

The Dixie Ranger

Editors: Bert and Betty Bray Vol. XXVI No. 3 August 1996

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A LOOK BACK—TWENTY YEARS AGO

Officers of the Southern Forest Service Retirees Association in 1976 were: Paul Russell, President; Bill Huber (dec) Alternate; Shirley McNelley (dec) Secretary, and F. Grady Burnett, Treasurer. Board of Directors: Dorothy Smith, C. S. Herrick (dec), Larry Newcomb (dec) and Rik Eriksson.

The first luncheon meeting was held at the Riveria-Hyatt House with 55 members present. The Treasurer reported \$739.08 in the bank. Membership was 315 as of December 1975. Dues were \$2.00 per year.

A Historical Committee was established to work as a liaison between the RO and the National Forests. Those appointed to the Committee were: Jim Brooks, George Schaeffer, and Rip Williams.

Among those members contributing articles were: Mary Hutchins, John C. Barber, Willa Carswell, Harry Wright, Ed Littlehales, Jim Vessey, Angie Mule' and Harry Rossoll.

A comment from Editor Tom Hunt: "I wish you could enjoy, as my wife and I do, hearing from all of you and reading what you've been doing - going - seeing - long before it appears in print in the D.R.

"However, there is something wrong!!! We have over 300 members and of all the letters shown in that section, everything over sixteen (5% of membership) were taken from Christmas cards and personal letters to ye-ed since the last (October 1975) newsletter. I wish everyone was as faithful about writing as Olene Woody. What must I do to some of you to shame you into writing?"

The next luncheon was held on March 18, 1976, at the Petite Auberge Restaurant on North Druid Hills Road. Larry Henson, Supervisor, Ozark NF presented a program with movie on Blanchard Springs Caverns.

The annual picnic held on September 16 at Stone Mountain Park was considered the best ever and nearly 100 people attended.

Comment from Editor Tom Hunt: See where Ira L. Bray and Ed Littlehales are candidates for OPEDA Council Representatives for this area. Since Ed Littlehales tried to sell my house one time when I was on vacation—if he happened to be running for dog catcher in Venice, FL, I just might cast my vote. And for the dogs!!! Ed—remembering the car-pool, you know I'm putting you on!

Comparison: Average attendance 20 years ago at luncheons was 55, today it's 46; membership then was 315, today 383.

Tom Hunt was Editor from the first issue of THE DIXIE RANGER in 1971 until the October 1985 issue. From that date Rip Williams became Editor for the first issue in January 1986 and continued until February 1989. The present Editors began with the May issue in 1989.

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Dennis Krusac, Threatened-Endangered Species Specialist from RO, Timber, presented the program at the June 13 meeting. The topic was the Red-Cockaded Woodpecker Recovery Program. An informative booklet entitled "Red-Cockaded Woodpeckers in the Southern Region" is available from any Forest Supervisors office. It covers the RCW Management Plan to increase populations of the red-cockaded woodpecker.

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"Unless you try to do something beyond what you have already mastered, you will never grow."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson



BOOK REVIEWS

THE FINAL FOREST-THE BATTLE FOR THE LAST GREAT TREES OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST by William Dietrich, a Pulitzer Prize winner. The book consists of chapters entitled: The Cutter, The Biologist, The Owl, The Town, etc., and touches just about everyone. There are no villains and no heroes, most are victims and nobody has won much of a victory. William Dietrich has done a good job of digging out the fact and fiction of all sides.

If you read it I doubt if you'll enjoy it, but you will learn a lot. My one criticism is that the cover leaf says it transcends regionality. It certainly does not. Region 8 replaced a forest that was lost. There are no ancient trees in the South and most of the East, whereas that was the fight in Region 6, cutting trees that had never been cut before. The cost of the book is \$21, publisher Simon & Schuster. Your local library may have a copy or can get one for you.

DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR and its sequel, *ENGLISH CREEK*, by Ivan Doig. These two books concerning the Forest Service are novels about settlement and, later, the creation of the national forests on the east side of the Rocky Mountains in Montana. In 1889 Angus McCaskill homesteads in the Two Medicine country at the base of the Rocky Mountains. Then in 1907 a man shows up and says that he is the forest ranger for that country up west that Theodore Roosevelt has made into a national forest. That was news to just about everyone because that is where they had freely grazed their sheep and cattle in the summers. If you have worked in Montana you may know the story but I did not. It's a good story. A version of what made America what it is today. The cost is \$13, Harper Perennial.

The sequel, *ENGLISH CREEK*, is about Angus's son, Varick, who becomes the ranger and his son Jick who comes into manhood in 1939, watching and sometimes helping his father balance the needs of the land, the harshness of the weather and personalities of the people. They are about the old Forest Service that most of us signed into and I guarantee that if you start, you won't put them down till you finish. The cost is \$10, Penguin Books. Some libraries may have them.

—James L. McConnell



"The difference between the impossible and the possible lies in a person's determination."

—Tommy LaSorda, Major League Manager

"MR. WHITFIELD, I DON'T BELIEVE WE'RE IN KANSAS ANYMORE"

Late on Thursday evening, sometime in the mid-seventies, I returned to Hot Springs, after finishing my meetings with a contractor. Back then, Hot Springs had some very limited air service. I was scheduled out the next morning on a Frontier Airlines flight for Memphis, then on to Atlanta. The flight was supposed to leave at 6:30 a.m.

Friday morning, I awoke to one of the worst fogs that I have ever seen. Visibility was so bad, it was a challenge just to find the airport. Arriving a little before 6 a.m., I checked in. The ticket agent immediately informed me that the flight would be delayed until conditions improved, which didn't surprise me, so I found a seat and prepared to wait. In a few minutes, I looked up and saw the Regional Forester, Larry Whitfield, enter and check in for the same flight. He spoke to me, recognizing me from the RO, though I doubt he knew my name or what I did. To say that Mr. Whitfield was a quiet, reserved man would be an understatement. We sat and waited together, talking very little. Presently, the airline representative announced that our flight was cancelled, but that he would try to get us on a later flight coming in from Fort Smith, for Springfield and St. Louis, Missouri. He said that we would connect in St. Louis for a flight to Atlanta.

This flight arrived and we finally got off the ground about 10:30 a.m., but when we landed in Springfield, there was another delay due to equipment malfunction. After awhile we got back in the air and arrived in St. Louis around noon—just minutes after our connection to Atlanta had left. There were not near as many flights then as there are now, so the airline people scratched around trying to figure what to do with us. There were 3 of them in consultation, deciding the best way to get us to Atlanta. One voted to send us to Dallas, another thought Chicago or Minneapolis would be a better choice (I'm not making this up!). The one who evidently had the most seniority prevailed and opted to send us to Kansas City, then to Wichita, Kansas, where we would connect with a flight out of Denver to Atlanta.

So, it was on to KC, arriving about 1:30 p.m., where we learned that the RF's bags had been lost. By now, I could see that Mr. Whitfield was becoming grumpy and probably as hungry as I was, and the news of the lost bags didn't help his attitude. He looked at me with suspicion, as if I had something to do with this vast conspiracy to prevent his return to Atlanta. Now, I had heard Rangers and Forest Supervisors mention "Whit's Book." I wasn't exactly sure what "Whit's Book" was, but I imagined it to be a list of good/bad employees. Not wishing to be put in the latter category, I

thought it would be in my best interest to: (1) find food; (2) keep quiet, except to ask the airline folks about every 2 minutes if they had found his bags yet; and (3) just go with the flow. I found us something to eat, they found his bags, and shortly thereafter, we shipped out of KC for Wichita.

What they failed to tell us, however, was that we were on a local "milk run", landing in several small Kansas towns on the way. The plane was filled with friendly farmers and ranchers. Each time we landed at one of the towns, one group would disembark and another group, looking just like the last, would board. I felt as if I were in the middle of a local Rotary Club meeting. One rancher asked me who I was and what I did. I thought for a second and decided it would be way too difficult to explain why I was flying over Salina, Kansas, in the middle of the afternoon, when we had left Arkansas that morning for Georgia. I told him that I worked for the Government, but couldn't tell him what I did. He nodded knowingly, thinking I suppose, that I was on a secret mission for the CIA. At this point, I didn't really care what he thought, I just wanted to get home. I was numb all over and steadily losing hope that we would ever see Atlanta again, and I'm sure the Regional Forester felt the same way, between naps.

My mind raced ahead. What would happen when we got to Wichita. I was reconciled to the fact that when we arrived, we would be shuttled off someplace else, getting farther and farther from our goal. As I thought these morbid thoughts, my reverie was interrupted by the pilot announcing our approach into the Wichita airport. It was now about 5 p.m. as we landed and morosely left the plane. Entering the airport like a couple of docile sheep, we were herded into another holding area, too tired to complain.

Around 6 p.m. there must have been divine intervention, because we were allowed on the plane that had just arrived from Denver, and wonder of wonders, there were good comfortable seats in an uncrowded coach section. After we took off, the second miracle occurred. Instead of the usual airline food consisting of a cold sandwich and 3 grapes, we were served hot, juicy steaks (never tasted one better). Mr. Whitfield finished his steak and promptly dozed off. We coasted peacefully and contentedly into Atlanta, arriving somewhere around 8:30 p.m. We retrieved our bags and went our separate ways.

The next Monday, I tried to describe my incredible journey to my colleagues in Administrative Services. They were a skeptical group, and didn't believe me. I could hear them mutter things like: "should take annual leave"; and, "probably holed up in a motel with some floozie." But I had the last laugh. I told them, "If you don't believe me, just go ask the Regional Forester—he was by my side all day." -George Stevens



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

CHARLES A. BLANKENSHIP
5215 SUGAR LOAF DR
ROANOKE, VA 24018-2253

JOHN CATHEY
1009 SADDLE HILL ROAD
GREENWOOD, SC 29646

JOHN B. FORTIN, JR.
311 SHERWOOD DR
RUSSELLVILLE, AR 72801

JACK W. HAMBRICK (JO)
103 MOCKINGBIRD
RUSSELLVILLE, AR 72801

R. JOSEPH KOWAL
43 INGLEWOOD RD.
ASHEVILLE, NC 28804

CHARLES R. MYERS (JANIECE)
198 QUAIL RUN LANE
WESTMINSTER, SC 29693
803 972-9779

DON RATCLIFF
2037 ECHOTA WAY
RIVERDALE, GA 30296-1830

DAVE JOLLY (PEGGY)
1477 WIND CREEK FARM RD
ALEXANDER CITY, AL 35010

Please make the following changes to your Directory:

John C. Barber 804 394-4901
1125 Riverdale Road
Warsaw, VA 22572-9346

Mrs. Sam Greenwood
P.O. Box 493
Franklin, NC 28744

Mrs. Kay MacNaughton
200 Dominican Dr. Apt. 4101
Madison, MS 39110

Paul Timko
5303 Golden Cir NE
Roanoke, VA 24012-8541

Change Howard Burnett's phone number to 410 867-0322.

Change Killen Smith (Mrs. Thomas) to Killian and phone number to: 404 241-8158.



IN MEMORIAM

Blanche Worley Paddock, 90, wife of W. R. Paddock of Port Angeles, WA, died on April 27, 1996. In addition to her husband, she is survived by a son.

Richard Pennington, 68, of Harrisonburg, VA, died January 10, 1996. Mr. Pennington was a graduate of the University of Montana with a degree in Wildlife Technology and from the University of Minnesota with a degree in Forestry. He began his 35-year career with the U. S. Forest Service as a smoke jumper in Missoula, Montana, in 1948. From 1958 until 1969, Mr. Pennington was Range and Wildlife Assistant on the

Ouachita NF. In 1969, he transferred to the George Washington NF. He is survived by his wife, Sandra, and daughter, Melina Louise Pennington.

Larry Henson, Las Vegas, NV, died on April 17. Larry retired from the Service about two years ago. His career included assignments in Region 8, Region 9 and Region 3.

George S. James, 87, died on April 12. Mr. James' Forest Service career spanned 37 years. He retired from the Regional Forester's position in Milwaukee in 1970. He also worked in the Washington Office and in Region 8. He is survived by one son, Jerry, and daughter, Patty Hollingsworth.

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Upcoming in the next issue:

NEW BEAR IN THE WOODS by James R. Fazio

EATING ON THE ROAD by George Stevens

"I LIVED" by Otto Whittington, Part I, as told to Carolyn Callahan, submitted by Harry Wright, Jim McConnell and Jim Wenner.

MEMORIES OF FORESTRY SUMMER CAMP by Bob Neelands

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What's happening among the membership:

Bert and Betty Bray, Newnan, GA, will represent the Southern Forest Service Retirees Association at the Reunion '96 meeting in Park City, Utah, September 9-11.

Karl Wenger, Tappahannock, VA, is running for the vice-presidency/presidency of the Society of American Foresters. Dr. Wenger retired as Director, Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station, Fort Collins, CO, in 1975.

Following are some excerpts from his 'Statement for Election.'

Many foresters have apparently meekly accepted the charge that traditional forestry is damaging U.S. forests, ignoring current forest conditions and several hundred years of research and experience. Two recent publications, "Forestry Research-A Mandate for Change" and the SAF report, "Sustaining Long-term Forest Health and Productivity," both implied that forests were in poor condition and asserted that we didn't know enough to manage forests sustainably.

It is emphatically not true that U.S. forests have been damaged by forestry practices. Doug MacCleery's summaries of timber and wildlife recoveries from earlier exploitation and Chapter 3 in "America's Renewable Resources," by Frederick and Sedjo (from Resources for the Future), show conclusively that U.S. forests are in excellent condition and getting better. The profession can claim credit for much of this progress.

Since current forestry practices are based on sound science and documented experience, we have nothing to apologize for or be contrite about. Reduction of wildfire threat, by foresters, helped make forest ownership an attractive investment for many. Successful planting and natural regeneration techniques contributed to the excellent present condition of U.S. forests.

Despite these facts, radical environmentalists have convinced the public that timber management is destructive on all other forest values. Their attacks are unrelenting. The Sierra Club recently adopted a policy "advocating an end to all commercial logging" on public lands. If that policy is implemented, private land would be heavily overcut. The radical environmentalists could then demand more restrictions on management of private lands as well.

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SIERRA CLUB TOUGHENS ITS STANCE ON LOGGING ON ALL PUBLIC LANDS--For the first time in its history, the Sierra Club is advocating an end to all commercial logging on national forests. The new policy, adopted 2 to 1 in a ballot referendum of the group's more than half a million members, marks an important turning point for the nation's oldest conservation organization that historically has been a moderate advocate of environmental protection. Advocates of the policy say it reflects public dissatisfaction with management of the national forests and a growing concern that the environmental movement has become too oriented toward compromise. However, critics of the policy, which include both timber advocates and environmentalists, say its hard-line stance will only increase tensions between forest defenders and timber interests in the debate of federal logging. In an interview on Monday, Forest Service Chief Jack Ward Thomas said the agency is obligated by the Multiple Use Sustained Yield Act to manage federal lands in response to a variety of interests, including timber production. *The Oregonian* and *The Los Angeles Times*, 4/23/96 and *The Wall Street Journal*, 4/24/96.

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"People forget how fast you did a job—but they remember how well you did it."
—Howard W. Newton



CLASSIFICATION REFORM

Beginning July 1, 1996, the U. S. Postal Service implemented an "Agenda for Change" that affects the way Bulk Mail is processed. This Classification Reform is the most dramatic and sweeping change of mailing rules in over 100 years. It is a big step toward modernizing postal products and pricing them competitively.

One of the requirements that affects us is that the 4-digit zip code beyond the first 5 will speed up the process. The other requirement is that we have to verify the addresses on our mailing list by October 1 each year. You will notice that on this newsletter we have used our home address. I am verifying the addresses by use of "Address Correction Requested." This may not appear on all of our members front page because I have also written to those members to remind them that past dues are payable now and at the same time I verified their address. If there is an incorrect address on the newsletter, the Post Office will return *THE DIXIE RANGER* to me at a cost of \$.50 with a new address if one is available.

If there is not a 4-digit zip code shown on your newsletter, could you please obtain this from your post office and send it to me on PS Form 3576 (Change of Address Card) - \$.20 cost to you. I surely would appreciate it.

The ultimate bulk mailing for *THE DIXIE RANGER* would be to fully automate our mailing. I'm not there yet, but am giving it serious thought. Obtaining the 4-digit zip code is a step in that direction.

The cost of mailing our newsletter now is \$.256, up from \$.226 before July 1. Fully automated, the cost would be \$.189, a savings of about \$.06 each. Considering the time and cost involved in reaching this goal may not be worth it. I'll keep you posted. But your cooperation in getting the 4-digit zip code will be greatly appreciated.

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RIVERS AT RISK: CHATTAHOOCHEE, ETOWAH MAKE THE TOP 10 -- American Rivers, a Washington, DC-based group that has monitored wild and urban rivers since 1973, named the upper Chattahoochee and its neighbor to the west, the Etowah, as two of the most endangered waterways in North America. Although the Chattahoochee has been deemed "threatened" by the group

for the past two years, this is the first year that the river has been listed. The Chattahoochee runs through Atlanta.

—*Atlanta Journal-Constitution* 4/18

BLANCHARD SPRINGS CAVERNS DEDICATION



July 6, 1973: L to R: Mr/Mrs. Peterson, RF's parents, Mary Neely, Deputy RF's Secretary, Joe Brown, Deputy FS, Ozark-St. Francis, Mrs. Max Peterson, Max Peterson, RF, Betty McNutt, RF's Secretary, Under Secretary Long, USDA, Larry Henson, FS, O-StF, Jack Welsh, Lands, Jack Griswold, DR, Sylamore RD, and John Maguire, Chief, FS. Submitted by Jack Welsh.

Jack writes: "I'm sending you this photo of the VIP's who participated in the Blanchard Springs Caverns dedication on the Sylamore District of the Ozark NF on July 6, 1973. Note that I was included in this elite group because of my work in appraising 34 tracts of land around the Caverns. These appraisals were for acquisition either by voluntary purchase or condemnation in Federal Court.

"Carl Benson, Lands Staff Officer, SO, Ozark NF (my supervisor) negotiated with the willing sellers and I testified regarding the market value in the cases that went to condemnation.

"Carl, more or less, expected me to maintain my routine appraisal work and do the Blanchard Caverns appraisals "on the side" which meant a lot of after-hours work. It was a great effort which produced a real sense of accomplishment. I have to give a lot of credit to those who helped me get the job done." *(Many thanks, Jack, for sending this to us—Editors).*



1996 Special Events at the Cradle of Forestry in America

Waldfest Concert Series-Forest Festival: Summer Evening Music

The Waldfest Concert Series sponsored by Brevard College, US Forest Service, and the Cradle of Forestry Interpretive Association, is set for August and September. Spend your summer evenings in the Pisgah National Forest listening to Jazz, Classical, Swing, and a Storyteller and Musician. Concert dates: Sunday, August 18—Elliot Wadopian Trio (Jazz); Saturday, August 24—Shelia Adams (Storyteller and Musician); Sunday, September 1—The Buddy "K" Big Band (Swing); Saturday, September 7 & 14—Musica Europa (Classical). All concert times are at 6 p.m. at the Cradle of Forestry. For more information call (704) 877-3130.

August 10: Smokey Bear's Birthday Party A celebration of Smokey's 52nd birthday with skits, games, face painting, music, a puppet show, birthday cake, firefighting equipment demonstrations, and of course, Smokey Bear.

September 7: A Fall Forest Celebration Enjoy the Fall season. Learn about the fall forest from flowers and fruits to fungi and ferns. Make natural dyes from wildflowers. Learn about the changing of the seasons.

October 5: Forest Festival Day Over 50 crafters, exhibitors, and entertainers gather at the Cradle of Forestry to celebrate the richness of our forests and our forest heritage.



THE MAIL BOX

Jack Hambrick, Russellville, AR - Well, here I am delinquent with my dues again. Trouble is I didn't even realize it till I started missing *The Dixie Ranger*. Seems that the apparent accelerated passage of time, a memory that needs fixing, and a life long habit of putting things off all conspire to keep me in trouble, even with Jo, my wife. Please accept my apologies.

That said, here is a little cash to get me back in your good graces, a little to take care of my back debts, some for the present and a little for the future.

I am delinquent, too, in that I have never contributed anything to the newsletter and I believe everybody should relate an interesting tale from the past once in a while. So here goes—

Once in the dear days almost beyond recall, I was assigned to the Angelina Ranger District of the Texas National Forest. I was quite young and so was the Texas National Forest, for that matter. This was before WWII (the "Big" war) and most of the work was custodial. The words "Timber Sale" were not a part of our working vocabulary at that time.

My boss was Ranger Lorenzo "Red" Jared and the Ranger's Office was in the Post Office building in Lufkin. Ranger Jared was an unusual man—a gentle man, quiet, polite and unassuming. His smooth, efficient approach to people and problems impressed me greatly. Dapper in his boots and breeches, I guess it would be fair to say that he fit my description of the ideal Forest Ranger.

I spent my first week with the Ranger on "orientation." It was quite a pleasant experience. The weather was perfect, the country was new and fresh to me, the Ranger's company and the wisdom of his words were invaluable to me then and for years thereafter.

The trip back to Lufkin on Friday was especially nice. It was the kind of day that poets write about—sun sinking in the West, cattle grazing in the grassy openings...truly it was a tranquil and enjoyable ride and a perfect end to the week.

Our car (I don't remember the make) like most of our vehicles, had been taken from gangsters, bootleggers, etc., by Law

Enforcement agencies and passed on to the Forest Service. Our particular car boasted a popular innovation of those pre-air conditioner days. Turning a crank on the dash would hinge the windshield upward from the hood allowing a stream of fresh air to flow over the passengers. This feature added to our pleasure as we cruised along toward Lufkin.

As we rode we occasionally came upon buzzards in the middle of the highway feasting on the carcass of a dead armadillo. This was a very common sight in East Texas back when there was less traffic. As a car approached they would take to the air, make a graceful circle, and settle down to continue their meal once the car passed.

At one point we approached two such birds having dinner in the middle of the highway. Instead of slowing slightly, as was usual, the Ranger suddenly said, "Watch me spook 'em", whereupon he accelerated the car toward the surprised birds— I'll never know why.

The buzzards, caught offguard and their timing upset, struggled mightily to become air borne. The one on my side made it and soared away to the right. The bird on Ranger Jared's side of the car with a powerful surge of it's wings barely cleared the radiator, then dumped what must have been the entire contents of its stomach on the hood of the car. The viscous, yellow-brown, foul smelling liquid splattered on the hood and was swept by the wind underneath the raised windshild squarely into the Ranger's face. It covered his balding head, oozed down his cheeks and chin and dribbled onto his shirt front.

He pulled off the road calmly, opened the door and stepped out of the car. He raked his hands across his face and down his shirt, and then let go with a stream of invective obscenity and curses the likes of which I had never heard before or since. It was indeed a shock to me. I thought I had "been around" having spent a hitch in the CCC's with a bunch of guys from the slums of New York City whom I considered "professionals" at profanity. There were some other unsavory characters in my past that I would just as soon forget. But all of this background did not prepare me for the utterances the Ranger made. I'm sure some of them must have been of a foreign origin.

This vitrolic tirade continued for two or three minutes— seemed more like ten—then it suddenly stopped. We mopped away most of the goop from his face with some oily rags and old newspapers from the trunk of the car, and continued on our way to Lufkin. He dropped me off at my residence having spoken not a word since the incident.

I saw him at a going away party that evening. He was spick and span, and his usual confident, charismatic self in control.

I was transferred a few months later and lost track of this remarkable man. I am sure knowing him and remembering the things he taught me had considerable effect on the success of my career. Despite the little lapse in decorum Ranger Jared is still my hero and role model. (*Thanks for writing-Editors*)

Melvin Anhold, Bridgewater, VA - It's spring and once again time to send off my check to *Dixie Ranger*. This past winter has been a Pee Dinger and broke many records here in Virginia. We fled to Florida to get away from the cold weather but got into a hail storm that I thought would peel the paint off my new truck, but it's solid as a rock.

Mary retired from James Madison University in May '95. We have been on the go ever since, including a 5-week trip to the western states to visit with our son and daughter-in-law, both of whom are Foresters with the USFS and, of course, our 2 year old granddaughter. You have to keep in touch because those little ones grow up so fast.

After looking at the old timers photo in the Feb '96 issue, I feel I must pass on this obituary of Dick Pennington. It's rather lengthy so edit as you see fit.

Keep up the good work. I look forward to receiving my copy of *THE DIXIE RANGER*.

Frank Ferrarelli, Reno, NV - Not much to report from Reno. Joyce and I took a cross country trip in our motorhome last Spring visiting friends along the way in Albuquerque, Pineville and Atlanta. Had a small family reunion in New Jersey (my side), one in Minnesota and another in North Dakota (Joyce's side). Still fishing, playing a little golf and taking care of the garden.

Willa Carswell, Canton, NC - We've had a busy '96. A Forest Service tree blew across our place at Hiwassee Lake—we're in the process of renovation. Forest Service has been very helpful.

Ed got pneumonia and was in ICU and hospital room for 16 days from December 25, then 3 weeks ago he had cataract surgery.

My nephew moved to a new home in Buford last August. We spent a couple of weeks there, then went back in December for the Parade of Lights at Lake Lanier.

It's time to do the garden now. We canned 1700 cans of vegies, fruits, jam, jelly, relishes, etc., last summer.

Had a good phone visit with Helen Mielke on March 17. Talk with the Hanlons and they meet us at Biltmore Dairy Bar in Asheville when we go over for Ed's appointment with doctors.

We are planning to get John and Leoan Moser to come to Murphy from Cleveland, TN, and have a weekend on the Lake at Murphy this summer.

Hope things are going well for all the F.S. folks.

Chuck Myers, Westminster, SC - I recently obtained a copy of *THE DIXIE RANGER* at the Visitor's Office of the Regional Office. I knew it had to be good with Bert Bray as co-editor. Bert gave me lots of help on the Y-LT Project. I thought I would join and let those that remember me know I did survive early retirement (1986). I stay busy with a cattle-poultry operation in Western South Carolina, near Lake Hartwell, and do a good bit of forestry consultant work.

Sometime back I ran into Earl Rayburn (former TM staff, Asheville, S.O.). We were both cruising a timber sale on the Nantahala N.F. for private timber companies. Also, occasionally I see retirees, Don Thornton, NFs in GA, my first boss when I was a summer student, Jim Abercrombie, Sumter NF, Horace Landreth and Guy Thurmond, Cherokee NF, all retired and living in western South Carolina.

Claude Moody, Montgomery, AL - Here are my dues for this year and next. After being in the pasture for two years, I have enjoyed working on the Conecuh since February. Retirees Jack Reichert, Bill Walker, Don Woods and I have been doing sale administration work on some of the fifteen salvage sales from Hurricane Opal. Most timber is now removed except from the wetter areas. Bill was once Ranger on the Conecuh and Jack was a long ago Forester there (where he met Martia).

Ten to twelve hour days fly by and then we enjoy a cool one before supper. No paperwork other than inspection reports, no RO calls or deadlines, just in the woods all day. Haven't enjoyed working so much since the "early days." The pasture still looks good though.

Dick Woody, I apologize for the procrastination. Here are dues for the next three years and a stamp or two to make it even money.

This winter in the mountains was hard, long and cold, now within two days it's summer.

We stayed "holed up" most of the winter. Was in Washington, D.C. last month and next week head for the Southwest.

Joel Nitz, Hot Springs, AR - Enclosed is my payment for 1997 and with a bit more for First Class Postage, please.

Let me explain: Irene and I have volunteered to work in a school located in Plsen, Czech Republic for the next school year. The school is sponsored by the Evangelical Lutheran Synod as part of their foreign mission endeavors.

Irene will teach English and Religion on a half-time basis to primary and/or elementary school children. I am to teach English to parents of the school children and perhaps to some of the Czech school teachers.

The US Postal Service will forward First Class Mail only, for a period up to a year. That is the purpose of this special request. I hope I'll have time to read *THE DIXIE RANGER*.

We plan to leave Hot Springs on 2 July which should give us time to get oriented before school begins around the first of September. Plsen, somewhat noted for its beer, is about 60 miles from Prague, one of the most visited cities in Europe. We will also be within about an hour or so from the eastern border of Germany. We hope to take advantage of "slack" times to venture out into other parts of that region.

Nancy Greenwood, Franklin, NC - Sorry to be late in renewing my membership. I enjoy reading *THE DIXIE RANGER* even though I don't know too many members anymore. Time takes its toll, doesn't it?

Please note the change in my zip code. This is a Post Office change due to growth. This area is one of the fastest growing places in NC! (Change from 28734 to 28744 in Directory, please - Editors)

John Beal, Tuscaloosa, AL - We enjoy *THE DIXIE RANGER* very much. I always see articles and letters from Foresters I used to work with. I worked with the Forest Service almost 40 years, and my wife and I lived in four southern states and made friends everywhere we went. We didn't always want to move, but we always tried to adjust.

I am recovering from heart pacemaker surgery at this time.

We came back to Alabama to retire and have been in Tuscaloosa 14 years now.

Bill Paddock, Port Angeles, WA - Enclosed are my dues, belatedly. I have moved up to Port Angeles where my son is now living. As you can see from the enclosure, Blanche passed

on recently. So, I disposed of our Pauma Valley home and am trying to get settled in my new location. It is a real change from California. (*Deepest sympathy to you, Mr. Paddock, in the loss of your wife*).

Walt Smith, Arden, NC - How time does fly! It's now 7 years since I retired and at times it seems like yesterday, but at other times it seems like ages. Especially with the changes that have been taking place. I don't get to the office very often. I seem to be busy making things for the grandchildren, and, of course, cabinets and repairs for Lois.

Harold Bergmann, Waldron, AR - Let me add my voice to the many who are expressing thanks and appreciation to you for your efforts in keeping *The Dixie Ranger* coming to us. When I receive it each time, I sit down and read it cover to cover to learn the latest about former friends and colleagues. I'm sorry to be late in sending my dues, but here's enough to get me through the rest of the century.

It's always interesting to hear about adventures and accomplishments of those we knew in the past. Many others we don't hear from are probably like me; with just enough activity to keep us busy and out of trouble. I spend my time between trying to keep a large yard looking presentable and keeping up a large garden on the 170 acre property we have about 18 miles west of town. I've put out several peach, apple, plum and pear trees and some grape and muscadine vines. We get a good peach crop only about every three to five years. Last year I think every bloom made a fruit on all the trees. But this year we don't have a peach and only one apple tree has fruit. This year's strawberry crop was the best I've had, however.

Reading about some of the amusing incidents reminded me of Frank Razor, Supervisor of the National Forests in Texas. I had only been on duty as the Ranger on the Angelina for a couple weeks or so when Frank spent a day with me traveling over the District. This was at the time we were beginning to sell all the timber within the proposed McGee Bend Reservoir. (This was later to be named for Sam Rayburn). Frank was driving the Jeep station wagon which we could convert to four wheel drive by moving a lever on the hub of the front wheels. We were driving along a log road in the river bottom and came upon some mud holes. Frank shifted into low gear and remarked, "I sure hope that four-wheel drive works," and took off through the mud hole, thinking that it automatically changed into four-wheel drive when you needed it. We made it through all right, but I never told him about the need to change the hubs.

Charles Blankenship, Roanoke, VA - Please add Kay and Charles Blankenship to your membership.

Has anyone told you that we formed a Forest Service group here in VA that meets bi-monthly. Recently we renamed the group Past and Present U.S.F.S. Employees (GW & Jefferson NF). You can correspond with us by using my address since I agreed to lead this informal organization. (Normally we simply meet at the Roanoke Restaurant for lunch).

John Barber, Warsaw, VA - It's always great to get *The Dixie Ranger* and read about people I've known and worked with over the years. Though most of my Forest Service time was in Research, with the last four years in S&PF, I am amazed at the number of NF people that I crossed paths with and remember. Beginning with a summer job on the Santee Experimental Forest in 1949 where we worked closely with the Francis Marion, I was impressed with the way in which Joe Riebold and his Rangers were willing to take the risk of putting research results into practice without waiting for "30-year results."

I stay busy with volunteering with our S&WCD, RC&D Council, and the Virginia Water Quality Task Force. I am a Forest Service Volunteer on the Chesapeake Bay Program and Chair the Forestry Working Group of the Nutrient Subcommittee—we're pushing forest buffers along streams, the best tool for water quality in land management.

I see or talk to Karl Wenger from time to time, even get up to the Retiree Luncheons in D.C. a couple of times a year with Karl and Orlo Jackson.

Our big plan for this year is a trip to Tembagapura, Irian Jaya, Indonesia (see February National Geographic). Our oldest son is a Mining Engineer with Freeport-MacMoRan out of New Orleans. He has been down there six years in what is one of the world's largest mining operations. I'm looking forward to seeing the rugged country and tropical forests. He and his wife live at 7,500 ft. so it will be cool and rainy (an inch a day - 4° S. Lat). We'll also spend some time in Australia.

Saw John Chaffin in Tucson in February—I was golfing with a Colorado "bunch."

John B. Fortin, Jr., Russellville, AR - Here's my check for dues. Sure enjoyed the Feb '96 issue, particularly Howard Burnett's photo of the Rangers on Roan Mountain. I was working for "Preach" Parsons at that time. The photo brought back a lot of wonderful memories of my time working for "Preach" on the Cheoah District. He was a legend in his own time and got me off to a good start.

Also enjoyed Tom Hooper's tale about H.O. and Grace Mills. Having known them, I can just picture them all.

As Jerry Alexander wrote, the Ozark F.S. retirees meet monthly for breakfast or coffee on the first Monday of the month. Attendance varies, but among the "regulars" are Jerry, Bill Arlen, George Cabaniss, Omer Carroum, Jim Flanders, Lou Ehling, Ed Edgette, L. J. Hickman, Frank Hotard, Don Hurlbut, Glen Kile, Eldon Lucas, Robin Shaddox, O.D. Smith, Richard Tyree and me.

Sad news on the Ozark. Richard A. Mills, son of H.O. and Grace Mills died suddenly of meningitis May 13. Richard retired just 2 years ago in Mountain View, AR where he had served as District Ranger of the Sylamore District. We'll miss him. The F.S. was a better outfit because Richard was part of it. His enthusiasm, integrity and humor were special.

I get out to Ogden, Utah, several times during the year to see my folks. Dad, (the original Jack Fortin) had hip replacement surgery in March 1995 and a minor heart attack in August 1995. He has recovered from both and stays in good spirits.

Don Ratcliff, Riverdale, GA - Enclosed is my check for 1996 dues. I retired in June 1994 and am just now getting around to joining up. When I retired, Carlene and I thought about moving back to our hometown, Cleveland, TN, but since our two daughters and two grandchildren live in the Atlanta area, I guess we will stay in Riverdale.

I just recently read the Feb. 1996 issue of *The Dixie Ranger* and I enjoyed reading all the letters and notes from everyone. Some of these were from people that I worked with over 30 years ago and not seen since.

Howard & Martha Burnett, Deale, MD - Sorry you had to dun me for my dues, but here they are. Sign us up for another 3 years.

The return address reflects our nine digit zip code, according to our Postmaster. I didn't know we had a nine digit code, and to tell the truth, the Postmaster didn't seem too interested, either. Anyway, here it is!

Also, please note a change in our telephone Area Code, from 301 to 410. We are now at 410 867-0322. Another triumph for modern technology!

Almost a year since we both stopped working altogether, and are we ever enjoying it. My emphysema is getting worse, so I essentially do almost nothing, but stay busy at it somehow.

Martha volunteers at a local nursing home, and we both take some courses at the local senior center. That, plus community activities, a few minor league baseball games, and keeping the grass mowed seems to fill the time.

Don Blackburn, Roanoke, VA - Betty, here is my check for 1996 and 1997 dues (either I forgot, or got too busy to remember to pay in a more timely manner). Trying to keep up with FS retirees around the region is a priority for me and I enjoy receiving each copy of *The Dixie Ranger*. Especially appreciate those who take time to contribute items of interest from the past. Maybe those involved in the intensive effort to gain control of trespass livestock on the Kisatchie in the mid-1960s will enjoy reminiscing about one District Ranger and his cow catching crew on the Evangeline.

Action time! After years of contacting, explaining, cajoling, pleading, and threatening owners of trespass livestock to get a permit or remove their animals from NF lands, it was time to "make a statement." A new corral had been built at the work center, a stock trailer acquired, a tranquilizer gun located, and 4 experienced cowboy types lined up. And what a crew it was—Forest Supervisor Hans Raum, Special Agent Jack Boren, Range Staff Officer Clyde Peacock, and yours truly. A trespass herd of Brahman cattle had been located at the junction of Highway 112 and the Twin Bridges Road. The livestock owner had rejected a grazing permit, and ignored all notices that his cattle would be subject to impoundment if they continued grazing on NF lands. It was a warm late May morning when we arrived and began discussing techniques for tranquilizing, and loading several of the animals. A big beautiful Charolais bull caught our eye. We decided to take him and 3 cows. Somebody forgot to tell us the weights of these animals, and the difficulty in loading tranquilized animals of this size. The trusty tranquilizer gun was put to use and suddenly 3 Brahman cows and 1 big bull were down on their knees. Then the fun began. Somehow we got the 4 animals loaded, moved to the work center, off loaded into the previously unused corral, and the gate was locked. That same evening one highly overwrought livestock owner confronted one very nervous DR at the Evangeline work center. After the owner, Mr. B., completed his demonstration of cussing and threatening, he pulled out a wad of bills that would have choked his 2000 pound Charolais bull, and informed one verbally abused DR that he was ready to pay his impoundment fee of some \$115 or \$120. The verbally abused DR had to call Jack Boren in nearby Alexandria, requesting he bring change for some \$20 dollar bills, and some backup (preferably something big like a machine gun) for one lonesome DR. The Kisatchie Range Program did successfully get most trespass livestock removed or under permit (and with ear tags in most

of the permitted animals), but the big bucks to manage the range program (the incentive that Regional Director Wayne Cloward used to dangle in our faces every time he visited)—well you get the picture, they never arrived in any of our later budgets. So much for a lot of bull, Charolais variety.

Joe Kowal, Asheville, NC - My neighbor, Dick Moore, was thoughtful to bring me a copy of the recent *Dixie Ranger* with its article submitted by my long time friend and former associate, Bob Thatcher.

Am enclosing a check to renew my membership. Why I let it lapse I don't know. Neglect, perhaps? Or perhaps I missed seeing the names of my generation. But as long as I see the names of Jim Cartwright and Walt Smith, I really should stay with *The Dixie Ranger!* (Welcome back, Mr. Kowal-Editors.)

Evelyn Williams (Mrs. Alva B.), Reno, NV - My address is correct. Here is the 4 digit zip. I found out it even makes a difference what apartment number I have for the last four numbers. I am enjoying every copy of the DR and I notice the "old timers" are getting less and less in number. I really enjoyed the last publication with the picture of the "Ouachita SO circa 1952." What a lively & young group.

I must write Cliff Comfort and thank him. I know Al's and my four daughters, eleven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren will enjoy seeing the picture.

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SEPTEMBER 12 LUNCHEON

Our next luncheon is on September 12 at the Petite Auberge restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center on North Druid Hills Road. Fellowship is at 11:30 a.m. with lunch being served at 12 noon. Please call Beverly Petty at 404 347-2384 to make reservations no later than September 10. Should you make a reservation and not be able to attend, please cancel. For each reservation made, the Association is charged \$9.00.

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You know you've become a Senior Citizen when—

—Antique-car shows now display models you actually OWNED.

—You discover for yourself that getting old ain't all that bad!

A TRIBUTE TO CHARLES (CHUCK) J. SABOITES

By Jack Gooden

I received word that Chuck passed away at 62 years, November 4, 1995 at his home in Wise, VA, after an extended illness with cancer. I had planned to visit Chuck and his wife Barbara last fall but didn't make the trip. Together we would have reminisced about our days on the Monongahela. Chuck was my Assistant Ranger on the Cheat District in 1958-1960. He was a career Forester for 37 years, with two years of military service, having served in Korea.

He spent a summer on the Mendocino NF in R-5 fighting fire, graduated from the University of Maine in 1954, entered the Forest Service as a Forester "Trainee" on the Sheffield District of the Allegheny. He trained under Ranger Larry Stotz—in Chuck's words: "Who taught me about protecting, managing, and administering National Forest land." He served briefly on the Gauley, then was assigned to the Cheat District of the Monongahela. "This was a training period for me and an exciting one. I learned much about fighting fire, hardwood management and working with people."

He had size and stature and wore his F.S. uniform (and hat) well. He was man enough to escort two black, Nigerian Foresters to breakfast and dinner at the Main Street restaurant for their two week stay overnight in Parsons. They bedded down in the Fernow Experimental Forest bunkhouse across from my dwelling.

He met and married a Barbara Staron of Thomas, WV, in 1959. Their wedding was the first in our newly constructed Catholic Church in Parsons. Their wedding reception was held at my Ranger dwelling on Nursery Bottom.

In 1961 Chuck got his first District Ranger's position on the New Castle District, Jefferson NF. There he "learned much more about hardwoods. I purchased 22,000 acres using Land and Water Conservation funds." His next assignment (1970-1972) was Ranger on the Yellow Pine District, Sabine NF, Texas, "harvesting 12-16 MMBF and prescribed burning 6-8M acres annually." From 1972-1976 he "Rangered" the Catahoula District, Kisatchie NF with a full time staff of 32, a harvest of 32-36 MMBF, with a 300-acre superior seed orchard, and prescribed burning of 12-15M acres annually. In 1976 he returned to the Jefferson to finish his years as Ranger until his retirement in 1991.

When he settled down with his wife and two daughters in Wise, VA, he settled with the land and forestry. He bought and managed a 49-acre certified tree farm since 1978. Between

1982 and 1990 he and Barbara established an 8-acre black walnut plantation. After retirement he organized his own Consultant Service for landowners in southwest Virginia. As late as 1995 he published a 3-page article on his personal history caring for his black walnut plantation.

He was an active member in the SAF since 1954, member of the Virginia Forestry Association, Audubon, Wildlife Federation, past membership in Lions, Moose, Kiwanis, Rotary clubs and societies.

I knew him as a field going forester, who never worried about "8 to 5" hours. We worked and learned together on the Cheat and he left his marks as a good steward on all the lands and trees he cared for over his years as a true professional FORESTER! (Jack Godden, former employee, Cherokee (1954-56), Daniel Boone (1956-57)).



REMEMBERING GEORGE JAMES

By Phil Archibald

After retirement George maintained his breadth of interest and involvement in the Forest Service and community affairs.

Those of us who worked under George remember him for his strong and astute leadership. He demanded much from his subordinates. He set the example. He had a keen sense of analyzing Forest Service problems and how to solve them.

He served as Regional Forester in R-9 during difficult times. He was a valuable administrator who stood up for his people and the Forest Service. During his tenure in R-9 several "opportunities" come to mind: the combining of R-7 and R-9; the Boundary Waters Canoe Area controversies; the Sylvania Tract purchase; the Monongahela timber crisis; and the new Job Corps Program.

George had the reputation of getting things done and done well. He took on his and Forest Service opponents, fought fairly, and without animosity.

Region 9 had a broad diversity of situations with 20 states and about 50% of all Congressional members. He pushed for special projects on the Eastern NFs and the FS overall budget. His many contributions are out there on the National Forests. He developed a strong rapport with State Foresters. (Con't.)

DIXIE RANGER
SO. F.S. RETIREES ASSOCIATION
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Remembering George James, continued:

He had a great perspective about Forest Service problems and opportunities. His influence on forestry, conservation, and the Forest Service has been far reaching and continues.

One of the pleasures we had in the "old" Forest Service was knowing and working with good people. I count George S. James among the best.

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A Reminder: Don't forget to make your luncheon reservations on September 10 (see page 21).