

The Dixie Ranger

Editors: Bert and Betty Bray Vol. XXV No. 2 June 1995

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SPRING LUNCHEON

We had 42 people to attend the spring luncheon. Guest speakers were Jule Spears, Pharmacist, from the Kroger Company, and Gloria Manning, Team Leader, Natural Resources, from the RO. Mr. Spears spoke on "How to Get The Most out of Drug Dollars" by shopping around when filling prescriptions. Ask for Senior Citizen discounts and check with AARP. Sometimes Kroger may match prices. He also suggested picking up medicine on Senior's discount day, unless it's an emergency. Generic drugs are sometimes available at considerable savings.

Gloria Manning brought us up to date on the reorganization. It's still progressing. Some Congressional approval is required. With the new federal building under construction in Downtown Atlanta, the Forest Service will be moving to that location sometime in 1997.

(Those of you who served at one time or another in Atlanta will remember the old Rich's store which was constructed sometime in the 1890's. It has now been demolished and the new Federal Center is being built on that spot. The facade that contained the Clock at Rich's was saved and will be incorporated in the new building—Editors)

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VOLUNTEERS NEEDED



The Public Affairs Office, RO, needs volunteers to answer the phone, greet the public, sell maps and fill requests for brochures. Also answer mail. Some computer knowledge would be helpful. If you can volunteer a portion of your time, please call Joyce Sizemore, 347-4191, to work out hours. They could certainly use your help.

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The following was submitted by Ed Littlehales who saw it in the Eastern Forest Service Retirees Newsletter, Vol. XI, Issue 3, Nov 1994:

A Few Words on Death and Your Estate

by Jack Godden

On June 26, 1994, my Dad, Jack H. Godden, died after a two week hospital stay. He had a Living Will that did what he wanted—"None of that piping and tubing." He was 86 years of age; he and Mom missed their 65th wedding anniversary by four days. We children and grandchildren had all planned on being back in Albany, NY for that 65th. Most made it back for his funeral.

On the day following their anniversary date, July 2, my Mom, who had a hip replacement in 1992, fell and broke her pelvic bone. Within a week she had lost her husband, temporarily lost her mobility, and was faced with the sale and therefore the loss of their residence of 33 years. Mom and Dad never thought of a different lifestyle. Planning for "what if" was not anticipated. They wanted to live in their own home! Dad did, but left Mom with all the questions and decisions as to "what do I do now?"

I write this for you to think about. Some of us will say we have all our papers together, and our spouse or family should be able to handle the benefits of our Civil Service annuity, insurance, and continuing medical coverage that we are blessed with as former Federal employees. If you haven't gotten this in order NOW, DO IT!—the only thing I couldn't find was the title to the car that Mom hasn't driven in two years. This minor matter and most of the claims, took about three weeks of paperwork, telephone calls, personal contacts and letter writing. There's still medical bills to pay that will probably take another six months to close out.

Our last three week trip back East was mentally and physically demanding on us. It involved clearing out the house, making it ready for sale. We had to move Mom's clothing, personal items and some of her furnishings to my sister's home where Mom has

been provided living accommodations. The other, larger furniture items were shared by my sisters and brother as Mom wanted it. There were insufficient large items for an Estate Sale, so we used the "Garage Sale" method to dispose of other items. Mom helped us by going through her personal items, but it was too hard for her to think of other "treasures" accumulated over 64 years of marriage that would have to be sold. She was not with us during the sale period when the buyers scavenged the sale items, most of them for resale purposes.

Not all the accumulated effects were sold. We found one very responsive care agency that actually came to the house on time for pickup of all the non-perishable food items! But there were seven loads to the Village "Waste Management Area" using Dad's old Oldsmobile that solved this problem. One neighbor helped out by taking some of his scrap wood, the partially used lawn and garden chemicals; one customer took all his old lawn mower parts.

Why this rather personal story? Maybe I can get some action out there among you readers to start putting your paperwork in order, doing some planning for that inevitable, by cleaning out now, giving those family heirlooms to children now or selling some (?) and not leaving your children, heirs or estate people to pour over your treasured and collected belongings. I'm even taking my own advice.

From Ed Littlehales: Let me add to Godden's comments—he learned the hard way how imperative it is to get things in order while you are still competent.

Edna and I volunteer assisting in disposal of estate assets following death or incapacitation of the elderly here in Venice, FL for the Auxiliary of the local Hospital.

You don't have to be rich to benefit from estate planning. Your objective should be to disinherit attorneys, probate officers, courts, state death taxes and the IRS. These non-heirs can reduce your estate by half—a half you really would rather leave to your legitimate heirs. Without an estate plan, your heirs may be left with more problems than money.

For starters—you need to know the current value of your estate. If you should convert everything you own right now to cash, that is the value of your estate. Real estate, personal property, house furnishings, cars, stocks, bonds, saving account, loans due—everything is a part of your estate. And all this needs to be written down for the benefit of your survivors. If you are up in years, take your estate executor or closest heir into your confidence. Let 'em know if they're going to have to support you in your old age, or if, with luck, there will be something left for them.

Even if your net worth is not enough to attract the attention of the IRS, attorneys, probate courts and all the rest of the hangers on salivate at the thought of nicking your estate for their services. All legal!!

Some couples think that joint ownership is the answer. That's fine for the survivor, but on the survivor's death, the heirs must jump through the loops of will probate, advertising, legal counsel, court orders, issuance of letters of administration—all required before your executor can do ANYTHING. Delays, delays, frustration, frustration, and money.

There are better ways. Even though our net estate is not enough to make the IRS salivate, we want to spare our two children (one in Texas and one in California) all of the above named woes. So we each have a revocable trust into which we have put all our assets, including our home and summer cabin. As trustees of our own trusts, we have full control until our death, when the successor trustee takes over and manages and distributes the trust assets as directed by the trust. Nothing much to do in the way of legal or court action, and no delays or costs.

If your joint assets total over \$600,000, the level where the IRS gets into the act, splitting assets into two trusts insures that the survivor's estate will not get hit by the IRS.

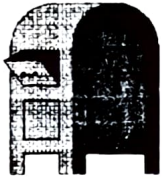
How about the cost of setting up trusts? Peanuts, compared with the costs of will probate and all the fol-de-rol involved.

How do I do it? See an estate lawyer for help in setting up the trust. And while you are at it, ask him to set up Durable Powers of Attorney and Living Wills—or health surrogates as they are called in some states.

A POA is essential in case you become incompetent—as more and more of us oldies do as we live longer. It gives someone the power to handle your affairs without going through the costly and degrading process of getting the courts to declare you incompetent. The Living Will declares what you want and don't want in the way of life sustaining measures should you be terminal.

Godden's suggestions were excellent. We encourage you to follow through with the legal aspects of estate planning. Your survivors and heirs will thank you for leaving your things in such a thoughtful and uncomplicated manner.

(Many thanks Ed, for these articles—Editors)



The Mail Box

BEN CARPENTER, *Blairsville, GA*. Here are my dues. Mary and I moved (11/19/94) to Union County - halfway between Blairsville and Blue Ridge after 22 years in our Rockdale County home.

We love it up here—great people and great place to live—4 1/2 acres on Young Cane creek. (*See Directory Changes for new address*).

ROBIN SHADDOX, *Russellville, AR*. Linda and I are 10 years into retirement and enjoying every day. I try to keep in touch with the local FS people but the turnover brings in a lot of new faces.

I work pretty closely with the Ozark Interpretive Association. For those of you who may not know about the Association, we have about 50 outlets on NFs in Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Missouri along with several private outlets and State Parks in Arkansas. OIA is a non-profit organization that works cooperatively with the aforementioned Forests and Parks by selling educational materials at these locations. Funds received are used in providing additional interpretive and educational materials. Membership is available to anyone who is interested in educating the public about the NFs. Drop by your nearby Forest Service office and ask about membership.

I spent a lot of good years with the Forest Service—all in the Southern Region. In fact, I grew up in the Forest Service. My father, Doug Shaddox, began work on the Ozark in 1923. My years were spent in Louisiana, North Carolina, Florida, and last here on the Ozark. I had the pleasure of working with some mighty fine people over the years.

LOUISE MORELL, *Golden Valley, AZ*. Here are my dues—without being reminded for once. I really appreciate the work you folks do in getting *The Dixie Ranger* out, and hearing what various members of our Forest Service family are doing.

Note our address change. No we didn't move—just dropping the P.O. Box as it is so far to get it each day.

This has been a very busy year for us getting our home settled like we want it, building patios and garage. We made a trip in the spring to Arkansas and saw our many FS friends there, some just prior to "hanging it up" in the big buy-out. Not many of

the old timers left on the Ozark, but hopefully those that have retired have joined the FS Retiree Association and NARFE.

We spent July, August and part of September traveling in 17 states and Canada. We have been doing genealogy research on both Fred's and my families. We spent considerable time in Michigan. One thing about doing this type of research, you locate family members you haven't seen for many, many years. Of course, on the way back to Arizona we stopped in Arkansas, again, to see family and friends. After returning home we prepared for a family reunion here of cousins on my side and were delighted to have 17. We had so much fun, instead of the original 3 days, it stretched to a week and now we are planning another one in two years at Lake Tahoe.

The welcome mat is out for anyone traveling this way. We are 17 miles from Laughlin, NV, and 90 from Las Vegas!

BILL EATON, *Swannanoa, NC*. We're enjoying the annual fun and sun trip—fishing, beaching, and pitching horse shoes on San Padre Island, TX near Brownsville. Then back to Asheville to care for the 5-acre Christmas tree farm that's for sale. Hope to retire again. Any buyer's among new retirees? This is not a paid advertisement—just a sneaky one.

ALLAN FRIEDRICH, *Tallahassee, FL*. Elva and I wholeheartedly support Bill Hess's "Certificate of Appreciation." How anyone would take on such a "labor of love" when they could be taking it easy beats me. Ya'll must have something wonderful that I don't have! *The Dixie Ranger* means a lot to us even though each new issue mentions fewer folks we know, than the one before. (That's what we get for hanging around so long). Thank you both for staying with the D.R. for another year!!

We are still at Westminster Oaks and are getting used to being "spoiled rotten." We would recommend it highly for anyone who reaches "over-maturity" and are looking for a pleasant, secure place to live without being a burden on their family. You know what I mean? We didn't have a kin in Georgia so felt it was better to get down here where we have loving daughters reasonably handy. But we surely have some fine friends in North Georgia and miss them very much. We really appreciate what you two have done keeping the D.R. so good for so long.

D. W. SINGLETON, *McDonough, GA*. Thanks for the reminder that my renewal was due. I really enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger* which helps me to keep track of some of the people I knew at the Forest Service. Occasionally, I am saddened when I see the death notice of former friends.

As a matter of information, I have survived open heart surgery (5 by-passes and radiation treatments (30) in the last two years. I'm just thankful to still be around.

Thanks for the good job you are doing on *The Dixie Ranger* and keep those presses rolling.

FRANK FERRARELLI, *Reno, NV.* Joyce and I are planning a cross country motor home trip starting May 1. Plan to be in Atlanta in June and hope to catch up with some old friends.

The family is still growing—added two granddaughters this year and now have six total, three boys and three girls.

JIM CARTWRIGHT, *Charleston, SC.* Here is my check for three more year's dues. This is the first and most important item. I would not want to miss an issue of *The Dixie Ranger*. When it arrives, everything else stops until I have read it cover to cover.

Congratulations to Jim McConnell in being elected president of SFSRA. I had long admired my friend, Ranger Lester Schaap's workshop and the masterpieces of furniture, etc., that he turned out. After Lester's death, I assumed that his son-in-law, Jim McConnell, would take over the shop equipment. When he was not interested in that sideline, I bought Lester's Delta lathe from Mrs. Schaap. It has been a joy to me. I have turned lots of plates, bowls, lamp bases, walking sticks, rosettes (required some hand carving) for furniture repair, as well as chair rounds and legs. I still have it. My grandsons have not shown much interest in my shop so its disposal after I am gone will be a headache for my daughter. Every time I look at or use that lathe, I think of Lester.

I retired more than 27 years ago. Most of the people I worked with have gone on before. Wonderful people they were. I remember thinking about how well preserved Arthur Hartman was in his upper 80s. Now I am 87, live alone, drive my car and glory in my independence. My daughter and family live just over one mile away. I still putter around in my shop and yard, do some wood carving, write poems and enjoy life. Way to go!

Thanks again, Bert and Betty for the joy that you bring to all of us in the SFSRA.

WILLIAM C. BODIE, *Lexington, SC.* I can't believe I've been retired long enough for a two-year membership to run out, but it must be so. Enclosed are dues for several more years so I can keep up with the "old bunch." It's nice to be able to read about the real old-timers that were fading as I was beginning. Bill Bryan must really be getting on up there—when he was DR, Pinchot was his JF, I think.

Don Eng is the prime mover behind the retirees group here in South Carolina, and they are kind enough to let a transplanted Floridian like me meet with them. That keeps me in touch. Also, I'll soon pull my second volunteer tour with the FS and participate in a GMR. I'm doing some consulting work, writing Forest Stewardship Plans and selling some of this \$500/MBF timber for small private landowners. These owners love the red-cockaded woodpecker because once the Forest Service over-reacted to the RCW and Spotted Owl and quit selling public timber, the private market went wild.

Keep up the good work with the Association. *The Dixie Ranger* is an enjoyable half-hour of reading every time it comes.

JACK BOREN, Alexandria, LA. First off here are dues for the next couple of years. The DR newsletter keeps getting better. More input helps.

Last issue I had a story about Angie Mule' and Chief Cliff to tell. I checked with Angie. She didn't know about what I am about to relate, but she cleared it for the DR.

In 1964 when the new Alexandria Forestry Center (touted at the time of being the only place outside of DC that all branches of the FS were under one roof) was complete and to be dedicated, the plans were that "The Chief" was coming. Chief Ed Cliff that is. Also a bunch of VIPs—Regional Forester, assorted other FS VIPs, a Federal Senator or two, some Congressmen and just a whole bunch of folks. What I'm trying to describe is—this was a big deal.

Anyhow, the Chief came in, toured the Center and when he got to the KNF Fire Staff Adm section, here was Angie Mule' sitting behind her typewriter. Chief Cliff stopped, Angie got up and there were some big hugs, and some private chatter. Of course, the others in the entourage just kinda stood around shuffling feet. You could see in the mind's eye—what is the Chief doing hugging this clerk. (Little did they know that Angie and the Chief had served together in Alaska and were just friends renewing old times).

At the end of the day, the Chief was standing with his group at the front door. Here comes Angie. All of a sudden she and the Chief walked out to Angie's old Plymouth, got in and drove away.

My boss at the time was Fire Staff, Bill Brandau. Apparently after a hurried conversation with Supervisor Hans Raum (I'll never know for sure what transpired) Bill came up and said for me to follow them and find out what in the H--- was going on between a clerk and the Chief. Well, I had only been with the Forest Service for a couple of months, but I knew from almost 20 years of investigative work not to dabble in the affairs of the great, at least not where it was obvious.

Angie later told me that the Chief just wanted to get away from the maddening crowd (my words) and have a quiet chat about old times and friends.

To satisfy my boss I got in my car, headed out and I went home. Enroute I did pass a favorite watering hole and "believe" that I saw Angie's car parked at the site. But until this writing and with Angie's permission, this has been a closely guarded secret.

Investigators learn lots of secrets, most of which cannot be told. Like the time Supervisor Beasley almost drowned our Congressman, or the time Dave Dubow dumped Frank Finison in a bayou, and was shortly thereafter transferred to Atlanta. Or the time Bob Johns, oh well, I'll leave some for a different time.

Interesting about Harry Rossoll still working. I have, or had some original paintings he did when he came down to do the murals on the New AFC in '64. Gave them to the KNF awhile back. Should be preserved somehow. Also interesting about Harvey Mack's collection of memorabilia. If he just collecting stuff from the Cleveland NF or is other data of value. I have 20 years of training data, certificates, photos of dead hogs, a number of photos of the investigators, John Spring, Joe Couch, Red Myler, and others. I have asked several times if the RO Law Enforcement group or anyone else would be interested and have never had anyone respond. (*Jack, please note the write-ups on the two Museums of the Forest Service in this issue - perhaps that will answer your question*).

DUFF HOLBROOK, Georgetown, SC. All's well with the Holbrooks. Miss Eleanor and I manage to fish almost daily—she still catches the most. It's been a great year for the camellias, wild turkeys, deer, ducks, eagles, mosquitos and deer flies—and alligators. The ravages of Hugo still affect us right along, even after all this time.

I'm still working regularly at timber sales, prescribed burning, patrolling the marsh banks for trespass, hunting and fly fishing. We've been making one western trip each year for trout fishing and sometimes an extra one for elk hunting.

I'm getting a little shaky but as long as the business stays fun and interesting we'll continue working a little longer.

I can't believe little "Happy Face" said those horrible things about Bert's and my desks. It's plain to see that he doesn't understand a "comprehensive" desk top filing system.

Still enjoy association with many great USFS people. Here are my dues.

JOHN WOOD, *South Daytona, FL*. Thanks for the years of excellent editing. Think the highlight of the February issue for me was the Blithe Spirit letter from Bob Neelands.

Arthritis kind of put me on the beach last fall. Unless something changes in the future the only sailing I'll get to do is in a rocking chair reading nice things such as the caption that you so kindly put under the pictures on page 21 of the May '92 issue of *The Dixie Ranger*.

LEE AND DOT SLADE, *Dry Prong, LA*. Since last year our health has been real good. God has richly blessed us.

Lee and I have been busy enjoying our retirement. We have taken a couple of cruises a year plus small vacations in between.

This past summer we went to the Eastern Caribbean on the Monarch of the Seas. Next week we are going to the Western Caribbean on one of the Carnival ships.

Between traveling, Lee is in the home building business. He has sold three houses and plans to sell two more this year. Last month Lee purchased a sub-division in La Place, LA, and is developing it. He is enjoying all of these activities so much he doesn't want to stop and take time to smell the roses, but I insist!!

In the meantime, Lee was given an award for his pine plantation by the Louisiana Forestry Association.

Last spring we visited George and Thelma Cabaniss in Russellville. They both looked great! Thelma still makes the best biscuits, white gravy, and home made jelly. George has many deer and turkey trophies. We had a great visit.

In signing off I have to tell you that we do look forward to getting *The Dixie Ranger*. All of you do a great job—thanks.

EDITH GRIFFITH, *Arlington, VA*. I really appreciate getting *The Dixie Ranger*—you two do an excellent job and I feel like I am talking with old friends. Keep up the good work.

THEL AND ROY BOND, *Albuquerque, NM*. I really appreciate your dedication for the good job you do with *The Dixie Ranger*. It doesn't seem possible that almost 20 years have elapsed since we left Atlanta. (*Twenty years, unbelievable! - Betty*)

I especially appreciated the info on F.S. reorganization. There has been very limited inf. on what is proposed. Quite a contrast to the philosophy we had on "public involvement" and/or support from retirees for change. Maybe it isn't needed anymore but I thought we learned the lesson well—you don't make these changes in a vacuum. Oh well, guess we made our share of "mistakes" and maybe the younger folks have to make their "changes" too.

JERRY ALEXANDER, *Russellville, AR*. Thank you for the gentle reminder about the dues. *The Dixie Ranger* is a bargain and you are making a splendid contribution to many lives.

I am busy as a consulting forester and enjoying this activity very much. Although I function quite well without the bureaucracy, I miss my comrades and will always cherish the memories of my years in the Service.

C.C. "RED" AND VERNELLE KETCHAM, *Sequim, WA*. Dues are enclosed for a couple more years. Who says there is nothing to do in retirement years? There aren't enough hours to get everything done we want to do. Red does a lot of woodworking, his flowers in the yard and is now raising orchids. Fishing is terrible, very few fish and all kinds of restrictions, especially on the salmon fishing and us with two boats in the yard.

I stay busy with volunteering and taking care of Red. My mother died in August so there won't be those several trips a year to Albuquerque.

HARRY AND KAY ERWIN, *Alexandria, LA*. Here are my dues. No news here. I see Ernie Finger a lot, in fact, we do quite a bit of fishing together—Yo Yo's. We are catching some Sac-a-laits (white perch, or crappie to the layman). Run into Jack Boren every once in awhile, too. Still enjoying *The Dixie Ranger*.

BILL AND LYNETTE WILLIAMS, *Jonesville, LA*. It has been a few years since I have written and a lot of things have changed in my life. First, in 1992 my old fishing and traveling partner along with being my wife for some 33 years passed away. Neva died suddenly with a massive heart attack. After her death I got into our motor home and wandered around the U.S. for a few months then returned to LA to get on with the rest of my life. In 1993 I married a wonderful young lady from Pineville, LA., and started a new life. I had known my new wife's parents for several years and one of her brothers was a good friend and hunting partner before I knew she existed.

When we married Lynette had never traveled very far or long, but she has become an old pro at camping and navigating. Our first trip included Mexico, Canada, and all western states. Since we traveled so much we decided to buy a new motor home with a washer and dryer. Our next trip was up the East Coast. We visited the Francis Marion NF where I worked from 1958-1962; didn't recognize much. All the old timber was gone and houses had been built everywhere. Stopped in NC to visit Pat and Joe Bennett but our visit was cut short when Joe was called to a fire on the Croatan NF. We worked our way on north alternating between the Coast and inland highways. We wound up in Nova Scotia then started our trip back South. We stopped in KY for several days and Lynette got to meet many of my old friends there where I spent 15 years on the Daniel Boone. We traveled on to OK, my home state, for a family reunion before going home in LA.

It was sad to read Len McNeal's letter knowing that he must have written this letter shortly before he passed away in November. (Mr. McNeal's letter was dated September 16 and got here too late for the September issue, so I saved it and used it for the next issue, which was February. That saddens me, also, Mr. Williams-Betty).

I'm glad John Chaffin is just tasting wine and not trying to make it. I still remember how his home brew tasted that he made when he was on the Kisatchie in the late 50's.

The article in *The Dixie Ranger* "What's in a Name" prompted me to recall an incident that occurred several years ago when a friend of mine was a candidate for a Ranger's position. I was in the RO on detail the day the selection committee met. After the meeting I asked one of the committee members who was selected. He said my friend was probably the best candidate but no one knew him so they called a Forest Staff Officer who did know him. He said he was a good man but had got him stuck in a ditch way out in the boondocks and they had no come-along or a radio. They had to walk several miles for help. My friend did not get the job.

Glad to hear that Merlin Dixon is still active and writing his auto-bio. His days on the Francis Marion will make interesting reading.

Lynette and I live part time in Pineville, part time on the Bayou, and the rest of the year traveling. But if any of you are ever down this way please give us a call or stop by. Our phone number in Pineville is (318) 466-3719 and here on the Bayou it is (318) 386-7621. Please note the address change. We now have telephones and 911 so we had to have a street or road name and a house number. (See *Directory changes for new address*).

The weather has warmed up and it is time for us to make our trip to Cajun country for a week of fun and food along the Gulf Coast ending in New Orleans.

HARRY AND BETTY COLLINS, Oneco, FL. Late again, but keep *The Ranger* coming. It has been a treat for many wonderful years to us. Much good news but some you don't like and some you don't expect. Sorry to hear of the passing of George Fox. Never expected to hear that John and Sue Chaffin have left the wine country of California.

Betty and I are now part-time campers. Have gone to New Mexico in May the last two years to spend a week camping and fishing with Old Foresters from R-3. Camped a week at Stone Mountain Park with our two children, in-laws, and three "grandkids". Still hope to make camp there soon to coincide with one of the luncheon dates.

Best to everyone. If any are near Oneco (Bradenton) between November 15 and April 1 and are still physically able to "pick your own", come by and help yourself to some citrus.

JIM FROULA, *Cleveland, TN*. Please accept my apologies for this late payment. It shows how quickly "time flies." Another example of fleeting time is my wife's decision to retire later this year. Helen thoroughly enjoyed her work as a paralegal. Now we'll have the opportunity to "get up and go."

We enjoy the D.R. It keeps us in touch with our Forest Service friends.

GEORGE JAMES, *Sonora, CA*. Thanks for the note re: time to come up with current dues. Enclosed check will take care of next 3 years (now I am dreaming) and the balance to wherever it will help.

I join those who came up with the "Certificate of Appreciation." You've earned it—a well organized and informative *Dixie Ranger*. I regret reading that so many of our generation have passed on. Too few of us are still around—and we seem to be dated and left behind in the newly developed culture of the U.S.F.S.

However, I am still battling the inroads and devastating results caused by the "preservationists" and courts in their use of all laws passed in the last 25+ years—and more specifically—the Endangered Species Act which is tying the West in knots. Thus far our little organized group here hasn't obtained favorable results. There is some light starting to show as a result of last November's "earthquake."

No traveling of significance for me but on occasion we cross paths with John and Sue Chaffin, Doug and Marian Liesz, Vaughn and Kay Hofeldt and "Whit" and Carol Whitfield among a few others.

The Association is blessed with a President-Elect, Ralph Mumme, who we helped to pass through R-9. Best wishes to all!

DON POMERENING, *Alexandria, VA*. It's a special occasion to get *The Dixie Ranger*. Fortunately, I still recognize most of the names in the newsletter, although I transferred from the Region 33 years ago. I was especially touched that 2 of the individuals in the "In Memoriam" section were former co-workers. Back in 1952 I replaced Russell Chipman as Ranger of the Black Creek District. And from September 1957 until the fall of 1962 I was on the staff of the Mississippi NFs with George Fox. Time does march on.

I am recovering from a serious injury resulting from a fall while trimming trees at our church in Alexandria. It happened on January 24 resulting in a fractured pelvis, broken heel and a broken hip. A hip was implanted and nature is in the process of healing other injuries. Because of severe abdominal blockage, I could not eat for 10 days. Total stay in the hospital was 3 weeks. Support from friends has been superb. It is difficult to go from a healthy individual to someone who only walks with a walker in the restricted area of my recovery room at home.

I am disturbed at many of the proposed changes for the Forest Service.

WALKER NEWMAN, Falls Church, VA. Congratulations on your Certificate of Appreciation. It should have been a Big Gold Medal.

One thing about getting older is that your trials and tribulations don't seem to get any scarcer! I had a heart attack 1st September that got complicated. It started out with ventricular tachycardia and a weird heart rhythm. By the time they got that stabilized, I had developed an arterial blockage which required an emergency operation to bypass from one leg to the other. Then the surgical wounds wouldn't heal and both legs developed deep venous thromboses. Am still recuperating and have gotten over a near brush with clinical depression. So, what else is new, eh!

Talked to Don Pomeroy a few days ago. He had fallen off a ladder while working on a tree limb, broke his hip, a heel bone, and had some pelvic damage followed by an internal blockage. Says he is doing fine now—walking very gingerly with a walker and thinks he'll mend after all.

Dotti and I have quit spending much time in Florida in the winters. We had a real nice trip to France in '93 and are planning on about three weeks in Scandinavia this spring. We want to take one of the boat cruises on the Rhine-Main-Danube and then I will be ready to stay at home and nurse my arthritis.

My memory is really getting bad. I didn't remember that Bill Bryan was at the JF meeting in Atlanta in '52, nor that Jim McConnell was on the Kisatchie that long.

You asked for numerous anecdotes. Here's one that I enjoyed. It seems John Olson had a boat sink on him on the lake at Robbinsville. When he got around to sending in the property loss he got a prompt response from John Alsup, the Nantahala AO saying that they certainly understood why the boat sank—since it had two tons of government property on it! You could ask Paul Russell to confirm that story. He was Asst. Supervisor on the Nantahala at the time.

Another story is on Paul Russell "himself." The Nantahala rounded up a crew to mark some timber in an exchange with Gennet Lbr. Co. up in the Snowbird Mountains. They issued travel authorizations for \$6 per diem and arranged for us to pay the lumber company \$5 per day for a bunk and meals. The \$1 per day was for our other miscellaneous expenses! About the end of the second week, Paul came up and said things were so financially bad in the SO that they were going to pay the lumber company for our board and the travel authorizations were canceled. Everyone got so fired up over that that they tried to get their \$1 per diem out of Paul that night in a poker game. They all claimed they did, but as I remember it, Eckel Rowland and Elbert Wilkie were the big winners. I suspect Paul will deny this!!

Frankly, most of the stories I remember the best are better left untold.

JOHN BARBER, *Warsaw, VA*. Thanks for the great job you do with *The Dixie Ranger*. Although I spent my time in Research and finally S&PF (as well as SAF-Exec. VP) I knew many of the NF folks and worked with them. I keep seeing stuff pop up—John Chaffin's letter—that makes it a "small world."

I stay busy as a FS volunteer on the Chesapeake Bay Program and locally with the S&WCD and RC&D. For retirees in rural areas a little volunteer work can really put their expertise to good use—often as a moderating influence among environmental groups. We've worked too hard in our careers to see and let extremism take over.

ROGER HATCH, *Conyers, GA*. Here are my dues for a few more years. At my age I hate to pay for any subscription too far in advance as I may not be around to read them. I would hate to have my wife's next husband enjoy them at my expense!

Right now I'm feeling fine and staying busy. I'm still living outside of Conyers on the same property, but in a new home that was built after the old one was destroyed by fire two years ago. It's hard to believe that I've lived here 22 years—longer than I've lived anywhere else! I still have a few cows, horses and a small garden (that my wife takes care of) and I find time to run a small business selling fire equipment and Fire-Foam throughout the Southeast. I also obtained a little experience in the political world in 1994. I unsuccessfully ran for the State House of Representatives. Although it was a close race (lost by 107 votes), it was rewarding to win in my own county but all the more disheartening to lose the election when they stole the votes in a small portion of DeKalb County. Anyway it was an educational experience I'll never forget—an experience I never dreamed of having. Now I'm getting pressured again to try in '96!! As one man said at one of my outdoor barbecue fund raisers "It just doesn't make any sense—ya'll here eating watermelon under the State of Georgia flag trying to get a Yankee elected." "Watch

'em Hatch, they'll eat your barbecue and go and vote for the other feller." I believe that is good advice for 1996! Campaign contributions, anyone?

BOB LEE, Alexandria, LA. Lou and I enjoy *The Dixie Ranger* and look forward to receiving each issue. Sorry to read of the passing of Russell Chipman and George Fox. I worked with Chip in North Carolina and George on the Kisatchie. Also remember Viola Meltz in Fiscal Control. Glad to see a list of new members, especially names of Joe Duckworth, Dade Foote, Peaches Sherman. I once told Joe I wanted to see him transferred to Alaska. He spiked my highball one night in Hot Springs, AR. Saw him at Frank Finison's retirement but kept my highball far away from him. Lou was with me and I didn't want to pass out on a spiked drink. Dade's uncle, former Judge Foote, is my attorney. He married Lou and I in 1965. Dade and Jerry Marsh were good friends. Dade designed a good bridge on the Kisatchie and Jerry supervised the construction. Bob Neelands' article about the trip with Bob Johns was enjoyable. I would bet that some of their other trips would be unprintable, but enjoyable.

Lou and I would enjoy a trip to attend a luncheon, but I can't drive on long trips any more. Maybe we can fly. As the parrot said to Bob Johns but could talk--maybe slip in a highball with water would help flying in on Delta. I am still kicking, but not too high at 85 come July 15th.

Keep up the good work. I re-read *The Dixie Ranger* and enjoy remembering the old days. In my opinion, the reorganization is for the birds--not the flying kind. Nuf said.

CARL AND MARY JANE HOOVER, Little Rock, AR. Thanks a million for the fine work that produces *The Dixie Ranger*. Each issue is a walk down memory lane.

Of the many excellent reasons for having worked for the Forest Service, the fine people we have known and worked with was by far the best! George Fox was both a good friend and a real gentleman. The world is better for his passing through it.

The following was taken from the Eastern Forest Service Newsletter:

LARRY HENSON, Las Vegas, NV. A few days before Christmas, I learned I had a tumor in my lung. At first the prognosis was that I had a non-curable small-cell, fast growing cancer. Later, after a biopsy, fortunately for me the prognosis was changed to curable, non-small-cell cancer. I'm not sure what curable means, but I'm taking it to mean I'm going to get better. Gladys and I are looking forward to seeing many of you in the years ahead.

As of today (January 11, 1995), I am in my third week of chemo and radiation treatments. My spirits are high and I'm feeling good. The treatments will last a total of 6 weeks at which time my condition will be reassessed. I am a great believer in the Lord. Your prayers will be appreciated.

After seeing that note, I wrote to Larry because I remember him from his days in Region 8 and knew you all would want to know about him also. Here is his response to my note:

Of course I remember you, Betty. It was very nice of you to write and send me a copy of *The Dixie Ranger*. I have had a good progress report recently. As a result of radiation and chemo therapy (and I think a lot of prayers), the tumor in my lung is gone. I'm not out of the woods yet by any means—lots of monitoring to see if the cancer shows up anyplace else. But a big step in the right direction.

We bought a motor home when I retired, spent 6 months in it last summer before moving into our house here, and have been doing weekend and some longer trips in it now that I am through with the cancer treatments. This summer we plan to head for the Lake States in it.

Betty, you are a saint for writing and sending a copy of the newsletter. I really appreciate it. Enclosed is \$8 for a subscription to the DR.

* * *

WHAT'S HAPPENING AMONG THE MEMBERSHIP?



John Moser Named Cherokee Boy Scout
Volunteer of the Year

Cleveland Daily Banner, Cleveland, TN. The Cherokee Area Council, Boy Scouts of America, presented its prestigious Silver Beaver Award to two Cleveland volunteers at a recent volunteer-recognition banquet at the Chattanooga/Hamilton County Convention Center and Trade Center.

The award is presented each year to outstanding Scouting volunteers who have rendered service of an exceptional nature to youth. The Silver Beaver is the highest volunteer award presented by the Boy Scouts of America.

The first recipient, John W. Moser, has been a member of the Boy Scouts of American for over 28 years. During this time, he has

worked in numerous volunteer positions, including Cubmaster, Ocoee District chairman and unit commissioner. He recently completed several years of outstanding service as district commissioner of the Ocoee District, which includes Bradley and Polk counties in Tennessee and Murray County in Georgia.
CONGRATULATIONS, JOHN! (Submitted by B.W. Chumney)



Battle Shaped 19-year-old's View of Life

Pensacola News Journal, by Christopher Sullivan, Associated Press. Stone Mountain, GA. He was running for his life. But during those slow-motion seconds scrambling across the dark pumice-sand of Iwo Jima, Bill Bryan also was thinking. He was measuring in his mind as he ran: Could he make it to that shell hole up ahead before being hit by the Japanese machine-gunner's bullets tearing up the ground between his feet? Visualizing his dive into the hole, he reasoned it couldn't be a straight plunge or the bullets would "stitch me all the way up."

So he tried throwing himself sideways as if vaulting a fence, his right arm flying outward. A 25-caliber bullet found the arm, shattering the bone just before he hit the floor of the crater. And for Marine Pfc, William Jennings Bryan, Jr., age 19, that was the end of the Battle of Iwo Jima.

Eleven days before, on Feb. 19, 1945, he had landed on the beach during the first morning's assault. Japanese gun emplacements that studded the eight-square-mile island opened up. "We piled out, and mortars were falling and the machine guns were coming down the beach," Bryan says. "The whole world was being blown apart."

He was in D Company—Dog Company—2nd Battalion, 28th Regiment, 5th Marine Division. Three days into it, their alphabetical neighbors in Easy Company raised the famous flag on Mount Suribachi.

"Morale went up tremendously," Bryan recalls. "But that was when the killing really started." He saw buddies become gruesome casualties—one already wounded man hit in the groin while waiting to be evacuated, another friend with half his face torn away.

Americans suffered 26,000 casualties in their yard-by-yard assault against Iwo Jima's dug-in-Japanese, an official Pentagon history states. "Throwing human flesh against reinforced concrete" was one apt description, it says.

Bryan, who will turn 70 this year, retains much of the bearing of a Marine: trim, boots shined, even the teeth-gritting smile from his wartime photos. His jacket bears the patch of a disabled veterans group.

Friends died on Iwo Jima—among them a kid in the landing craft with white "flash-burn powder" on his face whom Bryan would have kidded afterward "but he got killed."

Bryan fired at least one fatal shot himself. "I know," he recalls 50 years later, his voice going flat at the thought of the dead Japanese soldier, "'cause he was there the next day."

Later, as he himself was evacuated for treatment of his wounds complex emotions arose, mixing the natural question "Why was I spared?" with the Marine code of faithfulness, Semper Fidelis. "You can't let your buddies down," Bryan says. "I felt extremely lucky to be alive," he said.

After his discharge, Bryan drifted for awhile, but "somebody was watching over me," he says—he met his wife, Bobby, and his life gained direction.

The G.I. Bill paid for a college education, something Bryan says he wouldn't otherwise have pursued, and he then worked for the U. S. Forest Service in his native Colorado and around the South for 32 years.

"My perspective is family," he says, looking over a shelf lined with photos of several generations, from his Western pioneer great-grandparents to his four sons and his grandchildren.

This article was submitted by Jerry Coutant who wrote: "I always enjoy the news in THE DIXIE RANGER. Enjoyed the article by Bill Bryan. It sure was a surprise to see his picture in THE PENSCOLA NEWS JOURNAL recently. My wife and I were visiting our son in Pensacola when I saw the article. Thought others would like to see it as well. (Thanks, Jerry, for sharing with us - Editors).



Walt Gray, retiree, Atlanta, is now a permanent resident of the VA Nursing Center, 2nd Floor, 1670 Clairmont Road, Decatur, GA 30033. Walt lost both feet due to amputation below the knees. *I'm sure he would appreciate visitors, cards and letters—Betty.*



Please note the following corrections:

Names of Spouses in the Directory: Joyce Greenwood is in error. The name should be Nancy.

John Schulte's name as listed on our front page was spelled with a Z. It should be E.

Sometimes I wonder where my mind is while my fingers are doing the walking. - Betty

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Our President, Jim McConnell, in response to your many inquiries, has corresponded with the following:

Edward G. Heilman, Secretary-Treasurer, National Forest Service Museum, Missoula, Montana

Harvey Mack, Curator, Forest Service History Museum, Cleveland National Forest, Corona, CA

regarding their facilities, mission, and where they are in collecting memorabilia and other articles of note. The responses are presented to you to help in your decision-making as to where you would like to contribute your collectibles.

The National Forest Service Museum is a non-profit organization incorporated November 22, 1988 under Montana Law and granted final 501C3 status by IRS on May 20, 1993.

There are no paid Directors or Staff. A State of Montana employee works under a contract for off-duty hour employment to provide clerical services. A professional Curator with the Historical Museum at Fort Missoula provides curatorial services.

A Board of Directors which is representative of local, state and national organizations as well as retirees from throughout the Forest Service serve without compensation.

A special use permit has granted the NFSM a 36-acre site just west of the Forestry Sciences Laboratory near Missoula off of I-90.

An \$8 million building is planned for the site. The building, projected to be 100,000 square feet in size, will house FS memorabilia, archives, and demonstrate forest management techniques. The money will be raised from both private and public sources.

As of December 31, 1994, there were 274 members. Annual membership categories are as follows:

Student	\$10 per year
Individual	20
Family	45
Contributing	100
Sustaining	250

The Financial summary for 1994: Ending bank balance \$17,497. Income for the year \$11,150 with expenses of \$9,291.

About collections: If NFSM should cease operations before or even after the facility becomes a reality, the Articles of Incorporation as a non-profit corporation under Montana law require that any assets of the corporation, including the collections, be distributed exclusively for educational and charitable purposes. Although it is not expected this stage will be reached, the Directors would probably move to offer NFSM collections to other existing FS "museums" such as the Cradle of Forestry at Pisgah Forest, NC, the Southwestern Regional museum at Prescott, AZ and/or perhaps others. Any residuals not taken by FS activities would probably then be offered to either or both the Montana State Historical Museum in Helena, MT or the Historical Museum at Fort Missoula, which has a sizeable forestry (not just FS) collection.

The address is: National Forest Service Museum, P. O. Box 2772, Missoula, MT 59806-2772. For phone contact:

Gary Brown, President, (406) 728-6049
Gary Stensatter, VP (406) 251-3527
Edward Heilman, Secy-Treas (406) 728-7377

The Forest Service History Center started in 1991 after Harvey B. Mack, Curator, attended the 100th anniversary celebration in Glenwood Springs, CO., and noticed the lack of historic displays.

At the present time there is no Board of Directors. The Cleveland NF provides overall direction and a paid assistant for 20 hours a week. In 1993, the FSHC received a grant of \$25,000 from America's Great Outdoors Program and \$15,000 from other sources. Much of this was used to employ a professional historian to develop systems, procedures, controls, and operations. The Chief's Office gave \$500 of Heritage money on the condition it be matched, which it was by the Curator. After becoming fully operational, membership dues will be established and contributions accepted as a source of financing.

The facility is housed in a 9-bay warehouse building in Corona. It is located at the edge of the city of 100,000 and adjacent to two major freeways.

When items are donated, the donor is given the opportunity to designate how that donation is to be handled. If it is not within the mission scope of FSHC, or is not needed for some reason, they can designate that it be returned to them or to whomever they designate. They can require that it be used within the FS at some other location or go to an historic program outside the FS or be disposed of by the FSHC and the proceeds used in Center operations.

Over 3,000 historic objects donated by over 400 retirees are being catalogued and inventoried. Mr. Mack is a 75-year old FS veteran (1939 to 1973). He says he has about 5 more good years left to contribute. He volunteers 64 hours a month and also helps fund a lot of the projects in which the FSHC is involved.

The address for the Forest Service History Center is:

1147 E. 6th Street
Corona, CA 91719

Phone: (909) 736-1811

At the June 8 luncheon, Mike Milosh, Director, Cradle of Forestry, will be the featured speaker. We shall report in the September newsletter the mission and goals of the Cradle to you. We're not sure if they have the facilities for memorabilia.

Jim McConnell is also corresponding with Dr. Harold K. Steen of the Forest History Society, Durham, N.C.

As soon as we get more responses to our questions, we will keep you posted.

* * * *



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Joseph A. Guss, 2140 Bay Grove Road, Freeport, FL 32439

Larry Henson, 2516 Maddington St., Las Vegas, NV 89143

Patricia Kane, 2659 Beckwith Trail, Marietta, GA 30007

John Maslack, 2065 Oyster Creek Dr., Englewood, FL
34244-5458

Jackie Taylor, 1979 South Live Oak Dr., Moncks Corner,
SC 29461

* * * *



CHANGES TO THE DIRECTORY

New Addresses:

Ben E. Carpenter, Jr., 6480 John Abernathy Rd, Blairsville,
GA 30512

Wayne J. Cloward, (Josie), 5141 Hwy 78, #3A, Stone Mountain,
GA 30087

Malcolm G. Edwards, 5370 Wild Smith Rd., Gainesville, GA
30506

Katherine Fisher, 2833 Northbrook Dr., Atlanta, GA 30340

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

Please make these changes to existing addresses:

Gerald S. Goldstein from 30067 to 30068

Louise B. Morell from P. O. Box 10158 to 3713 N. Laguna,
Golden Valley, AZ 86413

D. W. Shenkyr, from Turkey Bridge Parkway to Turkey Branch
Parkway, Rockville, MD 20853

Dick Woody from Rt. 1 Box 2-A to 3489 State Hwy 60, Suches,
GA 30572

William (Bill) Williams (Lynette) from Rt 3, Box 153-Q to
181 Varner Rd., Jonesville, LA 71343

* * * *

IN MEMORIAM

MERLE STEPHEN LOWDEN, 84, died on January 24 in Portland, OR.
Lowden was Director of Fire Control in Washington from 1956 until
his retirement in 1971 with 37 years of service.

EDWARD F. KERR, SR., 73, died in Baton Rouge in December 1994.
Kerr retired in 1979 as Chief of Information and Publications at
the Southern Forest Experiment Station in New Orleans. For 8
years he was press representative for the Louisiana Forestry
Commission.

BRUCE MEDFORD, 62, died December 1, 1994, in Haywood County Hospital, Canton, NC. Medford was a civil engineer with the Forest Service for 30 years.

He is survived by his mother, wife Judy, three daughters, two sons and 10 grandchildren.

* * * *

RETIREMENTS

STAN LUNSTRUM, Forest Products Laboratory, retired January 3 after 27 years with the Forest Service. While in the Southeastern Area on assignment, Stan wrote the popular publication "Circular Sawmills and Their Efficient Operation." Stan's address is 304 Valley View St., Verona, WI 53593

LYNN C. THOMAS, RO, Fire and Aviation, retired June 2 after 20 years with the Forest Service.

DAVE WEBB, RO, Public Affairs Office, retired on March 31 after 19 years in Atlanta with the Forest Service and 16 years with Agriculture Research Service. Dave plans to stay in Atlanta.

GLEND A WOOD, Francis Marion-Sumter NFs, SC, retired in April after 36+ years.

* * * *



BOOK REVIEWS

A WELL WORN PATH by Jay Cravens. If you enjoy a good story, worked in forestry, or want to work in forestry or natural resources programs, you will want to read this book. Jay Cravens' experiences range from ever-changing conditions in the national forests to South Vietnam's battlefields.

The passages are vivid and engaging. He recalls how he narrowly avoided another kind of life to become a forester. His tales about forest fires, unforgettable characters, hunting and fishing and the problems his forestry team met in South Vietnam as they coped with Agent Orange, black market, bullets, bureaucracies, malaria and a host of other diseases, terrorists, and the Tet Offensive make for intriguing and enjoyable reading.

This 512-page paperback is available from University Editions, Inc., 59 Oak Lane, Spring Valley, Huntington, WV 25704 at a cost of \$14.95 + \$2 S&H.

MEMORABLE FOREST FIRES, 200 Stories by Forest Service Retirees, edited by Gilbert W. Davies and Florice M. Frank (US Retirees). This softbound book of 505 pages and 80 photographs is about dispatching, demob, firelines, aircraft, fire camps, initial attack, equipment, communications, smokejumping, travel, crews, slash disposal, trespass fires, law enforcement, training, command, safety, weather and much more.

The book describes accidents, tragedies, humor, close calls, snafus, fire gods, characters, goof-ups, drinking, food, fellowships and unforgettable experiences.

It's available from HiStory ink Books, P. O. Box 52, Hat Creek, CA 96040 at a cost of \$21.95 plus \$2.50 S&H. Payment may be made by personal check, cashier's check or money order payable to HiStory ink Books.

NOSTALGIA TIME
(a note from Bert)

I began my forestry career with the Florida Forest Service (now Division of Forestry, I think. Boy, how things keep changing). It was a fortunate choice for me, since they had an aggressive information and education effort underway, and that had been my Graduate specialty at Syracuse. What was not so fortunate was the fact that I started in 1952, which began one of Florida's worst droughts, and therefore worst fire seasons. No matter our job assignment, fire-fighting was our constant first priority. And I was "experienced", having served on a California fire crew in the mountains east of San Diego just after WWII.

That is probably why I have so enjoyed a book called *FIRE READY*, written by a young firefighter named Eric Dean, who for nine years served on fire crews with the Forest Service and as Fire Squad Boss with the National Park Service. His vivid accounts of the comradeship that develops in firefighting, and some of the dumb mistakes made, along with peripheral dangers like rattlesnakes, spiders, and falling rocks, make it entertaining, even if you are not seasoned firefighters. My review copy brought back many memories.

The book is available by phone, 1-800-879-4214 (price quoted \$19.95, plus \$3 S&H) or by mail from:

Bookcrafters Distribution Center
615 E. Industrial Drive
Chelsea, MI 48118

NEELANDS' CORNER

Hello, Tree Bear!

When friend Harry Rossoll decided some years ago to retire from the U. S. Forest Service, he told those of us who worked with him that he was sure of two things: One, he would die when he reached 77 years, and second, he would spend his remaining years in a forest setting creating fine paintings of his beloved woodlands. As it turned out, and fortunately for many of us, he was wrong on both counts.



Harry's lousy arithmetic proved to be way off base (again). I really think, by the way he is going now, that his figures were meant to show 107 years instead of 77. My guess is that he neglected to factor in the preservative effects of good bourbon and bad cigars. He's now 85-going-on-a-hundred, and under a full head of steam.

He didn't die on schedule, but he did continue his artwork. Not in the same serene forest surroundings as he had envisioned but back into pressures and deadlines—this time, self-inflicted. He dived head-first into a post-retirement undertaking that wiped out any dreams of a relaxed, easy life. He took on the tremendous task of creating 14 huge forestry-related murals at a visitor Center in

Oklahoma. It was there that fate brought him together with Quintus Herron, Chairman of the Board at the Oklahoma Forest Heritage Center, and owner of extensive woodlands. Together they launched Harry on yet another—a third—career. And why not? He was still only in his 80's!

Through Quintus, Harry learned more and more of the many unfair and dangerous restrictions being placed on private landowners, and the ultimate cost to those who consumed wood products—yes, ALL OF US.

Realizing that the general public had little understanding and almost no appreciation of the problems facing private owners of woodlands, the Harry-and-Quintus team began brainstorming for solutions. Their thinking identified two major concerns: (1) private landowners across the country were not well enough organized to produce national informational programs, and (2) a logo-type personality was needed as a message-bearing voice to serve as a rallying symbol for the landowners.

So Harry set to work to create a new standard-bearer for the Nation's tree farmers. The process was familiar to him because he had, in the 1940's, developed the Smokey Bear cartoon character, carefully shaping it through many modifications. Once again he was at the task of going through the same agonizing phases of slow metamorphosis to give birth to a new symbol: eventually "TREE BEAR."

Tree Bear stands up strongly for the rights of landowners. He knows and explains the infinite uses of wood, and our dependence on it as a renewable resource. He is a solid advocate of good forest management, but also sides with environmental protection and conservation. His scholarly messages will reach not only the consumers of wood products, but producers as well. Thus he will be pointing out the benefits of good woodland management and efficient processing, in addition to describing the myriad ways the use of wood products enhances every day of our lives.

Tree Bear is beginning to roll. Trade journals and agency publications have been quick to print articles of discovery of this new voice of resource wisdom. Harry, ever a super-publicity person, has passed the word personally to many enthusiastic groups, as well as distributing press packets to numerous newspapers. With increased circulation of his Tree Bear cartoon messages, Harry is edging toward national syndication of his creation.

Harry is not a bit daunted by this prospect. Why should he be? After all, it worked for Smokey, didn't it? And more than anything else, Harry is still only 85, and NOT counting!

* * * *

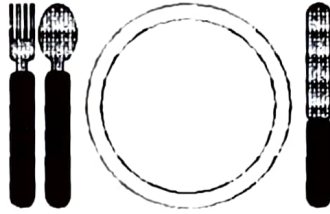
Bob has consistently submitted articles to The Dixie Ranger so we decided to give him his own special corner. This space is available to anyone.

Many thanks to all of you for your praise for work on The Dixie Ranger. However, this would not be possible if it were not for you. Some of you just wrote in to compliment us, but I included each and every one just to let your friends know you're still here. As you enjoy reading about your friends, you can imagine how I feel—I get to open the letters first! Please keep them coming.

* * *

The things which our friends do with and for us, form a portion of our lives; for they strengthen and advance our personality.

--Johann Wolfgang von Goethe



Our next luncheon is on June 8 at 11:30 a.m. at the Petite Auberge restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center. Please call Joyce Sizemore (404) 347-4191 to make reservations no later than June 6. Should you make reservations and then cannot attend, please cancel because we have to pay for all reservations that we make.

Guest speaker for this luncheon will be Mike Milosh, Director, Cradle of Forestry, Pisgah Forest, N.C.

You cannot do a kindness too soon, for you never know how soon it will be too late.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

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