

The Dixie Ranger

Editors: Bert and Betty Bray Vol. XXVI No. 1 February 1996

OFFICERS

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NEW OFFICERS FOR 1996:

PRESIDENT: RALPH MUMME. A graduate of NY State College of Forestry at Syracuse in 1957 with a BS degree in Forestry. Worked one year with FS as a Research Forester in Ogden, Utah, and then drafted into the military. In 1961 became a District Ranger on the Ottawa & Superior NFs in Region 9. Held positions as Center Director of the Isabella Job Corps Center and Clam Lake Job Corps Center. In 1969 became Staff Officer for Recreation on the Shawnee NF in Illinois. In 1971 went to the Monongahela NF as Deputy Forest Supervisor and in 1973 became Forest Supervisor. Held that position until transfer in 1986 to RO as Director of Timber Management. Retired in August 1994. He and wife Kathleen have four children and two grandchildren.

PRESIDENT ELECT: JIMMY WALKER. A graduate of Mississippi State University in 1960 with a B.S. degree in Forestry. His first job was with the Mississippi Forestry Commission. Jimmy began work with the USFS on the Monongahela NF in Region 7 in July 1961 and transferred to the Nantahala NF in Region 8 in 1965. He left the USFS in 1966 but returned in 1967 on the Delta NF in Mississippi. He had assignments to the Savannah River Forest Station in SC, Kisatchie NF in Louisiana, and the Regional Office in Region 8. He is a member of the Society of American Foresters and American Forestry Association. Jimmy retired in May 1994 as a silviculturist from RO, Region 8. He and his wife, Ann, live in Snellville, GA.

Your Attention, Please

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Here are three items that need your attention:

1. The mailing address label section. There is a notice on the front of your *Dixie Ranger* address mailing label section that gives the status of your dues. "Dues paid thru year____" and the year given indicates if you are current on your dues, how far in advance you have paid or if your dues have expired. Last year two mailings indicated your status—the newsletter mailed in February and the one in August contained this information. Dues are \$8 per year, payable at the first of the year.

2. *The Dixie Ranger* is now being issued 4 times a year. We were issuing only three issues a year, but I must confess that is not working. It's not that we don't have the money to issue four issues, it's that we didn't get enough information to justify the cost to do a fourth issue. But that must change! Several people have written or called to say they are not getting their issues of the DR, not realizing that we only did three issues last year and it's a long time between August and February, so-o—

3. We need something from you, please. All the compliments we receive contain the expression that *The Dixie Ranger* helps us to stay in touch with former co-workers and friends. If you feel that way when you read about someone you used to work with, you can imagine how that person would feel reading about you. Are you giving that person the same delightful feeling by your update on your life through *The Dixie Ranger*? I think not. So, here's my plea to all of you—write a letter to be used in the next issue. If you don't feel comfortable writing to us, address it to your best friend, one you haven't seen in a long time, and tell that person what's going on in your life. We cannot do *The Dixie Ranger* without you. We, as Editors, only put together a newsletter from information that you give us and that is what makes *The Dixie Ranger* so great—your input! So-o-o let us hear from you this year and please don't put off writing.



You know you've become a Senior Citizen when you want to shout to the world, SPEAK UP!!



Note These Dates

Please post these dates on your calendar now for the luncheons for 1996:

March 14 June 13 Sept 12 Dec 12

The luncheons begin at 11:30 a.m. with fellowship, and lunch is served at 12 noon. We meet at the Petite Auberge Restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center on North Decatur Road. Price of the meal is \$9. Please call Beverly Petty at 404 347-2384 no later than a Tuesday before the luncheon on Thursday. The restaurant charges us for each reservation made, so if you make a reservation and cannot attend, please notify Beverly of your cancellation by at least Wednesday before the luncheon on Thursday.



A Word from our past President, Jim McConnell:

I want to thank you and the Southern Forest Service Retirees Association for letting me act as your President this past year. As with so many things, I didn't want to get into it until I had to start doing something. Then it was a pleasure. I enjoyed working with all the fine people that make up the organization. It was like working for the Forest Service 10-12 years ago. Whenever I asked anyone to do something, they pitched right in, didn't grumble and did a fine job. The SFSRA is such a fine group I don't want to miss a meeting or a copy of *The Dixie Ranger*.

I have agreed to act as a committee of one regarding advice and options giving Forest Service associated papers and memorabilia to proper and prudent organizations. If any member needs assistance they may contact me and I'll try to give them up-to-date information. They can contact me at the options listed below:

James L. McConnell
3699 Wentworth Ln
Lilburn, GA 30247-2256
Phone 770-923-1681
FAX 770-564-2351



You know you've become a Senior Citizen when you have more to spend, but fewer things you really want to spend it on.



ANNUAL US FOREST SERVICE RETIREES PICNIC

April 4, 1996

OSCAR SCHERER STATE PARK
US 41
OSPREY, FLORIDA

This is a potluck picnic. Bring your own utensils, beverage and food to share at noon.

Contact: John S. Maslack
2065 Oyster Creek Drive
Englewood, FL 34224



FINANCIAL STATEMENT
JAN - DEC 1995

1/1/95 Balance Forward	\$2,101.50
Income (Dues and Donations)	<u>\$2,819.00</u>
TOTAL	\$4,920.50

Expenses:

Printing	\$ 948.49
Postage	\$ 409.55
Door Prizes	\$ 100.79
Misc.	\$ <u>31.67</u>
TOTAL	\$1,490.50
BALANCE 12/31/95	\$3,430.00

PROPOSED BUDGET FOR 1996

Printing (4 issues @ \$300 ea)	\$1,200.00
Postage	\$ 455.00
Door Prizes	\$ 100.00
Misc.	\$ <u>100.00</u>
TOTAL	\$1,855.00
Projected Income:	
194 members @ \$8	\$1,552.00
Carryover from 1995	<u>\$3,430.00</u>
TOTAL	\$4,982.00

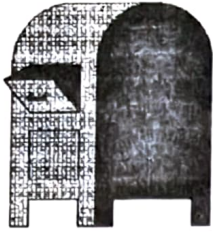
DO YOU REMEMBER THESE FELLOWS?

Howard Burnett submitted this photograph with the following comment: "Enclosed is a picture of some of the Forest Service's finest, taken, I believe in June of 1959. The occasion is the Roan Mountain Rhododendron Festival, when a bunch of us Rangers and Staff were detailed to help guide all the visitors to this small area. I personally ended up assisting Dan Todd film the entire undertaking, thus am not in this particular picture. The objective of the meeting was to show us what recreation pressure was like, in preparation for the days to come. (And did they ever!) In 1959 we were just beginning to get a few dollars for picnic and camp site development, and most of us really did not have a feel for what forest recreation pressure really meant. It was a good training exercise, as useful in its way as western fire experience is in its way."



L to R: Don Thornton, Orrie Hansen, Merlin Dixon, Bob Dodson, Cliff Faulkner, Earl "Preach" Parsons, Nathan Byrd, George James, Louis Davis, and Dick Pennington.

(If there are any more photographs that you would like to submit to the Editors for *The Dixie Ranger*, please do so. We would like to have them).



The Mail Box

PAT INT-HOUT, *Wenatchee, WA* - Enclosed is my stipend for the next 3 years for *The Dixie Ranger*. Good wife Elsie and I enjoy reading all the notes and letters from the members. Even though we left good old R-8 in '63 for our final work in the Northwest, we still recall many from those earlier days. It is sad, however, to see so many of the co-workers of that time no longer with us.

Miss Elsie had a tough time this past spring, but is back in good shape with a new aorta valve and a pacemaker. Thank goodness for Medicare and Blue Cross-Blue Shield, as I would be selling pencils on Main Street trying to cope with that expense.

I still hit the links in the early mornings and walk it except in the hottest summer weather, when I get out the motor cart for the back nine. I make golf clubs now and then for friends and the kin folk. I even made a long handled putter for myself today so you know that part of my game has gone sour in these so called "golden days".

All 5 of our "cheron" and their families live in the county so we get together often. (Two of them work for the F.S.)

TOM HOOPER, *Ft. Smith, AR* - Bits of Bill Eaton and John Wood in the June issue of DR reminded me of Alabama NF experiences and prompts me to relate some of these and of first and lasting impressions:

On one of my first service trips to the Oakmulgee RD, Ranger Bill Eaton took me to a stand of cut-over hardwood, pointed to and then occupied a large stump and confided matter of factly "Tom, I spend some of my most productive hours right here." Noting that the stump was hollow and half filled with stump water sludge, I waited in naiveté for the tell-tale smile or the ribald punchline that never came. Nor even a statement or question of wildlife management problem or principle associated with this stand. I had just met the real Bill Eaton; had been introduced to a new management philosophy and only later fully realized that Bill was serious; and that quiet and thoughtful stump sitting really can produce more and better ideas.

As a kid growing up in "Smalltown" Arkansas in the 1920-30's, I had never known the civilized game of Halloween trick or treat—only ghosting, graffiti crime and privy dumping. So to accommodate our 3 kids and reclaim some missed childhood, spouse and I went way out of character, donned ridiculous garb and make-up and knocked at the door of H.O. Mills. Grace greeted, doled treats to the kids, looked suspiciously at me and with schoolmarm propriety said, "My but aren't you a big healthy boy." My wife laughed, we divulged I.D.'s and then were invited in for more and sweeter treats, good conversation and typical H.O. Mills comments regarding our ridiculous garb and behavior. Next we knocked at Bill Eaton's door. After learning our identity, Bill was so excited about the prospect of further fun that he and Lois masqueraded wildly and together we called on other FS people. All this sans beer or bet. We probably lost a lot of adult respect but gained some neighborhood friends. Kids!

When my elderly aunt from Arkansas visited me in Montgomery, I took her to meet some co-workers in the SO. She was particularly impressed by John Wood, and when we left she turned to me with serious expression and said, "Why Tom, Mr. Wood looks so—so—well—with those piercing eyes—when he spoke to me I thought he looked like Jesus Christ." Now we all know John to be a good, even pious, man. But perfect, and World Savior? In fact, the countenance I best remember is more like that of a swarthy sailor who may have shot an albatross, or been shipwrecked. This was the summer that John, Ruthie, and the two girls sailed themselves to the Bahamas. Boy did he look rough upon return! Ever do that again, John?

JERRY ALEXANDER, *Russellville, AR* - A rather delightful and highly informal event occurs on the first Monday morning of each month in Russellville. At 8 a.m. a wonderful collection of retirees meets for breakfast at Zak & Zeke's Restaurant. The depth of the discussion or depth of something forces us to leave about 9, but if anyone out there is close enough, please join us.

On a sober note, we were saddened to learn of the passing of Bruce Kilgore on August 14 at Danville, AR. Bruce worked on the Ouachita and Ozark until retirement.

BILL HICE, *Midlothian, VA* - You have, for the second time, called my attention to the fact that I had not paid my dues for 1995. Each time I had good intentions but as soon as I put the newsletter aside, it was "out of sight-out of mind." Perhaps I could use my 80th birthday as an excuse but that's not good enough—let's just call it "mental and physical laziness."

I do enjoy and wish to continue receiving *The Dixie Ranger*, even though I am finding fewer and fewer references to people I know. This is understandable when I am reminded that 40 years have passed since I left Region 8. It is sad to note that nearly every issue brings word of another "old timer", as we can now be closed, who has departed.

MARVIN HOOVER, *Wenatchee, WA* - I appreciate your news and want to keep it coming. Here are my dues for another year.

It's a long time since I worked in the South for the SE Forest Experiment Station. I was at the Coweta Hydrological Laboratory from 1940-48 and at Union, S.C. as Research Center Leader for the Central Piedmont area until 1953. At Union, the Enoree District Ranger, Jim Cartwright was patient with and helpful to the research crew.

Wenatchee is home for several others with time in the Southern Region. I occasionally trade tall stories with Pat Int-Hout, Tom Sears and Grover Payne.

O. D. SMITH, *Russellville, AR* - Here is a check for a couple of years dues. I am uncertain as to where I stand but expect I owe some and I sure do want to keep *The Dixie Ranger* coming. I look forward to receiving it and learning about what some of my old friends are up to.

I don't have much to report from Russellville. We have a fairly active retirees group that meets for breakfast monthly, but I think Jerry Alexander is sending you a write-up on that. Pat continues to work for Friendship Services, a facility for the handicapped, and I devote much of my free time to learning to play golf. Sad to say, I cannot report any great improvement. I was in Hot Springs last week and played a round of golf with Bill Walker. He is not improving much either but did manage to beat me by a stroke.

Dave and Peggy Jolly stopped by recently and had lunch with us on their way to Tennessee. Dave says they plan to move to Alabama when they can get their house sold. We are always happy to see old friends and invite all of you to look us up if you are in the area.

JOHN AND SUE CHAFFIN, *Green Valley, AZ* - We were saddened by Elise Brandau's death last June. She was a special lady and we have many fond memories of the good times we had with her and her family.

We visited the Vernon Ranger District last June and had a cup of Louisiana coffee with Bob Bates. We missed Stella Brabham. Stella, Bob, Grady Kyle, Charley Horn, Otis Johnson and Artis Martin surely made my first DR job easier. Bob mentioned that the district is no longer known as the "Burnin' Vernon" anymore.

We also visited the Evangeline where I was Bill Brandau's and Nathan Byrd's ADR and lived at the Evangeline Guard Station with Elmo Welch—another top-notch Aide. We drove in to see our old residential site and—nothing. It was like pulling your finger out of water. Nothing to indicate anyone had ever occupied the site. We also missed Elmo and Kathleen there.

It was really nice to see some thinned plantations that I'd had a hand in planting on both the Evangeline and Vernon, along with some other landmarks.

BOB THATCHER, *Asheville, NC* - We had a busy fall. In October my sister and brother-in-law were down from New York for a visit just in time to help clean up from Tropical Storm Opal. Then we headed out to Grand Island, Nebraska, to visit our older daughter, her husband and two delightful granddaughters. The weather was perfect. When we got back our younger daughter and husband had just moved into their first home and we pitched in to help them get settled. To wrap up the month, I went over to our church a couple of times to help the youth with the "pumpkin patch." Our youth obtained an 18-wheeler load of pumpkins, gourds, and Indian corn from a Navaho reservation in the Southwest to sell as a fund-raising effort. They cleared \$3,000+!

We have been especially busy in NARFE this year. By the end of September, our Service Center had served over 190 annuitants and their families in western North Carolina. We have had some real good feedback. We have also set up a NARFE table at 4 different Senior Days at Belk stores at the Biltmore Square and Asheville malls. Here our volunteers have talked to NARFE members and non-members about the organization, our chapter and any questions regarding earned benefits.

It's also been a busy time with the Southern Appalachian Man and the Biosphere program. We held our annual conference in Knoxville in Mid-November despite a lot of Federal employees having to cancel out or leave early on furlough. At least 150 attendees stuck with it for three days and we had a super time. This year the Southern Appalachian Assessment was featured which has involved a massive collection and analysis of information on Atmospheric, Territorial, Aquatic, and Social/Cultural/Economic resources in the six state region. It's never been done before and involved a significant interagency effort. This will be of great value to resource managers in the area.

During the period November 19-22, several of us hosted six officials from Poland who came over to see how we do it on National Parks and National Forests in eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina.

Finally, Gerry Hortel, Garland Mason and I are putting finishing touches on an historical recap of the large-scale southern pine beetle R&D programs we managed across the South during the 1974-1985 period. The paper reviews how the programs were organized and managed and summarizes what came out of this intensive effort. The Northeastern Area of S&PF has agreed to publish the manuscript (I never thought I would get into writing and publishing something after retirement!).

JOANNE WEBB, *Tallahassee, FL* - Here is a check for my dues and a year each for John Kech and Kie Vining. OK, guys, you're on your own after this—I didn't take you to raise!

I'm headed for Australia for Christmas to visit my daughter, Marianne, who has been over there teaching deaf at New South Wales Institute for Deaf and Blind in Sydney. She loves it. Son Robert and his family from Alaska will meet me there. We're all excited!

I'm still working for the State of Florida. Have 5 years down and 5 to go before I can retire.

JAY CRAVENS, *Milwaukee, WI* - Enclosed is my check for 1996-97 dues. I enjoy the newsletters. We had a good year. Gwen was busy with grandchildren and researching and writing her family history.

I have been active with Eastern FS retirees and help edit and mail newsletters. With the SWFS Amigos I attended the Quemado NM Roundup, where I serve as Ass't. Wagon Boss. Ex-Regional Foresters Henson, Hurst and Yurich and I can still produce enough pinon-juniper for week-long camp fires. Building a campfire at 05:00 hours with 2" of white stuff on the ground and more falling is challenging!

The USFS called on me to help on a number of projects. I gave lectures at the R-9 University on "Silviculture in the Real World" and provided advice to "Frontliners" on dealing with the public and lectured on the historic perspective and changes in the USFS. I participated in an International Forestry conference and provided input on the 1995 Draft RPA Plan. That effort reminded me of my participation in the original RPA process some 20 years ago. I traveled to Region 3 forests where I started about 50 years ago and spent a day giving an oral history interview to the Kaibab NF Historian.

I keep active in SAF. As Chair-elect of the International Forestry Working Group, I helped organize a program about "Forestry Across Russia" for the Portland ME meeting.

During the year I gave a number of talks about my newly released autobiography *A Well Worn Path* and attended autograph sessions in the Lake States and the West. As an unknown author I had to find a publisher to produce the book. Since I had no advances, I was not involved in any boycotts, protests or Congressional hearings. But the first printing sold out in August! In view of the many good letters I received from readers and the favorable book reviews, I decided to go for the second printing. The publisher was delighted (to receive my payments) and produced the second edition. The second round promises to give me more to do in my spare time.

Speaking of spare time, I hiked over 100+ miles of trail in the desert mountains and high country of Arizona, the Dixie and Grand Mesa National Forests, and the Rocky Mountain National Park. In Arizona and SE Utah I guided Sun City (AZ) hikers on 10 one-day hikes. It was good to be able to hike trails and see country that I had first covered some 50 years ago.

(For those of you who may be interested in obtaining a copy of Jay's book, it's available from:

*University Editions, Inc.
59 Oak Lane
Spring Valley, Huntington, WV 25704*

The cost is \$14.95, plus \$2.00 for postage and handling for the first copy and 75 cents for each copy thereafter. Subtract 40% if ordering five or more copies.)

*And here's another book that may be of interest - **The First Ranger** by C. W. Guthrie. **The First Ranger** weaves the simply stated, often humorous accounts of the daily life of two early rangers into a history of Montana's Forest Reserves and a portrait of the times. Frank Liebig was the first ranger in the land that became Glacier National Park. He tells of his adventures in the magnificent Glacier country when it was being settled. A time when job training consisted of "Go to it and good luck" and enforcing the Reserve restrictions was the act of a "yellow dog". His friend and mentor was Fred Herrig, one of the first rangers in the Flathead Forest Reserve. Many of Fred's anecdotes are about his times as a wrangler and hunting guide for Theodore Roosevelt in the Dakota Badlands and as a Rough Rider before he became a ranger. It contains 53 turn-of-the-century photographs and 44 pen and ink drawings. Cost \$14.95, includes shipping. Redwing Publishing, P. O. Box 460448, Huson, Montana 59846.*

-- Jay McConnell



1966 REUNION OF FOREST SERVICE RETIREES

At the end of the (National Forest Centennial) 1991 in Glenwood Springs Forest Service "Reunion" there was general agreement we should get together again in about 5 years.

The Intermountain Old Timers have volunteered to take on this task. The grand event is being planned for September 9-11, 1996, in Park City, Utah, which is also the site of many venues of the 2002 Winter Olympics! The Inn at Prospector Square has agreed to a low rate of \$53 single or double occupancy, about half their usual room rate. Camping is available nearby for those so inclined.

An Old Timers committee is working to develop an exciting agenda of activities with options including: golf, tennis, horseshoes, fishing, river rafting, hot-air balloon rides, a narrow gauge train ride, musical theater at Sundance, National Forest field trips, shopping at factory discount stores, tours of historic Park City, visits with active FS officials (Chief invited), live music and other entertainment, and most important—plenty of opportunity to visit and renew old friendships.

Park City is easy to reach by auto or by air. More information will be available soon and a "registration form" is being developed. But for now save these dates, September 9-11, 1996, and plan to come to Park City and have a great time!

For those of you who wish, you may call Stan Tixier, 801 745-4121 or write to him at: 5538 E. 2300 N., Eden, Utah 84310.



IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM EMORY HUNNICUTT, September 4, 1995, at age 92. A career employee with the FS who retired from the Southeastern Forest Experiment Station after more than 35 years of service. He began his career in the US Dept. of Agriculture, Solicitors Office in 1929. He was involved in the purchase of private land in the Southeastern US, including the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest in Graham County, NC. He was a life-long resident of Western NC who lived in Franklin, Asheville, and most recently Highland Farms, Black Mountain, NC.

HARRY (TOMMY) TOMLINSON, October 7, 1995. Graduated from Yale (BS'30, MF'31). Shortly thereafter, he was employed on several CCC forestry projects in the Lake States and New Jersey before joining the USDA Forest Service in 1935, where he worked on the Mississippi, Ouachita, and Kisatchie National Forests (interrupted by 4 years in the Army during WWII where he advanced from private to Lt. Col.). In 1951, he transferred to USFS Region 8's Division of State and Private Forestry in Atlanta, GA. He moved to Washington, DC with the IRS in 1957 and retired to Winter Park, FL in 1969. His wife, Mary, and brother, William, survive him.

MRS. MARIE JANELLE ERIKSSON, 84, died November 1, 1995. Survived by her husband, Horace C. (Rik) Eriksson of Decatur, GA., son William Janelle, Nevada City, CA; and daughters, Harlene J. Henson, Oklahoma City, OK, and Robin J. Cook, Snellville, GA; and stepsons Richard C. Eriksson, Stone Mountain, GA; James C. Eriksson, Clarkston, GA; and John N. Eriksson, Bentonville, AR; 14 grandchildren, and 10 great-grandchildren.

RAYMOND M. HOUSLEY, JR., 67, died in July in Falls Church, VA. Mr. Housley worked for the Forest Service for 36 years. He served as Recreation Director and Associate Deputy Chief. After he retired, he was a consultant and Washington representative of the Society of Range Management. He was an SAF member for 43 years.

HOWARD T. BRASHER, 80, died October 30, 1995 in Greensboro, NC. Mr. Brasher worked for many years in the Regional Office in Atlanta, Division of Operations. He formerly resided in Decatur. He is survived by a sister.

ROXIE HOWELL of Atlanta died September 14, 1995. Roxie was the nurse to Forest Service employees in the Peachtree-25th Building for many years.

JAMES R. CHEEK, SR., 82, died December 16, 1995, in Kennesaw, GA. He retired from the Forest Service in 1971 after 35 years of service. He is survived by wife, Ruby, and sons, James R. Cheek, Jr., of Kennesaw and Marshall L. Cheek of Sante Fe, NM, and two grandchildren.

WILLIAM R. NICHOLLS, died December 14, 1995 in Nicholasville, KY. Burial was in Salt Lake City, Utah. He retired from R8-RO, Engineering.

VESTA OWEN, 74, died in Hot Springs, AR, on August 26, 1995. She was a homemaker. She is survived by her husband, A.Z. Owen, two daughters, Amelia Lewis of McKinney, TX, and Gloria Casteel of Temple, TX, and four grandchildren.

STEVE WILSON, 60, died in Hot Springs, AR, on September 5, 1995. Retired as contracting officer with the Ouachita NF. He is survived by his wife, Mary Ella; two daughters and four grandchildren.

NEVA LEE CHUMNEY, 77, died on November 2, 1995 in Cleveland, TN. Mrs. Chumney taught elementary school in Tellico Plains and in the Cleveland School System for 42 years. She is survived by her husband, B. W. Chumney and one son and two grandchildren.

VICTOR B. MACNAUGHTON, 87, died in October 1995 in Oxford, MS. He was formerly Forest Supervisor of the NFs in Mississippi and Project Manager for the US Forest Service on the Yazoo-Little Tallahatchie Flood Prevention Project in Oxford. He worked for the Forest Service 33 years. After his retirement he became Executive Secretary of the Keep Mississippi Beautiful Program. He also taught forest policy at the School of Forestry at Mississippi State University and at Hinds Junior College. Dogs played a major role in Mr. MacNaughton's life from early childhood. He raised field trial English setters, and was a long-time participant in southern field trials. One of his award-winning English setters, Tishomingo, who won at Grand Junction in 1965, was included in the Museum of Bird Dogs in 1993. Survivors include his wife, Katherine Marvin MacNaughton; son Jimmy V. of Harrisonburg, VA, and a daughter, Marcia Pond MacNaughton, of Washington, D.C.; three granddaughters and two great grandsons.

ROBERT B. HARKNESS, JR., 94, of Lake City, FL, died November 18, 1995. Mr. Harkness was an employee of the US Forest Service at Lake City during the time of Rangers Hob Howard and Paul Swarthout—about 1934-1940. Harry Wright recalls that Mr. Harkness worked some for Ranger Douglas A. Craig on the Osceola NF up until the beginning of WWII.



You know you've become a Senior Citizen when getting into socks and shoes tells you that your feet are getting farther away.

Many thanks to Bob Neelands for sharing "You know you've become a Senior Citizen when." Editors



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

George Blomstrom
105 Abbott Circle
Harrisonburg, VA 22801

Leon A. Cambree
14796 County Road 3200
Rolla, MO 65401

Anton Decker
607 Lincoln Ave
Marion, VA 11747

Jean Emery
3633 Colony Lane, SW
Roanoke, VA 24018

Jim Flanders
145 Bayou Lane
Russellville, AR 72801

Ed Fraser
Rt. 1, Box 780
Sanderson, FL 32087

Marvin Hoover
212 Iowa Avenue South
East Wenatchee, WA 98802-5441

Lewis Kearney
933 Old Charleston Rd.
Cleveland, TN 37312

John Kech
Rt 2, Box 1340
Warren, TX 77664

Walt Robillard
1601 Berkeley Lane NE
Atlanta, GA 30329

Chester A. Robinson
1431 Northside Dr.
Conyers, GA 30207

Daniel H. Sims
3779 Meadow Wood Dr.
Lawrenceville, GA 30244

George P. Stevens
1475 Mecaslin St NW # 7111
Atlanta, GA 30309-2286

Kie Vining
1101 NE 145 Ave Rd
Silver Springs, FL 34488

PLEASE MAKE THE FOLLOWING CHANGES TO THE DIRECTORY:

Dorotha Banville from Canton, NC to: 5312 Circle Dr., Spring Hill, FL 34607

William V. Cranston from Ft. Lauderdale, FL to: St. Martin's-in-the-Pines, Room 951, 4941 Montevallo Road, Birmingham, AL 35210

Walt Gray's zip code to 30033

Ray Hall from Conley, GA to: 190 Balfour Dr., Winter Park, FL 32792

Dan Hile from Stearns, KY to: 4256 Tamargo Dr., New Port Richey, FL 34652

Robert Hitt from Marietta, GA to: P. O. Box 719, Boulder Junction, WI 54512

Charles Hunnicutt from 10 Hunnicutt Lane to 152 Hunnicutt Lane, Franklin, NC 28734

Owen Jamison from Rt. 2, Box 203 to 743 Chateau Est. Rd., Lavonia, GA 30553

Robert J. Lentz, from Tucker, GA to 13477 Evans Farm Lane, Pungoteague, VA 23422-0387

Ed Littlehales add 3301 to zip code—34285-3301

Clyde D. McDonald from RR 6, Box 337 to: 14121 NE 14th St Rd, Silver Springs, FL 34488-9806

Jim Morpew from Rt 1, Box 199 to Route 1, Box 799, Glenwood, AR 71943-9138

Fred Newnham from 3598 Thompson Bend to: 729 Simmons St., Gainesville, GA 30501

Philip Newton from 122 Maple St to 104 Maple St. Franklin, NC 28734

Hazel R. Olson from 75901 to 75902-1542

Mrs. James R. Padgett from Rt 2, Box 105E to: 103 Hemlock Farms Rd., Highlands, NC 28741

Max Peterson, from Fairfax, VA to: 209 Colleen Ct. NE, Leesburg, VA 22075-6045



For your information:

John W. Mixon retired as Director of Georgia Forestry Commissioner on August 1, 1995. David L. Westmoreland has taken his place.

Mike Chapman, Ouachita Forest Supervisor, retired on September 23, 1995. Al Newman, formerly Forest Supervisor of the National Forests in Texas, became the Supervisor of the Ouachita in November.



You know you've become a Senior Citizen when the doctor and Mother Nature both begin to let you know in no uncertain terms that you can no longer do what you always DID.

The Missing Hooch

George Stevens



Way back in 1966, I was a young contract clerk in the RO, Division of Operations. We were in the Peachtree & 7th Street Building in a large open area on the third floor. There were 3 Contracting Officers, one of them being Tom Hunt, and each of them had an assistant. I did work for all of them, mostly typing and filing. My desk faced theirs and there was a long row of 5 drawer metal file cabinets which separated our group from others in the Division.

All who knew Tom, knew that he was a creature of habit. He generally did the same things at the same time every day and, evidently on his free time, too. One night was bowling night, another was yard work night, and so forth. Being a good Irishman, Tom set aside one night to sip whiskey and ponder the meaning of life.

He was in a car pool that had a strict rule: once they started for home in the evening, they would not stop for personal errands. Since Miss Yvonne wouldn't allow Tom to keep a ready supply of liquor in their home, he would usually go by the beverage store at lunchtime, purchase a pint, bring it back and slip it in his briefcase, and be ready when the car pool left.

One day, he forgot to go to the store at lunchtime, so during the afternoon break, he trotted out to accomplish his errand. While he was gone, the Division Chief, Art Grumbine, came over to ask the status of one of Tom's contracts. Clem Wyers, who had limited information regarding some specifics of the contract, asked Art to hang on, that Tom would be right back, and they continued talking. In a few minutes, here comes Tom. He had placed the package in his front pants pocket, thinking it could not be detected. It could, of course, as everyone knew what was there as they heard it slosh as he walked. Not wishing to see Tom get in trouble with Art and Clem, I thought it would be a good time to walk down the hall to the water fountain. In a few minutes when I returned, Tom, Art and Clem were talking good naturedly and I marvelled at the way Tom had averted a potential disaster. Returning to my work, I began filing the pile of contract folders on my desk. Later, after Clem and Art had left, Tom rushed over to my desk, visibly upset. He demanded, "What did you do with it?" I replied, "With what?" He said, "My pint, I know you hid it, now where is it?" I had no idea what he was talking about, but you have to understand, a lot of people played practical jokes on Tom day in and day out. It finally came out that when he returned,

seeing Art and Clem by his desk, he had deftly slipped the package out of his pocket and into one of the contract folders on my desk. The only problem, he didn't bother to look to see which one, and I had just filed all of them. I spent the better part of the next hour searching the files for a folder with a bottle of old number 7 in it, with Tom standing beside me, fussing and fuming in my ear. I saw Tom many times in the years following, after he retired, and we laughed about the missing hooch. I don't think that I ever really convinced him that I didn't hide it from him on purpose.



FOREST SERVICE HISTORY CENTER UPDATE

Harvey Mack, Curator, writes: The History Center is now four years old. The response of retirees, employees, other forests and regions, and even local people, has far exceeded our original expectations. Beginning as a somewhat local project, it now has developed into a Service-wide "national treasure" with some 5,000 historic objects, books, photographs, manuals, publications, etc. We now have outgrown our available space and are exploring the offer of an adjacent forest for as much as three times the FS space we now have. We will continue our efforts at this location for the time being.

We have been surprised at the small number of duplications we have received. This, in part, probably is due to the wide variations in regional programs and assignment of personnel to many varied areas. By nature, retirees do not seem to have been great collectors since we all moved a lot. When we have surplus objects, we issue periodic listings to all Regions advising them of their availability for transfer and we also list objects we need to complete our collections.

Here is a partial listing of books surplus to our collection:

U. S. Forest Service, Stern
The Forest Service, Frome
Whose Woods Are These, Frome
The Smokejumpers, Hurst
Guardian of the Forest, Morrison
Fire, Stuart
Young Men and Fire, McLean
The Forest Ranger, Kaufman
Never Marry a Ranger, McConnel

These will be distributed on a first come, first serve basis.

Should you wish to obtain any of these books, I would be glad to

Harvey E. Mack, Director
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This same offer was sent to all Regional Foresters and Forest Service Museums. I'm not sure if any are available to retirees, but it is worth a try to send it your request/letter.

Speaking of books—the following was taken from recent issue of magazine Woodland Owners:

Reading About Forestry.....

BOOK - Walker, Tommy, 1994. *An Agency Gone Sour: A Brief History of the U.S. Forest Service and the Breakdown of Its Relationship with the North American Timber Industry.* ~~Montgomery~~ Brown Publishers, Montgomery, AL. 500p. Paper \$25. ISBN 0-891-1770-1.

Don't be thrown off by the aggressive title. This book is as readable and candid history of the U.S. Forest Service unlike the way historians usually write about it.

The material was written as a four-part series in *Timber Processing* magazine in the last quarter of 1994. Parts I and II review the late debate and second moments of the first 50 years.

The Forest Service rode out World War II on a wave of success but the next 25 years would witness a souring in outside influences, described in Part III as "Decades of Decline." It is not a happy tale, but one we all witness whether we participated or not.

Part IV is a painful description of a "Lost Agency" overwhelmed by conflicting Congressional direction and draconian judicial actions, including orders to alter the workforce in favoring minorities.

"Like a Dutch drunk teaming up, the Forest Service staggered into the 1980s searching for a new direction..." The reader will gain a better understanding of why the agency can't find the way, and maybe never will unless some laws are changed. The process of Congressional oversight is currently underway.

According to Senator Drape (R-ID), the agency is "optimizing the wheels" doing environmental assessments when it should be focusing resources on logging, recreation and other national forest missions. *Comments, anyone - Editors, DF*



NO PROBLEM FOR BIG JOHN

--Bob Neelands

Many retirees will remember John Cooper—Big John, from "Tayuk-sus", and darned proud of it!

Darkness was approaching fast this particular day as John and I, along with a few others, boarded the Forest Service plane for a return flight to Atlanta. A glance at the sky hinted that this trip wasn't going to be a carousel ride. The clouds looked like soot pudding—at a rolling boil.

Not far out of Roanoke we nosed head-on into those ominous clouds, and the curtain fell. Outside our little windows the world was black as a yard-up-a-chimney. The flight began to feel like it was pounding down a rough, rocky road. The sky soon developed potholes. Big ones. The plane began a weird swaying dance, each swing ending with a shaking like a drenched dog.

John's seat was ahead and to the right of mine. I noticed that he had taken off his Stetson, something Tayuk-suns do on only a few special occasions (let's not go into THAT), so I felt justified in shouting to him over the noise that we had a supply of barf bags, if needed. His macho wave-off with that ham-sized hand indicated clearly, "No problem up here."

I didn't notice John for awhile. I was busy looking out the window to see if one of the sounds I kept hearing was really the rivets popping off the wing.

The sky-potholes developed into canyons into which the plane dropped several hundred feet at a time, crashing at the bottom as if it had hit the ground. Then it was off on an express elevator ride to the top of the roller-coaster with enough G-force to roll your lower lip down over your tie-tack. The racket was like being inside a rock-band's drum.

Amid all the din and lurching, John turned back toward me, and tried to say something. This wasn't easy for him because his jaws appeared to be stiff, and almost clamped shut, moving hardly at all. But I really didn't have to hear him to know what he wanted. His face would bring to mind a large green apple, with lips. Dew-covered. His eyes seemed to be focused on something over my head—something that I'm not sure was really there. I hurriedly handed him several barf bags; it looked to me like at least a two-bagger coming up (you should pardon the expression).

John leaned forward in his seat where I couldn't see him. Really didn't WANT to, as you can imagine. Besides, I was occupied looking out the window—I thought the pilot would like to know when the wing fell off, and I wanted to be the first to notify him.

Gradually, it seemed hours later, the aerobatics slowed and finally gentled into relative smoothness. Back on the ground in Atlanta and getting ready to debark, John handed me the unused barf bags and said jauntily, "Didn't need 'em."

Heading toward the terminal, he donned his Stetson at a perky angle, adjusted the brim with a snappy tug, gave a bit of a grin, and strode off.

I knew then that the macho image of a true son of Tayuk-sus had survived unscathed, and the Lone Star would never shine more brightly, completely untarnished by this trivial event.



Reflections about Emory Hunnicutt—from Bert Bray

Sometimes incoming mail gets by me, and it was for this reason I missed Emory's obit until I was helping Betty proof copy. Otherwise, both Charles and Tom would have heard from me before now. I'm sorry to get the news, for I consider Emory my first Forest Service supervisor and certainly a dear friend.

I came into the Forest Service from a mixed background—Florida I&E Forester, IPC cruiser and timber manager, then self-employed consulting forester. Recruited to be an administrative officer at one of three Southeastern Station labs then under construction, my employment was delayed by hiring freezes. Only when I arrived in Asheville did I learn that these jobs had all been filled, and that I was to understudy the Budget Process with Emory Hunnicutt. I very nearly said "No Way" and returned to south Georgia.

Instead I stayed, went through the required training in all phases of Support Services, and spent the year following that with Emory. It was delightful, and Emory saw to it that it was challenging, including, on one occasion, leaving town at mid-year recapping time without telling me he was leaving, and "letting" me do the whole thing, including staff meetings at which I had to prove all the figures and justify them.

Emory was an excellent instructor and I benefitted greatly from his teachings.



LUNCHEON MARCH 14, 1996

Our first luncheon of the new year will be March 14 at the Petite Auberge restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center. We gather at 11:30 for fellowship and lunch is served at 12 noon. Please call Beverly Petty at 404 347-2384 to make reservations no later than March 12. Please call after 10 a.m. The price of the luncheon is \$9. The restaurant charges us for all reservations made, so if for some reason you are unable to be present after making a reservation, please call Beverly and cancel. Looking forward to see you on March 14.

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