranger's Scrapbook", its makeup included little stories about our work and happenings in the CCC camps and around the District. The program's acceptance and popularity stemmed principally, I'm sure, from the "live music" interspersed between snatches of my stories.

The "music" offerings were work songs, other folk songs, and spirituals sung by enrollees from our three CCC camps. They competed among themselves in the form of quartets and slightly larger groups. Those picked for the "Ranger's Scrapbook" program each week were relieved from fire duty on Sunday, incentive enough to produce some splendid singing combinations. Most of these young men had natural, vibrant voices, they knew the songs by heart, and they required few rehearsals.

This, then, was the background for a weekend to remember ... It was Saturday morning. I had almost finished our little planning session with the Project Superintendent and our "singing team" for Sunday's program when fire call sounded. We were in a very long dry period, continually dreading the possibility of a big fire in the very dry "rough". Our fears were justified. As we broke up, I said to everyone, "I'll let you know about tomorrow."

The fire had more than a half-mile front before we could even get on it. It had been started by someone tossing "rich" pine torches from a speeding car or pick-up. A strong wind carried the flames, just as that someone had planned, away from the road into the heavy, dry grass and brush. Fortunately, the fire stayed on the ground.

Crews from all three camps, with the help of a blessed wind-shift and some possible back-firing, had the fire under control and fairly well mopped up by early evening. Many of the fire-crew members were released and back at their camps when we learned that one of the enrollees, a truck driver, didn't make it back.

It was not hard to figure out just what had happened. Jamie, we'll call him, was driving his tank truck, still half-full of water, back to camp when he came to a turn in the road. He never made the turn. It had brought him full-face with the bright setting sun. He obviously was blinded momentarily, but long enough to miss the curve. The truck went off the road, turned over and crushed Jamie beneath it.

In view of the tragedy which had occurred I felt like cancelling the Sunday radio program. Jamie's Project Superintendent urged me to go ahead with it. He told me the five enrollees who were slated to back me up pleaded with him to "work on me" to do the "show". They knew Jamie would want them to, and they wanted to. OKAY!

We were at the station on time. I warned Dave, the announcer-engineer who was alone in the control room, that we were doing the program "wild" and to be prepared for anything. Something had started stirring in my mind. I scrapped the notes I had prepared for the stories I had planned to tell, and I told my young singers that their part in the program might be limited to one song, and that I was sure I could trust them to pick a good song to go along with what I was going to say.

Dave signalled for "Quiet", and introduced the "Ranger's Scrapbook". We were on the air.

I went right into a report of Saturday's fire without too much detail as to the way it was set. In quietly dramatizing the efforts of our foremen and the CCC crews in bringing the fire under control, I explained what that meant in terms of saving the young trees already abundant in that area -- a fairly soft, not heavily overdone "sell".

Then I talked about the accident. I described Jamie's tragic death. (as I talked I sensed voices humming behind me; I had given no signal). My own voice became more forceful as I tried to make the point that this young man, Jamie, along with all of the CCC enrollees on that fire were actually American soldiers **doing a job** for all of the rest of us, for our benefit, yours and mine. In this case, one of these young "soldiers" had lost his life in defense of our country's valuable land and its valuable resources. "This is something you and I should really think about," I said, "and I hope Jamie's friends and his family will find some comfort in his sacrifice". With that, I stopped talking.

Behind me, the singers eased their humming into the words of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot, comin' for to carry me home. Swing low sweet chariot..." They sang that spiritual with such feeling, with such deep emotion that I felt the skin tighten at the back of my head. I was so moved that I cried, unashamedly. One final chorus and Dave gently faded out their voices, and we were off the air.

I am sure I shall never forget that traumatic, unrehearsed drama that took place in that small Biloxi Radio Station half-a-century and a bit more ago -- not until a Sweet Chariot Swings Low, coming for to carry me home.

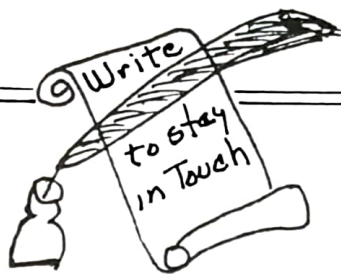
--Thank you, Bill Bergoffen, Silver Spring, Maryland, for your moving story.

* * * *

While I was typing this newsletter, I received word that Brooke Davis, retiree, Timber Staff, Chattahoochee-Oconee NF, is recuperating from eye surgery. Mr. Davis lost an eye due to cancer. Our best wishes for a return to good health!

Also, Gaylord Knight, formerly Communications Director in the RO, is in a nursing home in Tennessee. He would welcome cards, letters, etc. His address is: Route 3, Box 785, Louisville, TN 37777.

LETTERS FROM OUR MEMBERS



Roy Bond, Albuquerque, N.M.

Appreciate your continuing to send me a copy of the news. The F.S. is sure in the news out here. Glad I am retired. And I thought we had problems with the red-cockaded woodpecker. I spent 25 years in R-6 and don't remember ever seeing a spotted owl. Dave Jolly seems to be doing a good job. Best to both of you.

Sam Johnson, Snellville, GA

Here is an article that appeared in USA TODAY on August 8th.

"Gift Idea: Plant Tree in National Forest

You can help forest the country. For \$10, the National Forest Service will plant 10-15 seedlings in one of the 156 national forests, and the donor will receive a certificate acknowledging the gift.

The Service plants trees in memory of loved ones, as Christmas or birthday gifts, or to commemorate a special event. They'll even plant them for people who simply feel guilty about all those trees they uprooted for Christmases past. Sounds like a pretty good idea. Why didn't anyone think of this before, you ask?

They did. The program began in 1982.

Wayne National Forest in Ohio sometimes gets three requests a week; other times they go for a month without donations. The problem seems to be awareness. "It's a popular program when word gets around," says Pam Cruse of Wayne National Forest, "but I just don't think word gets around enough."

Want to plant a tree? Checks should be made to the USDA-Forest Service and mailed to: Plant-A-Tree, USDA-Forest Service 1765 Highland Ave., Montgomery, Ala. 36107. Contributions qualify as charitable tax deductions."

Reynolds Florance, Arlington, VA

Here is a check for my dues for this year and next. Tho not a forester, half of my thirty five years in the USDA were as a Forest Service employee. The other half with what is now the General Counsel's Office. My retirement twenty years ago was from the Forest Service.

If my name were mentioned to members of SFSRA, the vast majority of them would ask "Who is he?" Nevertheless, I read each issue of the Dixie Ranger thoroughly to bring back memories of a lot of friends. Thank you.

Katherine Allen, Oakton, VA

Enjoyed chatting with you on the phone. Here's a check to make John a member in good standing. We both enjoy the Dixie Ranger and appreciate all of your hard work to keep it going. We've probably missed a copy and would appreciate receiving if you get a chance. It's one of the best ways we know to keep up with the "news" of fellow FS friends.

John has been in Georgia for several weeks supervising work on our week-end "retreat". This is the first opportunity we've had to continue work since we moved to Washington.

In fact, we stay so busy, it is really hard to do justice to enjoying the motor-home although we plan to spend a few weeks in the Southwest this summer. We're still active in the Friendship Force, SAF, Wives Club, etc., here just as we were in Atlanta. We did work in a recent vacation to Tokyo, Singapore and Malaysia.

Keep the news coming - and when you're least expecting it - don't be surprised if one or both of us show up at one of your social functions!

Nettie & Bruce Alter, Gainesville, GA

First, wish to thank you for putting the D.R. together and hope you have many more issues to come.

Regret hearing of Mary Palmer Joyner and Lucile Isbell's eye problems. That is really a rough break.

Nettie and I continue to function fairly well although our lifestyle is somewhat different since last Christmas Eve when she pulled a back muscle and then later found she had spinal problems due to loss of bone calcium. We especially miss the chance to do even short trips since traveling, at least for now, seems to be on the shelf.

We can look back to having made several interesting journeys - got to Hawaii; three times to Europe, then Middle East, Australia, New Zealand, Mexico and all in between. Nearly all of the USA and some of Canada.

From last D.R. issue was interested in Pat Int-Houts comment on meeting the liquor hauler on the Tallulah. Don't know who should have been most disturbed - Pat or the other fellow. Hi, Pat!

Will close with best wishes and sincere regards to all with whom we have crossed trails since I got involved in forestry some sixty years ago. Hold it in the road.

Alex Setser, Franklin, N.C.

It was good to receive the May 1991 edition of the Dixie Ranger. It reminded me that I was delinquent in paying dues beyond 1990.

You are doing such an excellent job in preparing this publication which enables us to keep up with our Forest Service friends. Hence I am enclosing my check for 1991 and 1992 dues.

Most of our time is occupied in the listing and sale of real estate as agents for the Indian Mound Realty office here in Franklin. This is a multilist agency. Barbara and I are both licensed agents and keep quite busy at it. In case any friends of Forest Service people need to look for property in this area we will be very glad to show them. Our office number is (704) 524-9990, home (704) 369-9245. Best wishes to both of you and all of our other Forest Service friends.

B. W. Chumney, Cleveland, TN

I wonder why Pat Int-Hout failed to remember his golf ball experiences along with Cecil Cordell and Bill McConnell.

Bob Campbell, Pisgah Forest, NC

We, Arline and I, have been busy for the last three summers sorting, repairing, restoring and modernizing some old farm buildings in Michigan that we have inherited.

This is my boyhood home. This is in lieu of going to a nursing home.

Enclosed is my check for 3 more years of the Dixie Ranger.

Bob Neelands, St. Augustine, FL

The eight or so magazines to which we subscribe, culled down over the years to those we think are best, provide our household with much enjoyment, but, truth to tell, I get the most pleasure and good warm feelings from reading each issue of the Dixie Ranger. And the price is so good! Hope we never have to pay what it's worth!!

Here's a filler item if you need one. I still get a chuckle when I think back on this one time I spent in the field with Plato Touliatos.

Some of my early days in the Forest Service were spent on an "orientation assignment" as a member of a two-man Forest Survey team. For those not familiar with this activity, it is a procedure whereby otherwise-sane men plunge into jungle-type surroundings to locate sampling plots. There they measure everything including trees, bushes, mosquitoes, snakes, ticks, sabre-toothed spiders, and the little-known auger-beaked chigger which feeds exclusively on the blood of foresters.

I felt no anxiety about this because the young forester who was to lead me was the Hollywood version of the stalwart Ranger: tall, broad of shoulder, slim of hip, firm of chin, and with a steady gaze that told the world that here was a person not to be tampered with, one who was ready and able to cope.

When we reached the beginning of what he said was a trail, he divvied up the equipment. As he impatiently watched me struggling with my share, he said that he guessed he better go ahead up the trail to get oriented. Before striding off, he casually mentioned that there was a pistol in one of the packs that I would be carrying, just in case we saw a snake. Hmmmmp!, I thought. Pity the poor snake if Plato saw it. It would be crushed like a bug under that mighty heel!

In a minute or so, when I had just about finished strapping on my portion of the gear and was almost ready to try standing up, I heard a great commotion up the trail. It was Plato, yelling and hollering in what seemed to be two or three voices all at the same time, one sounding like a woman's. Directly, here he came back down the trail, knees high, arms pumping, head and shoulders back, his legs about two steps ahead of the rest of his body, giving him the appearance of someone trying to lie down while at full gallop.

He was almost up to me before I could make out what he was shouting. "Gimme the snake," he screamed, "there's a pistol in the path!!", and thundered right on by for another thirty yards or so.

So much for hero worship and fallen idols. The last I heard, Plato was running a very successful landscape and plant-nursery business in Memphis, and probably telling his children about how he helped conquer the wilderness on Survey.

Anyway, back from memory lane, here's a suggestion you might or might not think any good. My idea would be to put the name and address (city and state only) of the author at the beginning of each item. I find myself always looking to the end of the letter to find out who wrote it, before starting to read it, often flipping the page and then coming back to the beginning. Above all, keep up the good work.

Bob, thank you for writing. I have laughed so much at this story, I had to quit typing for a few minutes. You write a very vivid description - and you still have that sense of humor that I remember from our days in I&E - yes, I&E. I don't feel right saying Public Affairs Office. And your suggestion was adopted - thanks. I wanted to change and appreciate the good idea. Keep writing - Betty.

Harry R. Wright, Highlands, N.C.

I wish to take this opportunity of advising all the friends of Ed Howell's, formerly District Forest Ranger of the Oden Ranger District, Ouachita NF, accidental death in an auto accident sometime during the past Christmas holidays. The exact date of death is not known. He was 86+ years old.

This unfortunate death was learned of the latter part of last April when I went by to see Ed at his home in Lake City, Florida.

Not finding Ed at home, and after several repeated telephone calls, I located a lady who lives nearby. She told me that Ed was out driving his car during the past Christmas holidays, with his daughter following behind in another car, when Ed ran a stop sign at a busy intersection of two major highways Southwest of Lake City several miles and very close to his home. Death must have been instant, based on the information given to me.

Ed's wife, Prentice, died about a year earlier of a massive brain hemorrhage. This left Ed alone, except for the frequent visits of his two daughters who live and work in Lake City. I could not locate either one of his daughters last April as I could not remember their first name (s).

Ed's Oden Ranger District adjoined my Cold Springs Ranger District, headquartered in Waldron, Arkansas, when I arrived in Waldron with my wife, Sara Nell, and one child, Anthony, on February 6, 1944 to begin my first duty (s) as District Forest Ranger under Mr. Phil Bryan, Forest Supervisor.

When I was transferred to the Brasstown Ranger District of the Chattahoochee National Forest at Blairsville, GA., on April 16, 1951 I had a very distinct feeling that I had left the best friends and the greatest people on earth. SO BE IT!

Ed was always very helpful to me and we quite often saw each other, either on business or otherwise.

Several years after I arrived in Waldron, Ed was transferred to the Yazoo-Little Tallahatchee Flood Control project in Oxford, MS, where he remained for several years in an official capacity before he retired and moved to Lake City, FL, to be with his wife, an instructor at the Lake City Junior College.

After arriving in Mississippi on transfer, Ed's wife, Prentice, completed her education at "Ole Miss". After graduation, she applied and obtained a job at Lake City Jr. college where she worked as an Instructor until her death in 1988 or 1989.

Thanks for printing this news item which will be of interest to a great many readers of your publication.

John C. Barber, Warsaw, VA

Thanks for the fine work you do for all of us with the Dixie Ranger. It is nice to know where people have settled and to know how to contact them.

Besides playing a little golf - watching our river, the Rappahannock, 2 1/2 miles wide at our house - I've gotten involved with the Chesapeake Bay Program and the local S&WCD and RC&D. Lots of opportunities to draw on experience to help on environmental issues. While I get upset sometimes with the "environmentalists", I've had some success in sitting down with the local people and talking things out. Most often they've not looked at the total picture, or thought out long term effects.

More FS retirees need to be in the "thick of it". Locally, we worry most about wetlands, water quality and eagles. Thank goodness the spotted owls and red-cockaded woodpeckers haven't shown up yet.

Francene is very busy with tourism promotion and puts in a couple of days each week at our local winery - Ingleside Plantation - which has won many national awards. Keep up the great work.

Hob Howard, St. Petersburg, FL

I can't let the claims of Don Morriss and Ed Littlehales about the Pinchots go unchallenged.

In the fall of 1925 I was a senior in Hershey High School in Hershey, PA. I wanted to become a forester but couldn't convince my parents. My dad wanted me to become an architect and my mother opted for me to become a preacher. Both thought I should go to Lebanon Valley College - the nearest to home.

Gifford Pinchot was running for governor of Pennsylvania and one school day he spoke in Hershey to a gathering of voters outside the Community Center. I joined the group and worked my way up to the platform. After the speech was over I was upon the platform with him (there was no tight security in those days). I told him I wanted to become a forester but couldn't convince my parents. He grabbed my hand and shook it firmly and said "I can help you". I suppose one of the ladies on the platform was Mrs. Pinchot, but I wasn't introduced to any of the people there. Mr. Pinchot told them he'd meet them later. He and I were alone then and he seemed to forget about politics and gave his full attention to me. He told me about the State Forest School at Mont Alto. He wrote in my notebook the address in Harrisburg where the entrance examination would be held. Then he said I should get some books on forestry to help convince my parents. He wrote in my notebook the names of ten books I could get at the State Library in Harrisburg. Altogether he spent at least twenty minutes with me and encouraged me not to give up.

I got the books and my parents were still skeptical but agreed I could apply for acceptance at Mont Alto and if I didn't make it I would go to Lebanon Valley College. The examination was held shortly after I graduated in 1926. There were ten applicants taking the exam at Harrisburg and we were told that State-wide there were 300 applicants for 30 to be accepted. Those odds weren't encouraging but in August I got a letter telling me I had been accepted. Several weeks after that I got a longhand note from Mr. Pinchot congratulating and wishing me a successful career as a forester.

I never had an opportunity to meet Mr. Pinchot again. Nor did I keep any of the written material he gave me.

Other fellows who were accepted at Mont Alto in 1926 and worked in Region 8 were my classmates Don Morriss, Eddie Ripper and Paul Russell and deceased Tom Evans and Howard Snyder.

When Mont Alto broke up in 1929, eight of our class had dropped out or dropped then. Ripper and Russell were 2 of 3 that selected Penn State for the senior year. Except for one who went to Idaho, the rest of us selected N. C. State.

(The Howards celebrated their 60th anniversary with a cruise to Bermuda. They were married May 29, 1931 in Jacksonville and came to St. Petersburg in 1974 from Virginia. Before retiring, Mr. Howard was general inspector for the FS in the WO.)

Frank Ferrarelli, Reno, NV

Thanks for the reminder on the dues. I thought I had taken care of it in Dec., but - check enclosed for 1991-92. I don't want to miss any issues of the Dixie Ranger, which you guys are doing such a great job on.

No big trips for Joyce and I this year but we're getting good use out of our motorhome on lots of short ones into Oregon and California.

Oldest daughter, Diane, presented us with our third grandson on June 22. She is still planning on continuing teaching come September. Our baby, Julie, graduated from U.N.R. in C.E. and starts on the Plumas NF in January in the S.O. Engineering section.

Clarification on paragraph 3 above, two of the grandsons belong to youngest son Alan.

Hope to get back for another visit in '92. Keep up the good work.

Bob Pearl, Orlean, MA

Thank you for the recent edition of the Dixie Ranger and thank goodness for men like Tom Hooper.

I enjoyed his statement and Tom, we used the same technique to quiet the "clear-cutting" dissenters on the West Virginia National Forests. We took the people in the Congress to the Forests and showed them the results of experimental plots and actual sales where treatment was applied.

Given a set of objectives and on-the-ground in a particular stand, reasonable and knowledgeable foresters usually arrive at very similar prescriptions for treatment. Money is a problem. Sometimes we have sold our profession short by trying to do all of the work by commercial treatment.

Harry Wright and Walton Smith could do an awful lot of good work by using the woods on the Wayah District to teach the proper use of cutting methods. When I worked on the Wayah RD in the early fifties, Tommy Lee Cole was working on timber sales. He lives in Otto and could probably help to explain the treatments.

Enclosed is a recent aerial view of a white pine plantation we planted by stripping a laurel and rhododendron thicket. This is located at the entrance to White Oak Bottoms and along the Appalachian Trail. In the background is the head of Jones Creek that was known as Cherry Cove and harbors the Wasilik Poplar

which we saved when we marked the sale. As you can see various cutting methods were used. The area was actually set up for show me trips. Chief McArdle, Charlie Connaughton and Don Morriss visited the area while we were thinning the poplar stand. The photo was taken by John Redrip of Franklin, N. C. Again, thanks to Tom Hooper.

If this spot is without a picture, then you'll know our printer would not print photo because there wasn't enough of a contrast.

Betty



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Hot Springs, Ark. - OUACHITA NF -An ecologist formerly with the Arkansas Natural Heritage Commission has been hired by the Forest to head up the Forest's New Perspectives Program. Bill Pell began his new job March 11 as the New Perspectives Coordinator. The position is part of the Forest's planning/recreation unit.

New Perspectives is a U.S. Forest Service initiative that challenges the agency to manage the forest in ways that are more environmentally sensitive and acceptable to the public.

Bill has a master's degree in botany from Washington State University. He was working on a doctoral degree in ecology at the University of Tennessee before his move to Arkansas. "Bill's background and ability to look at the forest in terms of landscapes and ecosystems will be a major asset to our New Perspectives program," said Forest Supervisor Mike Curran.

Working with a 25-member New Perspectives research team, a 13-member NP Advisory Committee, the forest's staff, districts and the public, specific goals will be formulated. These groups will take a look at how the Ouachita can be managed as sensitively as possible. They'll be looking at alternative timber harvesting techniques, ways to manage for old growth, and other actions taken to maintain ecological functions and values.

New Perspectives will include several projects carried out on a large scale, 8,500 acres and up, a dramatic change from looking at the forest as 40-acre or 100-acre tracts.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE PICNIC SITE: The map below should help you in locating the American Legion House for our picnic. If you are coming from I-285, Roswell Road exit, then turn right on to Powers Ferry Road. The House is up a dirt incline off of Powers Ferry at 3905 Powers Ferry Road. There is a sign on the Road that indicates the American Legion House. Should you be on I-85, take the Piedmont Road exit and come all the way to Peachtree Road, cross over and continue to Roswell. Turn right on Roswell then left at the next intersection and you're on Powers Ferry Road. If you get to the Golf Course, turn around, you've gone too far. Hope to see you there.



CENTENNIAL EVENTS

The Forest Service continues its centennial celebration and has obtained travel discounts with airlines to certain areas of the country. Here is a list of those events and the name and telephone number of Staff in locations throughout the Forest Service. The "*" indicates those for which airline discount fares are available. If you can attend and need more information, please call person listed.

Region 2 - Colorado Harva Lou Buchanan (303) 236-9640

*National FS reunion, employees/retirees Sept 29 - Oct 2 Glenwood Springs, CO

Region 3 - AZ and NM Rita Cantu (602) 445-1762

*Southwestern centennial symposium	Oct 31-Nov 2	<u>NAU, Flagstaff, AZ</u>
*Southwestern centennial symposium	Nov 7 - 9	<u>NMU, Santa Fe, NM</u>
*Southwestern centennial symposium	Nov 14 - 16	<u>NMS, Las Cruces, NM</u>
*Centennial Nat. Christmas Tree Carson NF	December	<u>Washington, D. C.</u>

Region 4 - NV Wally Shiverdecker (801) 625-5354

Humbolt NF reunion Sept 7 Wells, NV

Region 5 - CA Lina Lux (415) 705-2819

Inyo NF reunion for former employees, CCCs Sept 28 Bishop, CA

Region 8 - FL Kent Schneider (404) 347-4250

Centennial bus tours, host in old uniform Sept - Dec Silver Springs, FL

Research Ed Dickerhoff (202) 447-8086

Nat. science teacher centennial exhibit	Dec 14-16	<u>New Orleans, LA</u>
Centennial float in Christmas parade	December	<u>Charleston, SC</u>

Washington Office Robert Hendricks (202) 447-2418

*Formal centennial reception October Washington, D. C.

*Events qualified for travel discounts. Discounts are provided through a partnership with "The Cradle of Forestry in America Interpretive Association". Call 1-800-927-1054, Eastern time, for tickets at discount prices.

* * * *

September 28 - Picnic at Chastain Park, 12 noon, eat at 1 p.m. Home before dark.

December 5, Christmas luncheon at Petite Auberge Restaurant, Toco Hills Shopping Center. Call in reservation on Tuesday, before luncheon on Thursday, to Andrea at 347-4178. Please mark your calendars now. Let's have a good turn out. It's so delightful to see everyone.



1940

This is a homemade float we built in 1940. Harry Rossoll was detailed from Atlanta for a week to help design and put it together. He worked day and night to meet the parade deadline.

--Submitted by Hob Howard



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