



THE DIXIE RANGER

Published by the Southern Forest Service Retirees Association
Vol. XXXVIII No. 3

November 2011

President's Corner:

I have become an Applehead. Okay, I think I just made up that word. That's Applehead with a capital "A," like all proper nouns. I am not quite sure how this happened, but I think it started when my house got struck by lightning.

Among the damages, my entire stereo system was fried. I spent a considerable amount for that "component system." It commanded a major presence in my bachelor pad for all to see and admire. The components were impressively stacked on top of one another in a specially designed cabinet with glass doors, flanked on each side by speakers that were about a foot wide, a foot deep, and four feet tall. Suddenly, in a flash literally, it became "old technology" that needed to be replaced. Then I got married. That's when one of my new wife's friends introduced me to the idea of an Apple iPod and a Bose SoundDock. So, I made my first Apple purchase. The iPod and dock now sit unnoticed in a corner of our living room, yet I can load and play every CD we own, or ever will own for that matter into this dinky duo. The total replacement cost was about one-fourth that of the old stereo system.

This was later followed by a replacement cellphone: an iPhone, of course. Then, my wife gave me an iPad last Christmas. (I didn't need an iPad, but I suddenly wanted one.) Somewhere along the way, I acquired an iPod nano (it has FM radio, and a pedometer too!). I bought another nano for my wife to use when she goes walking or jogging. Then, this spring, it was apparent that my 10-year old PC was on its last legs. My stepson suggested that I might like to replace it with an iMac. Not me. I don't think so.

I remembered all the incompatibility problems we had in the Forest Service with the publication folks down in the Office of Information. They had Macs, the rest of us had PCs. If I wanted to publish something, I would have to make a copy of it on a 3" disk and take it downstairs where Jane Sell would put it into her Mac and reformat it. Yes, it looked great, but what a drag. Jane was passionate about her Mac. She said that if the Forest Service ever tried to take it away from her, they would probably have to do it at gunpoint, and then she would retire. I was unmoved. The Forest Service is, after all, a big organization. We need to be efficient. We need to be uniform.

My stepson informed me that all those old incompatibility issues between Macs and PCs have mostly been resolved. He even loaned me a spare iMac he had –just for me to get the feel of it, he said. (He is really into computers, big time.) So I tried it. I stuck my toe in the water. I liked it. I rationalized that since I am now retired, I don't need to worry about those incompatibility issues anyway. So I got an iMac.

Now, I find myself visiting the Apple store often to take workshops, and do what they call "one-to-one" training and "personal projects." One day there, I spotted Jack Holcomb, another Forest Service retiree I have known for years. He was buying a new iMac. We had a nice, but too short, visit. "I just

love these things." Jack said. Yes, I thought, another Forest Service retiree "seduced by the dark side of The Force."

This week, I am working on a special project. I need to give a presentation at church. I thought I would use PowerPoint, but I need to work out a few equipment issues. I talked to my stepson about borrowing a laptop to use when I make this big presentation. "You know, you can use your iPad to do that," he said. "You'll need to use Apple's version of PowerPoint, called Keynote, though. It'll cost about \$20."

So, after some thought, I've decided to try it the Apple way. Now the creative juices are really flowing again! It's just like the old days when I worked for the Forest Service --making PowerPoint presentations and presenting them to large audiences. I have some new challenges to meet. Will there be a WiFi signal? Should I use my iPhone as a pointer? Will I dazzle my audience, or will it be a big flop? It feels good again to have this mental stimulation, that jittery stress, and those brain storms at three in the morning. Then, the idea drifted into my mind: "So, Larry, do you think you will come out of retirement to feel the old excitement, and buzz once more?" Not a chance.

PCs for the Forest Service. Apple for the rest of us. Thank you, Steve Jobs.

Larry Bishop

President 2009-2011

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1ST – CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON MEETING

It's time to make your reservations for our annual December luncheon! At our June meeting Vice President Sid Haggard announced that Dick Fitzgerald, Assistant Director of Forest Management in the Washington Office will be our guest speaker for this occasion.

This is always a very festive event and a fun way to stay in touch with our fellow retirees. Members and guests will gather in Atlanta at the Petite Auberge Restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center, 2935 North Druid Hills Road at 11:30 a.m. Lunch will be served at 12:00 noon. The cost of the meal is \$13 per person. Reservations are necessary **by November 28th** and can be made by calling Nancy Sorrells at (770) 469-5799 or Joyce Keith at (770) 277-5841 – leave a message on their answering machine if you do not reach one of them. **It is also important to let either Nancy or Joyce know if you find that you are unable to attend after you have made a reservation.** We are charged for the number of reservations turned in the day before the luncheon.

R-8 RETIREES GET TOGETHER

Northeast Atlanta - Retirees are now meeting for breakfast the last Tuesday of each month (except December) at the IHOP Restaurant, 4205 Stone Mountain Highway, Hwy 78, at 7:30 a.m. The restaurant is located in the Killian Hills Village Shopping Center between Pet Smart, Home Depot and the Sports Authority just west of Killian Hill Road. Spouses are always welcome.

Cobb County Georgia - Retirees are now meeting at "My Country Kitchen", 2740 Summers Street, Kennesaw, Georgia. We meet on the last Tuesday of the month at 9:00 a.m. Good time for all with great fellowship.

Cherokee National Forest - Retirees meet for lunch at 11:30 a.m. on the third Wednesday of each month in Cleveland, TN, at the Golden Corral on Stuart Road Paul Huff.

Ouachita National Forest - Retirees, spouses and friends meet the third Tuesday of each month at 8:30 a.m. for breakfast at the Cracker Barrel Restaurant in the Cornerstone Shopping Center, Hot Springs, Arkansas. Jim Wenner sent a photograph of their August meeting (see page 12).

Jefferson National Forest - Retirees get together at noon on the second Wednesday of **even** numbered months at the Roanoker Restaurant in Roanoke, Virginia. They have been meeting for the last several years. No dues are collected and only rarely are there programs or expressions of professional concerns. For information, contact Charles Blankenship at (540) 774-6272.

George Washington National Forest - Retirees, spouses and friends meet for breakfast at 9:00 a.m. on the first Wednesday of **even** numbered months at the Village Inn Restaurant, on US 11, a short distance off I-81 at Exit 240.

Highlands - Robbinsville - Franklin - Murphy North Carolina Area - Retirees meet at 11:30 a.m. for lunch on the last Wednesday of every month in Franklin. Contact George Lynch for the location as it may be in a different place each month. George's e-mail is georgelynch@verizon.net; phone: (828) 369-9722.

Francis Marion & Sumpter National Forests - Reported by Glenda Wood - The Francis Marion and Sumter National Forests' fall retirees' luncheon was held at the Ocean View Seafood Restaurant in Columbia, South Carolina, on October 19, 2011. Attendees were: Bill Bodie, Ron & Catherine Boozer, Alvin Feltman, Jean Eng, Don and Joyce Hair, Ed Hedgecock, Jerry and Audrey Henderson, Karry and Vera Holmes, Bill and Mary Holton, Katie Jackson, Tommy and Janet Kinard, Jeanne LeBoeif, LeRoy Lewis, Gary Peters, Dave Rosdahl, Norman and Rosalyn Runge, Jim Scott and Jim and Glenda Woods. (This was Gary Peters' first meeting as a new retiree.)

After Jerry Henderson gave thanks for our food, Glenda Wood shared contact information related to *The Dixie Ranger* for those who aren't currently receiving the newsletter, and may wish to do so. She then gave an update on retirees she had heard from who weren't able to attend the luncheon –

*John Cathey's younger brother has a malignant brain tumor and is currently hospitalized in Emory Hospital (Atlanta). John's mother is also in another hospital with a kidney infection.

*Nora Autrey has been hospitalized twice since April. Her doctors haven't been able to give her a diagnosis, but Nora thinks her symptoms are heart-related. (Nora celebrated her 90th birthday in July.)

*Jim Scott said his wife, Vicki, is doing great as a result of her chemo treatments and is currently on a trip to North Carolina with a cousin from Spokane.

*Claudette Phillips (Randall's wife) has been undergoing problems with her eye and was to have an injection today related to that problem.

*Steve Wells is currently on fire assignment in east Texas, where he recently saw Mary Holton. Although Mary returned in time for our meeting, she mentioned that she has spent 105 days on various fire assignments during 2011.

*Vicki Glover had responded with an e-mail, inviting retirees to visit her...offering them free room and board...as well as being their tour guide to local points of interest. Vicki's husband, "Chuck," died in March of last year, and she said she still misses him terribly.

*Retirees currently traveling are: Helen Sheridan, Phyllis Burnette, Paul and Carolyn Myers, and Dave

Adams who is with his son, Mark, and family until the end of October,

Glenda asked if there were others who had information they wished to share with the group. Ron Boozer told about a trip during mid-summer to spend some time with Archie Grant and his wife in their mountain home in Franklin, North Carolina. Archie had served as Forest Engineer on the FM&S in the 60s or 70s and had recently invited Ron Boozer, Don Hair, Tommy Kinard, Randall Phillips and their spouses for an overnight visit. Ron reported that although many years had passed since they last worked together, they had a really great time reminiscing as they enjoyed the Grant's gracious hospitality and their beautiful home and mountain scenery. Ron said we may be interested in knowing that Bill Stalcup...another FM&S Forest Engineer some time ago...had assisted Archie in developing the road that leads from the main road to Archie's residence at the top of the mountain.

FM&S retirees next meeting will be April 11, 2012. Please contact Vicki Scott at (803) 364-2504 - cyberfogie@aol.com or Glenda Wood at (803) 422-4144 - tanner2010@centurylink.net. Of special note, Bryant and Joyce Watts want Region 8 folks to know their new telephone numbers: Home: (803) 358-2740 – Cells are Joyce (803) 606-9604 & Bryant (803) 606-9831. Their new address in the Changes/Additions section of this Dixie Ranger. See their group's October meeting photo on page 12.

FOREST SERVICE REUNION 2012 – INFORMATION UPDATE

<http://fsreunion2012.com>

Rendezvous In The Rockies

Join your friends and colleagues the week of September 17 - 21, 2012 for a fun, educational and activity filled week. Vail, Colorado, in the fall, is a truly magical location. What a beautiful setting to reminisce your glory days while learning how your organization operates today, first hand, from current leadership. **Registration will open in February, 2012.** Make your plans now for a great time next fall.

Now's the time to book your room.....Meetings and lodging will be in the main reunion hotel, the Vail Marriott Mountain Resort and Spa at Lionshead Square in Vail, Colorado. **Room rate will be \$109 plus tax for all rooms.** There are ADA accessible rooms available. **To ensure early registration and guaranteed reunion hotel rates, you will need to register for both before June 15, 2012.**

For Group rates:

Toll Free – 1-800-266-9432
Local Phone: 1-506-474-2009

Reservations (Group) Website:

[https://resweb.passkey.com/Resweb.do?
mode=welcome ei new&eventID=5639460](https://resweb.passkey.com/Resweb.do?mode=welcome%20ei%20new&eventID=5639460)

Stories Needed for Reunion Website - Thanks to the Vail 2012 Reunion Committee, the National Museum of Forest Service History will feature **OLD TIMERS TALES** on the Reunion webpage every month, in anticipation of the Rendezvous in the Rockies. Add **your** short stories and photographs. Tom Thompson sent in the first story. Read the story of his close call with an Alaskan Brown bear at <http://fsreunion2012.com> . Mail your stories and photos to the Museum office (PO Box 2772, Missoula, MT 59803 or e-mail them to nationalforest@montana.com . The stories will be collected by the Museum and included in their archives.

GOOD NEWS FOR FEDERAL RETIREES

In case you haven't seen the news release, Jim Wenner sent the following information which he received as a member of NARFE: Federal retirees will receive a cost of living adjustment (COLA) to their civil service annuities beginning in January 2012. Retirees in the Civil Service Retirement System (CSRS) will receive a 3.6 percent increase to their annuities, while retirees in the Federal Employee Retirement System (FERS) will receive a 2.6 percent increase to their annuities.

Under current law, COLAs for federal retirement annuities, as well as for military retiree annuities and social security payments, are determined in reference to the Consumer Price Index for Urban Wage Earners and Clerical Workers (CPI-W), which is calculated by economists and statisticians with the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The CPI-W is the current index used for measuring increases in the prices of consumer goods throughout the economy. It includes prices on all consumer goods, including food and beverages, housing, clothing, transportation, medical care, recreation, education and communication, and more.

The CPI-W figure for September 2011 was 223.688. The average CPI-W for the third quarter of 2011 was 223.233. This is the new reference figure for determining the 2013 COLA.

LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

BOB POTTER - North Carolina - Thank you for the latest *Dixie Ranger*. I enjoyed reading Audry Pomerening's article about Don and also the article about timber marking by Jack Godden. I had worked with Don as his Assistant Ranger on the Bankhead National Forest at Haleyville, Alabama 1956-57 and had marked hardwood timber for cutting on the Ozark National Forest in Arkansas 1952 - 54. I retired from the Forest Service in 1982 and had worked for USAID (US Agency for International Development) and FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations) for several years thereafter. My wife and I will be moving to an assisted living establishment in Jacksonville, Florida sometime this year. Gotta' sell our house here in Mocksville first.

LAMAR BEASLEY - Virginia - I just received my copy of *The Dixie Ranger*, another excellent newsletter. I did notice on my mailing label it shows my dues should be paid in 2011. On May 2nd, I mailed a check in the amount of \$30 for renewal. Those that up-date the mailing labels I'm sure are really busy and the change in my expiration date may occur with the next issue. I just wanted you to know that I had renewed my membership, and I assume you received my check. Should you not have it, please let me know. I hope things are going well for you. My wife and I just keep ticking.

NATHAN BYRD - Tennessee - I always enjoy *The Dixie Ranger*. It reminds me of so many people and retirees. For example: The first time I met Alvis Owen, he was home in Olustee, Florida, helping his brother Dave on a prescribed burn. I had never heard of this Forest Supervisor who looked like one of the forest workers. He was enjoying a holiday I guess.

Kathy Cooper - Georgia - Here is my check for \$20 since you are currently running a "special" for new members!!! Info follows for the directory. It was sad to hear about Evelyn (Lewis). I understand she also had health problems in the last few years. I know John had lots of problems and he'll be really lonely as she took care of him and lots of their business dealings. I'm doing great and staying busy doing whatever I want to do!!!

JACK GODDEN - Wisconsin - The enclosed check is for my delinquent 2011 dues and expecting 2012 issues of *The Dixie Ranger*. As printed in the July issue, my "Tree Marking" stories might be the last of my great memories - maybe one more left? A little editing error to the July issue, page 18, on marking timber - "**Black Bald**" has always been **Buck Bald** Lookout on TN/NC line as your older readers would remember. Joe Floyd, its Lookout in 1954 - 1956 (and earlier), would rollover in his grave by this misprint; I wish this correction notice, as he was one of my favorites, a Forest Service employee of endless stories, few cuss words now and then, when excited, discussing a fire spread. His pride was in his road to Lookout which he improved with pick, shovel and wheelbarrow that made it accessible for my "Ford" with family visits. Around the manicured lawn base he planted some "exotic" pine seedlings, a challenge for visiting foresters to identify. I passed on the "Red and Jack" Pines from the Lake States.

My first memory of Joe's legendary habits was his picture in a sporting magazine in 1954/1955 - Joe surrounded by hounds, pistol (yes with a Forest Service 38 revolver) in his hands pointed at a boar. I never asked Joe if he shot the boar or knew if Bill Paddock or John Spring, the Forest Supervisors at the time, knew of Joe's incident. (Spring was known by the locals as "John Springer" from his early career days on the Forest.) In 1955 Forest Supervisor Spring asked for the return, probably by Regional Office direction, of the District's two 38's; Ranger Norris Quam was issued one; he delegated me to pick up Joe's at his Lookout. The pistol was in "mint" condition - a tear in Joe's eyes at its recovery. (I didn't have to count bullets!) I wonder if many retirees left from 1955 remember recovery of Forest Service issue S/W 38's? I didn't know of Quam's issuance until the review of Joe's picture - that started the office conversation - nor did I know of him ever carrying it.

Pleased to see John Archer's stories in print. I first met John on the Somerset District of the old Cumberland National Forest, 1957/58 working for Wayne Ruziska whose name reappeared in the July issue of *The Dixie Ranger*. At that time I was working out of the Supervisor's Office as Timber Project Staff, John impressed me as a young forester with good questions at the first log grading session on the Cumberland. Gotta' keep these "youngster's" stories in print.

Editor's Note: We apologize for the typo and for the discomfort to the late Joe Floyd...Buck Bald is much more memorable than Black Bald! Being from Tennessee, we should have known!

Lighter Moments, Misery of Marking Timber, the continuation of Jack's article on marking timber which ran in the July 2011 issue of *The Dixie Ranger* appears on page 14.

DON KIGHT - Kentucky - Enclosed find dues of two years. Jenette and I are busy as usual, life is good. We count our blessings every day. I have been spending a lot of time with a good friend working on a 90-acre hunt and fish camp (lease) on Cumberland Lake, working mostly on an old farm house. Along with that and fishing on Laurel Lake, volunteering at the church and the grandkids, it takes most of our time. Anyone coming thru, come by. We do love company with old friends. Note new e-mail address in Changes/Additions section.

FRED FOSTER - South Carolina - Here is a check for \$50 for 5 years subscription to *The Dixie Ranger*. We received the July issue and enjoyed it.

CHARLIE AULDS - Tennessee - Hope this will pay what's due and future issues for 2011 and 2012.

BOB BOWERS - Georgia - Enclosed is a check for my past dues plus another 3 years. Please accept my apology for being late taking care of this important matter. It seems things just get away from me

in my retirement years. Do you think it might be old age, forgetfulness, or just being dumb OR all of the above? I do enjoy the organization and *The Dixie Ranger*, so keep up the good work. Am still cutting grass 4 or 5 days a week and still own B & V Blades Company, going to retire next year – play golf, fish and enjoy retirement again! Promise to make the meetings also and promise not to be late with dues again!

ED GRUSHINSKI - North Carolina - Please extend my membership for a couple more years. FYI: Weather in 2011 has played havoc in many states of the country. Anyone familiar with the Croatan National Forest (NF'sNC) may be interested in the double dose the Neuse River Recreation Area (Flanners Beach) sustained. In the Spring, tornadoes ripped through the forest, toppling trees blocking roads and trails, causing structural damage to a restroom and a brief shut-down at Flanners Beach. Then in August, Hurricane Irene came through eastern North Carolina causing additional timber blow-down and, again, closure of Neuse River Recreation Area.

GLEND A WOOD - South Carolina - My check to cover *The Dixie Ranger* for the next two years, thru 2013. Many thanks for doing this job for all of us.

MARY JANE CLOSE - Louisiana - Please find enclosed my check for \$30 which should cover me for a few more years of *The Dixie Ranger*. It's such a worthy newsletter and one I look forward to receiving every time. The stories, antidotes and updates of my Forest Service friends are always a joy to read. You are all doing such a wonderful job. Thank you so much for your extra effort to keep the "connectivity" going between us and our former colleagues. I hear quite a few stories about the "new" Forest Service, and I'm just glad I was there when the "old" Forest Service was alive and well. Such an awesome group of great folks! Thanks for keeping those stories going. Frank and I have recently moved back across the river. Please help by getting our new address to *The Dixie Ranger* so I won't miss a single issue!! Many thanks!! Note new address in Changes/Additions on page 9.

JIM GILPIN - North Carolina - Enclosed are my dues for the next five years. As always, many thanks to the SFSRA for publishing *The Dixie Ranger* and to those who contribute their updates, memorable stories, and much more. Every issue brings many good memories back. It's hard to believe that Marye and I have been retired a little over ten years now. We're glad to say that during that time life has been very good to us – good health, more grandchildren and great grandchildren, and much more. See his e-mail update in Changes/Additions on page 9.

LARRY TREKELL - Texas - Here is a check to extend my membership and subscription to *The Dixie Ranger* for 2012 and also to sign up a new member, Josie Jackson. Josie was Josie David, the Switchboard operator for the National Forests in Texas for many years, and I'm sure she did many other support services for the Supervisors' Offices. See Josie's address, etc. in Changes/Additions.

Editor's Note: Larry also e-mailed us in August as follows: Thank you for your dedication to providing a most interesting *Dixie Ranger*. I was especially interested in the President's Corner article by Larry Bishop. It hit me that maybe we ought to be bringing to memory the old-timers before their time to go. In that light, I am sending a picture of Leonard J. (Jake) Moore, on the occasion of his 94th birthday in June 2011, posted by his daughter on Facebook. Jake was my Ranger on the Tenaha District, Sabine National Forest when I was transferred there in December 1966. If memory serves me right, he was on the Y-LT and maybe on the Francis Marion before that. He retired about 1971 or 72, and he and Dot



Jake Moore

moved to Ragley, Louisiana. I believe he lives in Baton Rouge now. He served in WW-II as a bomber pilot. **Anyone remember him who might correct my memory?**

In that same vein, I wonder about the feasibility of starting a little section called, "**Anyone Remember...?**" for us to post questions about our old Forest Service affiliates who come to mind from time to time, and we wonder about them. The entries and responses could be limited to 2 or 3 lines or could be followed by the e-mail address of the inquirer. What do you think?

Editor's Note: Let us know what you think of this idea. Sounds like it could be really fun and interesting!

Editor's Note

Everyone expresses enjoyment and appreciation of stories written by our members for *The Dixie Ranger*. We are down to only one or two in our reserve "stash"... so how about sending some stories to let us know about your past experiences, or current activities. If you send stories and/or photographs to us via e-mail attachments, we can insert them into the newsletter easier than if they need to be typed. However, we will be happy to get whatever format you wish to use. Two or three pages is a perfect length and pictures are always welcome. Also **remember our next issue will contain the new 2012 Membership Directory. Check to be sure we have your correct and updated information.**

2010 - 2011 Officers

President: Larry Bishop
lmacbishop@hotmail.com

President-elect: Sid Haggard
sidhaggard@att.net

Secretary: Sonny Cudabac
scudabac@mindspring.com

Treasurer/Data Base: Tom Tibbs
gtibbs6@embarqmail.com

Historian/Obituaries: Jim McConnell
elanjim@bellsouth.net

Dixie Ranger Co-Editors: Dave and Peggy Jolly
djollysr@comlinkinc.net

Directors

Clair Redmond (2011)
Clairredmond@bellsouth.net

Vickie Sell (2012)
morganza@windstream.net

Mac Gramley (2013)
mgramley@windstream.net

Ex-Officio - Vacant

NFSRA - Jerry Coutant
Coutfj@bellsouth.net

The current year's Nominating Committee for the SFSRA, which consists of Nancy Sorrells, Mike Sparks and Larry Phillips, met September 19th to discuss candidates to fill the vacant positions for the next two-year term, 2012-2013.

Sid Haggard has been President-Elect for the past two years and moves up to the office of President. Larry Bishop, Outgoing President, will serve as Ex-Officio member of the Board of Directors. Clair Redmond's term on the Board expires this year, leaving one vacancy. All other officers have agreed to stay on for another year.

At the December meeting nominations will be made for President-Elect and the two vacancies on the Board of Directors.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

JOHN ARRECHEA (LOIS)
1507 Smallwood Drive
Oxford, MS 38655-4649
Phone: (662) 234-9299

JIM BARRETT (SHIRLEY)
2009 W. Wheeler
Arkansas Pass, TX 78336
Phone: (361) 790-6014

KATHARINE COOPER
251 Triple Oaks Drive
Tucker, GA 30084
Phone: (770) 564-2376
E-Mail: katharinecooper@bellsouth.net

JOSIE JACKSON
104 Inwood
Lufkin, TX 75901

LORI JOHNSTON (RAY)
1172 Chadwick Lake Drive
Lawrenceville, GA 30043
Phone: (770) 277-1522

ROBERT MITCHELL (JOANN)
372 Polk Road #45
Mena, AR 71953
Phone: (479) 216-0596
E-Mail: mtchro9@yahoo.com

Changes/Additions to the March 2011 Directory

Mary Jane Close - New address: 128 Columns Drive; Alexandria, LA 71303
Phone: (318) 448-8987; E-Mail: mjclose@aol.com

Jim Gilpin - E-Mail change: the2ofusjm@earthlink.net

Jack Godden - Telephone changed to: (262) 240-2410

Ed Grushinski - Added phone: (252) 636-0190 and E-Mail: edgrushinski@yahoo.com

Don Kight - E-Mail change: jendonkight1@yahoo.com

Brisco Price - E-Mail change: tnbprice@centurytel.net

David Trull - E-Mail change: dtrull608@att.net

Bryant Watts -New address: Oakleaf Village #217; Lexington, SC 29072
Phone: (803) 358-2740; E-Mail: jwatts27@windstream.net

It's important that you keep our Treasurer, Tom Tibbs, informed of any and all changes in your e-mail and regular postal addresses, phone numbers, etc. – check your address label on the last page of this Dixie Ranger to be sure your information is correct and to check the year through which your dues are paid.

Tom's e-mail: gtibbs6@embarqmail.com

IN MEMORIAM

Compiled by Elaine and Jim McConnell

Michael R. Maxwell, 60, of Winnfield, Louisiana, passed away on July 17, 2011. Michael started working on the Kisachie National Forest on the North Zone Engineering and then came over to the Winn District as a timber marker. He was the son of the late Felton Maxwell and Vera Griffin Dobbs. Mike is survived by his son Chuck and wife Kim of Winnfield; daughter Sarah Bruce and husband Steven of Winnfield; stepdaughter Jennifer Kelly of Winnfield; granddaughters Samantha Maxwell, Maggie Bruce and Natalie Bruce; grandson Michael Shankle; brothers Danny Dobbs and Shannon Dobbs; and sisters Anne Ayers and Tammy Roark. Funeral services were held at Zion Baptist Church in Georgetown, Louisiana.

Paul Andrew Timko, 88, of Roanoke, Virginia, passed away on August 10, 2011. He was born on July 18, 1923, to the late Paul and Anna Timko in the small town of Virden, Illinois. He grew up to be an avid sportsman and lover of the great outdoors. After serving his country in World War II, he followed his passion for nature and earned a degree in forestry from Iowa State University. He then began a career in the U.S. Forest Service. He spent his career working in several southern states including Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Georgia and Virginia. Paul loved his church and his family and he loved to tell a great story. He is survived by his wife Irene; sons Mike (Judy) Timko and Richard (Sherry) Timko; daughters Carol (David) Brinson, Mary (Danny) Lugar, and Terry (John) Mayer; grandchildren, Andy Timko, Lindsey Timko, Mary Timko, Jenny Mathes, Paul Brinson, Kimberly Ito, Ashley Menkedick, Jessica Mayer, Grace Mayer and Patrick Mayer; 4 great-grandchildren, Caroline, Amelia, Hayate and Akashi. Paul's funeral service was held on August 15, 2011, at St. Andrew's Catholic Church in Roanoke, Virginia. Memorial donations may be made to the American Cancer Society.

Kenneth Paul Owen, 66, of Olustee, Florida, died September 25, 2011, in Lake City, Florida. He retired in 2009 as a Forestry Technician with the Forest Service. He is survived by his wife, Glenda; three sons Kenneth P. (Sara) Owen, Jr of Lake Butler, Kevin W. Owen and Klate A. Owens both of Olustee; and 3 grandchildren, Kenneth P., Sara Allyson and Amy Michelle. Funeral services were held on September 30th in the First Baptist Church of Olustee with burial in the Olustee Cemetery.

Evelyn Cantrell Lewis, 68, of Marietta, Georgia, formerly of Ellijay, Georgia, died August 14, 2011. Evelyn was born in Gilmer County, Georgia, and was the daughter of the late Raymond Cantrell, Sr. And Reba Woody Cantrell. She worked for many years in various departments in the Regional Office in Atlanta. She retired in 2007 from Forest Management. Evelyn is survived by her husband John and brothers Raymond Cantrell, Jr. and Fariley Cantrell both of Ellijay. Her funeral was held in Ellijay on August 19, 2011, at the Bernhardt Funeral Home with burial in the Scrougetown Cemetery.

John W. Chaffin, Jr., age 82, died October 10, 2011, in Green Valley, Arizona. He was born in Nowata, Oklahoma, to Wesley and Vada Chaffin. John joined the army during the Korean War and later graduated in forestry from Oklahoma A&M and Yale University. During his career with the U.S. Forest Service, he worked throughout the United States in various positions, including District Ranger, Forest Supervisor and various Fire Staff posts. In the Southern Region, John was on various national forests and in S&PF. He retired as Deputy Regional Forester in California. After retirement he served as a guide/instructor at the Titan II Missile Museum in Green Valley. John is survived by Sue, his wife of 59 years; two nieces Sherry Walters of Asheville, NC and Vicki Walters of Pontiac, Michigan. Sue's two nephews, whom he considered his nephews, Fred W. Bloch of Lebanon, Missouri, and Paul

Bloch of California, Missouri. At his request, no formal funeral services were held. His ashes were scattered by his loved ones in a location that he loved to visit. John requested that remembrances be made to La Posada Foundation, 685 S. La Posada Circle, Green Valley, Arizona 85614, or to your favorite charity.

Remembering Colleagues - Memorial donations can be made to the National Museum of Forest Service History (NMFSH) to honor living or deceased colleagues, friends and family. Be part of celebrating the rich history and conservation legacy of the U.S. Forest Service which has been such a valuable part of our heritage.

The following form can be used to become a member, renew your annual membership, or make a memorial donation.

✂-----

Fill out, detach and mail to : National Museum of Forest Service History
PO Box 2772; Missoula, MT 59806-2772

Mr. Mrs. Dr. Name: _____ Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____ Daytime Phone: _____

E-Mail: _____ New Renewal GIFT

My/our gift to the capital campaign is made in HONOR or MEMORY of: _____

For Membership: Categories Annual Dues			
Individual	\$30 or more	Sustaining	\$300 or more
Family	\$55 or more	Organization	\$100 or more
Student	\$15 or more	Life	\$1,000 or more
Contributing	\$150 or more		

✂-----

The NMFSH is collecting, preserving and interpreting the history of the U.S. Forest Service, its partners and cooperators. Become a part of preserving our heritage for an ever-expanding audience of individuals and organizations who care about the nation's forests and grasslands.

For more Museum information: www.NMFS-History.net

"A bird doesn't sing because it has an answer, it sings because it has a song."

Lou Holtz



Arkansas Federation-President Winston Wolfe addressing Hot Springs area USFS Retirees and spouses at their monthly meeting held in Hot Springs, August 17, 2010. Attending were NARFE members Jim Wenner, Herb Mansbridge and Mike Curran. Bill Walker was recruited.



FM&S RETIREES MET ON OCTOBER 19, 2011 IN COLUMBIA SOUTH CAROLINA
See article naming attendees in the "Get-Togethers" section on page 2



Atlanta Luncheons - December 2010 and June 2011

Top left to right: Wanda Miller, Nina and Olen Aycock; Vickie Sell and Shirley Lamb
Middle left to right: John Allen, Keith Grest and Sonny Cudabac; Elaine McConnell and Fern Coutant
Bottom left to right: Jeanette and Sid Haggard; Larry and Anne Phillips; Mike Sparks

LIGHTER MOMENTS, MISERY OF MARKING TIMBER

by Jack Godden

"YELLOW" paint was the standard for marking timber in the 1950's. It met with favor by Southern GLO; accepted by Nelson, and marketed in gallon, later quart cans. In later decades BLUE and ORANGE were known to be used. An additive "sensor" was used about 1960 to prevent the timber sale operators from adding to his "Cut" in the unit he was paying for. (Yes, some operators were the same as some timber theft trespassers.) Costs in those early days of tree marking paint were thought high. We had a frugal Forest Administrative Officer by the name of Tom Hunt who thought "Paint was Paint"; one day Hillman Hargis, our Forestry Tech picked up four 5-gallon cans of "Traffic Yellow" highway marking paint from the Tellico warehouse as our ration for the next weeks of marking trees. For the first mixing day in mid December, we had some empty one-gallon cans for transferring paint into used Nelson quart cans for our marking guns. Imagine the sight of three tree markers removing the lid, attempting to stir five gallons of paint with 3 foot, 2" stick paddles, getting the paint through a 1-1/4" quart paint can opening. If it wasn't a refill problem, there were the mixing and difficulties in getting the paint to flow through the nozzle tip. Kerosene was never absent from a pickup truck work box so adding that was thought good enough for getting the traffic yellow to flow. That worked some of the time, but the paint spots appeared too thin on wet tree bark. Time was wasted and there was enough paint left at the mixing site to provide evidence of the waste and frustration. A telephone call to Tom Hunt and Paul Russell, then Timber Staff, didn't get a receptive ear to our field problem. So I did a "Time Study" learned from my college day's education, typed it up on our old "Underwood" and sent it to the S.O. I won! Tom placed an order for Nelson by the case in quart cans - and in two weeks we were marking timber to our delight with a quality paint and gun. (Maybe the Traffic Yellow was a gift to the State Highway Department as the County didn't use paint.)

Tree markers would always remember the ground they covered. It was flat, steep, rolling, covered with grass, brush, laurel, rhododendron, vines, shale, rock, leaf or needle covered, dry, wet with rain, snow, marshy, boggy, burnt over, ice and wind damaged, a few snakes - are some of the descriptive elements. Wrapping a diameter tape around a sizeable Yellow Poplar on a 60-percent slope and getting its merchantable height was difficult. Crawling through laurel and rhododendron, face to face with a whiteface hornets' nest or black snake were memories. Ground-nesting yellow jackets usually kept you from standing in one place too long. "Hugging" for a tree's diameter were Southern Pine trees with their usual flat bark plates, easy to fix the tape's hook end, usually clean of vines. Hardwoods seem to attract more vines, thicker, hairier poison ivy, and four-to-six legged lizards and insects. Pines held their needles and hardwoods lost their leaves in the fall for better log height estimates. You had to learn to identify bark and its inner colors to distinguish tree species which meant differences in stumpage prices, e.g. Black vs Red Oaks.

In 1957, as the first Timber Project Staff GS-9 in Region 7, working out of the Supervisor's Office I had the opportunity to work with some of the finest, most knowledgeable Forestry Technicians to find the timber on southern districts of the Cumberland National Forest. There was quality, less fire-scared pine and hardwoods and "pin worm" free White Oak that brought higher stumpage prices for stave materials. We introduced pure stands of hickory to the Forest Research and Products Lab who later found markets for hickory paneling and flooring. My promotion and tour as District Ranger on Cheat District, Monongahela National Forest 1958 - 1960 continued my days of preparing prescriptions; marking quality stands of exceptional sugar maple and yellow poplar stands along with consolidated

acres free of fire damage which sold at premium prices. These would be my "apex" and last years of marking sales and "true" timber management that I was proud of.

I used my forestry college education that first decade. Without need for any of today's "environmental analysis". I scouted areas for proposed sales, wrote prescriptions, marked timber, laid out the roads, administered the sales, and saw the evidence of the future residual stands. It was forestry at its best. The 1960 "Clear Cut" philosophy of management changed what I thought was care for the land, with some consequential poor sale administration of the cut area, making them sad examples of management. In my eyes, it was lazy management finding stands I left for future harvest, the first "easy" cuts by today's "managers"? It was difficult for me to hear that Forests I once worked on were advertising for contracting sales preparation. What a loss to today's foresters, if any are employed or qualified. Jack retired in 1987.

Chief Tom Tidwell Designates Forest Service Liaison

Chief Tom Tidwell has designated Joe Meade, Director-National Partnership Office, as the "Forest Service Retiree Liaison". We view this as a positive development which helps the "outfit" and retirees who remain interested in today's challenges, opportunities and timely, communication, working relationships. Linking with Joe on matters of importance and future opportunities is welcomed. Joe has extensive Forest Service experience and we look forward to working with him and U.S. Forest Service colleagues.

Darryl Kenops, NAFSR

Editor's Note: The following story appeared in the March 2006 Dixie Ranger. Charlie and your editors thought it was a great story and perhaps our newer members, as well as the older ones, would appreciate seeing it again.

EXPLORING THE CHATTOOGA RIVER RIVER RUNNING NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE

by *Charlie Huppuch*

Many of you have exciting and rewarding experiences during your Forest Service careers. Here is one of mine. It may not have been the wisest but certainly one of the most exciting.

The Chattooga River is a National Wild and Scenic River that begins in the mountains of North Carolina and ends a fifty-mile journey at Lake Tugaloo between Georgia and South Carolina. The river is one of the few remaining free-flowing rivers in the Southeast. The setting is a primitive, dense forest with underdeveloped shorelines. It is characterized as rugged.

As a forester with the Chattahoochee National Forest in Georgia, during the late 50's and early 60's, I saw glimpses of this wild and unknown river and wondered how it would be to canoe it's untamed waters. The chance finally came in 1965. As Recreation Planner for the Chattahoochee National Forest, I learned that the power company owned large segments of the Chattooga River corridor but wished to trade it to the Forest for lands on the Oconee National Forest to build a pump storage lake. With this in mind, it seemed prudent to explore this new recreation resource that would soon be added to the Forest. Of course, this was well before the movie Deliverance was filmed, which made the river famous.

Four stalwart Forest Service employees agreed to explore an uncharted section of the river to determine its potential for floating, fishing and hiking opportunities. The expedition included Charlie Hensley, an ex-Navy Seal, Bob Terry and myself. We suspected canoes would not survive the trip so we needed rubber rafts. Our modern river rafts were unknown then, so we borrowed from Gary Bell (Timber Staff, Chattahoochee National Forest) two Air Force rubber rafts used for downed pilots at sea. So with food and other supplies the expedition drove to a rugged put-in spot on what is now Section 1 of the river.

The morning was clear and the river was up and running. It looked to be pretty fast. We launched and this historical expedition was underway with no brass band to signal the occasion. Within a quarter of a mile we were in trouble. The Air Force rafts were not made for sitting on the gunnels. You had to kneel on the flimsy rubber bottom. Each rock was felt in the rapids, banging painfully into your knees as you knelt. Soon a large gash ripped the bottom and float on one of the borrowed rafts. The men were sunk. Pulling everyone to shore a counsel was held. We could not all fit into the one raft left. So how could we go on? Thinking I was well prepared for such emergencies, I pulled out a one-man Air Force raft. Perhaps the other three could squeeze into the remaining raft while I went down in the single raft. I launched the little raft and soon found myself spinning out of control in the current. There was no way to control its movements. It may have saved a downed pilot, but not on the Chattooga.

It was decided that two members of the expedition would walk out with the shredded raft and consider what they would tell Gary Bell who had recently bought it. The other Charlie and I were determined we should explore onward and waved goodbye. Maybe for the last time. Being well prepared I pulled a pair of baseball catchers leg guards over my shins to better absorb the pain from the rocks. We glided down the fast current in a remarkable deep and rugged gorge. We sailed by beautifully flowering rhododendron and mountain laurel, glad to continue the voyage.

Soon we could hear the roar of the river as we approached a waterfall. No time for scouting. No place to get out. "Get down! We're going over." And we did. The raft twirled backward as it came to the edge of the falls with a mind of it's own. Over we went with wild yells of terror. Amazingly, we both fell down into the raft and it came up right. We were still on course and enjoyed a mile of relative calm. Soon the river was running faster and the boulders were getting larger. Ahead the river was roaring as we came to a narrow point. Huge boulders had fallen into and blocked the river. Pulling to shore, we could see the whole river plunged into a cave made by the overtopping boulders. We had to go around, but our side looked impassable to climb over the rocks with the raft. The other side looked possible in this deep gorge. I entered the raft while Charlie let out the painter and the raft swung out into the current carrying me to the other shore. If I could get on shore, I could allow the raft to swing back and pick up Charlie. It almost worked. Grabbing a rock on the shore with a poor grip, the raft started to go out from under me. It was being pulled toward the terrible cave that swallowed the river. Charlie's rope held the raft but not me. Down I plunged, heading toward the mouth of the cave. As I was saying goodbye world, the churning white water took me into the cave. It felt like I was in a washing machine churning with fury. Around and around I went until I was thrown up on a ledge and wall. Amazingly, I could stand and watch the fury go by. Easing out toward the entrance, with my paddle still clutched in my hand, I spotted a worried Charlie who now cheered with relief. I edged my way out of the cave onto the boulders where we were reunited. After a struggle getting the raft over this huge obstacle, we re-entered the river for a comparatively mild five miles of beautiful river to end at the Russell Bridge. But, WHAT A RIDE!

We found the Chattooga River to certainly be a wild and scenic river well before Congress established

it thus. The national forests managers felt that Section 1 of the river was too rugged and dangerous for the general public to raft. Today the river is well managed by the Forest Service, cooperators and outfitters. The section where I found my deliverance was off limits to boaters but open to fisherman and hikers hearty enough to walk the rugged gorge. I hoped it would remain so managed. But I understand the Forest Service now allows boaters on this dangerous section.

Excerpts from the *Chief's Desk*, November 4, 2011

CHATTAHOOCHEE-OCONEE NFs PARTNERS REHAB HISTORIC CCC SHELTER - Through a partnership with the Georgia Appalachian Trail Club, a historic shelter along the Appalachian Trail at the top of Blood Mountain is being restored by the Chattahoochee National Forest. The Blood Mountain shelter was built by the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1937 and is the only stone shelter of its kind in the state. It will soon be added to the National Register of Historic Places. Blood Mountain is the highest point on the Appalachian Trail in Georgia and is an iconic spot for hikers.

Renovated Fire Tower a New High for Unicoi County - The renovation and rededication of a once-obsolete fire lookout tower on the Cherokee National Forest near the town of Unicoi, Tennessee, was cause for celebration on August 27th. At 3,500 feet above sea level, the tower is a triumph of the spirit in many ways. It is the culmination of many trails that link communities to the National Forest. The trek to the tower is a challenge in itself, but the climb up the steel structure rewards the spirit with an unparalleled panoramic view of the county. Local government officials and other partners are thanking District Ranger Terry Bowerman for his vision and determination over 12 years to prevent the 50-year-old structure from being torn down.

Chief Tidwell is Now on Twitter! – Yes, Chief Tidwell is now on Twitter! To get the latest from the Chief's desk and from the road, follow @forestsservice and look for #FSCchief. There are 7,800 followers, and they're growing every day.

JOHN IRA FOWLER: Living Large and the Working Wife*

by *Michael Dawson*, District Ranger Kisatchie RD, KNF

"Well, lemme tell you something about women," he said. "Dawson, get over here...you're young. You need to hear this for your growth and development." **John I. Fowler** was holding forth at the ol'Winn RD work center. It was post-Friday evening fish fry time, and I was hanging around dreading getting back in the Louisiana heat. But I could not pass up a chance to hear a lecture on the female of the species.

Hey, the senior officer on deck said sit down, so what could I do? Besides, John had two or three of everything, including a working wife, so what did I have to lose? We're talking about a boat, pickup truck, fairly new Cadillac Coop de Ville and a forty-thousand dollar (or was that yen?) recreational vehicle. Now I realize that forty grand does not buy much in today's economy, but in a 1973 economy, when the average house cost mid-twenty thousand dollar range, with three bedrooms, bath and a half, garage, etc., then forty grand looks very different. Two years later, beloved spouse and I bought our first home for twenty-two thousand and thought we would be in debt for life. Think you all get the picture here...

"Mikey, me boy, you gotta remember that women actually like to work. Son, they crave it. It gives them identity, a place, somewhere to go and keeps them off the streets, ah, so to speak," said John. This was one of John's favorite topics: *A working wife, the feeding and care thereof.*

Did I mention that John had two of everything? In his garage, he had at least 5 tires, none of which actually fit any vehicle he owned. But, his explanation was that they were such a good deal, he could not pass them up. John and Glenda bought a really very nice home in Winnfield, for a divorce-price. We were there one evening, and a little bug ran across the floor. A termite. Hmmm. Kinda ruined the curb appeal, at least temporarily.

John bought two VW square backs over the years, the kind with the square back....you know, the kind with the rear that is kinda boxy. Guess that's why it was called a square back..When they moved to Kentucky, the first broke down on I-40 in Little Rock. So he left it. A tornado came thru a week later, and blew it into Mississippi. This really happened. The second he purchased from the guy who ran the trade school in Winnfield for \$50. It had a slight miss at idle speed, but otherwise ran good.

It needed a little fixing up, so he spent \$500 on a nice paint job. Next, he took it to the shop to get rid of that confound little idle-miss, where \$2,500 later, it still had the slight miss at idle speed. Didn't hurt anything, but just aggravated the tar out of him! It was bright red, ran good, but just never did get that little miss out of it. Think he eventually sold it for....\$50.

John's first week on the Winn was unforgettable. He had working for him one **Robert T. Howell**. And with Robert T. Howell, it was always hard to tell who worked for whom. John caught Robert down in the Black Mountain country, up to his knees in a mayhaw pond, picking up mayhaws. That's what you do in a mayhaw pond. Well, the first thing you do is fight off all the water moccasins getting TO the mayhaw pond. But, I digress...

John: "What the he*& are you doin' in that there mayhaw pond?"

Robert: "Picking up mayhaws." (Said very calmly..)

John: "Well, I can see that! No, who tole you to..on whose orders?"

Robert: "Mr. George said so." George M. Tannehill, District Ranger, legend.

John: "Well, this is against every regulation there is...you just can't do this. What is Mr. George gonna do with all them mayhaws?" (Said with much spitting and sputtering and bluster....)

Robert: "Make jelly, wine, important stuff like that. Whatever the he*& he wants to, I guess."

John: "And what the heck are you charging your time to? We don't have a charge for pickup mayhaws for Mr. George or anybody else"

Robert: "Mr. George says to just charge it to the gummit."

John: "Well, I'll just see about this...this just...just ain't right." And John left in a huff.

The next day, John and Robert were **both** knee deep in the mayhaw pond, fighting off the snakes and gathering mayhaws.

But, back to the working wife. Soon thereafter John's lecture on **Women 101a**, I shared this with me beloved spouse, who quickly dispelled, disparaged and otherwise soundly trashed what has now become known as the **Fowler Doctrine**. We have all surely heard of the Monroe Doctrine or the Powell Doctrine, by the way.

Her: "That's baloney. Women only work because they have to."

Me: "But, John said..."

Her: "I don't care what John said. You ask Glenda."

Me: "I will." And so I did.

We were soon at one of John and Glenda's famous barbecues. The subject came up. And wouldn't you know it? Ms Glenda and beloved spouse were of the same opinion, almost word for word. It was like they had ESPN or something weird like that.

Me: "John, you said women love to work, and that..."

John: "Me boyo, I know what I said. You gotta remember something: This is like an abdominal gas attack--it will soon pass."

I can hear ol' John's Rose Hill, Mississippi voice now, that slow drawl, sounding sometimes like Foghorn Leghorn, and impish smile. Don't think he had a mean bone in his body. He was just a party waiting to happen. John very much enjoyed life, because he knew it was not a dress rehearsal, but a one shot deal.

***Note:** This editorial is not a commentary on women in the workforce at all. Some of me best friends are women. Me mother is a woman, me beloved spouse is a woman, and we have four perfect little granddaughters. Rather, it provides a backdrop that is pivotal to the story. Heaven knows, women of all eras have served as the backbone of the family, whether working in or outside the home. A former colleague and friend, **Mary Jane Close**, used to have a little sign on her desk, which read: "A woman's place is in the home, and she should go there directly after work." Enough said....mgd

A CHRISTMAS STORY

SENT IN BY *MIKE SPARKS*

This is what Christmas is all about ... Pa never had much compassion for the lazy or those who squandered their means and then never had enough for the necessities. But for those who were genuinely in need, his heart was as big as all outdoors. It was from him that I learned the greatest joy in life comes from giving, not from receiving.

It was Christmas Eve 1881. I was 15 years old and feeling like the world had caved in on me because there just hadn't been enough money to buy me the rifle that I'd wanted for Christmas. We did the chores early that night for some reason. I just figured Pa wanted a little extra time so we could read the Bible. After supper was over, I took my boots off and stretched out in front of the fireplace and waited for Pa to get down the Bible. I was still feeling sorry for myself and, to be honest, I wasn't in much of a mood to read Scriptures. But Pa didn't get the Bible, instead he bundled up again and went outside. I couldn't figure it out because we had already done all the chores. I didn't worry about it long though, I was too busy wallowing in self-pity. Soon Pa came back in. It was a cold, clear night out and there was ice in his beard. "Come on Matt," he said. "Bundle up good, it's cold out tonight." I was really upset then. Not only was I not getting the rifle for Christmas, now Pa was dragging me out in the cold and for no earthly reason that I could see. We'd already done all the chores, and I couldn't think of anything else that needed doing, especially not on a night like this. But I knew Pa was not very patient at one dragging one's feet when he'd told them to do something, so I got up and put my boots back on and got my cap, coat and mittens. Ma gave me a mysterious smile as I opened the door to leave the house. Something was up.

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever it was we were going to do wasn't going to be a short, quick, little job. I could tell. We never hitched up this sled unless we were going to haul a big load. Pa was

already on the seat, reins in hand. I reluctantly climbed up beside him. The cold was already biting at me. I wasn't happy. When I was on, Pa pulled the sled around the house and stopped in front of the woodshed. He got off and I followed. "I think we'll put on the high sideboards," he said. "Here, help me." The high sideboards! It had been a bigger job than I wanted to do with just the low sideboards on, but whatever it was we were going to do would be a lot bigger with the high sideboards on.

After we had exchanged the sideboards, Pa went into the woodshed and came out with an armload of wood - the wood I'd spent all summer hauling down from the mountain, and then all fall sawing into blocks and splitting. What was he doing? Finally I said something. "Pa," I asked, "What are you doing?" "You been by the Widow Jensen's lately?" he asked. The Widow Jensen lived about two miles down the road. Her husband had died a year or so before and left her with three children, the oldest being eight. Sure, I'd been by, but so what? "Yeah," I said, "Why?" "I rode by just today," Pa said, "Little Jakey was out digging around in the woodpile trying to find a few chips. They're out of wood, Matt." That was all he said and then he turned and went back into the woodshed for another armload of wood. I followed him. We loaded the sled so high that I began to wonder if the horses would be able to pull it. Finally, Pa called a halt to our loading, then we went to the smoke house and Pa took down a big ham and a side of bacon. He handed them to me and told me to put them in the sled and wait. When he returned, he was carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand. "What's in the little sack?" I asked. "Shoes, they're out of shoes. Little Jakey just had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the woodpile this morning. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn't be Christmas without a little candy."

We rode the two miles to Widow Jensen's pretty much in silence. I tried to think through what Pa was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Of course, we did have a big woodpile, though most of what was left now was still in the form of logs that I would have to saw into blocks and split before we could use it. We also had meat and flour, so we could spare that, but I knew we didn't have any money, so why was Pa buying them shoes and candy? Really, why was he doing any of this? Widow Jensen had closer neighbors than us; it shouldn't have been our concern.

We came in from the blind side of the Jensen house and unloaded the wood as quietly as possible, then we took the meat and flour and shoes to the door. We knocked. The door opened a crack and a timid voice said, "Who is it?" "Lucas Miles, Ma'am, and my son, Matt, could we come in for a bit?" Widow Jensen opened the door and let us in. She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The children were wrapped in another and were sitting in front of the fireplace by a very small fire that hardly gave off any heat at all. Widow Jensen fumbled with a match and finally lit the lamp.

"We brought you a few things, Ma'am," Pa said and set down the sack of flour. I put the meat on the table. Then Pa handed her the sack that had the shoes in it. She opened it hesitantly and took the shoes out one pair at a time. There was a pair for her and one for each of the children - sturdy shoes, the best, shoes that would last. I watched her carefully. She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling and then tears filled her eyes and started running down her cheeks. She looked up at Pa like she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out. "We brought a load of wood too, Ma'am," Pa said. He turned to me and said, "Matt, go bring in enough to last awhile. Let's get that fire up to size and heat this place up."

I wasn't the same person when I went back out to bring in the wood. I had a big lump in my throat

and as much as I hate to admit it, there were tears in my eyes too. In my mind, I kept seeing those three kids huddled around the fireplace and their mother standing there with tears running down her cheeks with so much gratitude in her heart that she couldn't speak. My heart swelled within me and a joy that I'd never known before, filled my soul. I had given at Christmas many times before, but never when it had made so much difference. I could see we were literally saving the lives of these people. I soon had the fire blazing and everyone's spirits soared. The kids started giggling when Pa handed them each a piece of candy and Widow Jensen looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face for a long time. She finally turned to us. "God bless you," she said. "I know the Lord has sent you. The children and I have been praying that he would send one of his angels to spare us." In spite of myself, the lump returned to my throat and the tears welled up in my eyes again. I'd never thought of Pa in those exact terms before, but after Widow Jensen mentioned it, I could see that it was probably true. I was sure that a better man than Pa had never walked the earth. I started remembering all the times he had gone out of his way for Ma and me, and many others. The list seemed endless as I thought on it.

Pa insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord that the Lord would make sure he got the right sizes.

Tears were running down Widow Jensen's face again when we stood up to leave. Pa took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I could see that they missed their Pa, and I was glad that I still had mine. At the door, Pa turned to Widow Jensen and said, "The Mrs. wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals. We'll be by to get you about eleven. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again. Matt, here, hasn't been little for quite a spell." I was the youngest. My two brothers and two sisters had all married and had moved away. Widow Jensen nodded and said, "Thank you, Brother Miles. I don't have to say, may the Lord bless you. I know for certain that He will."

Out on the sled I felt a warmth that came from deep within and I didn't even notice the cold. When we had gone a ways, Pa turned to me and said, "Matt, I want you to know something. Your Ma and me have been tucking a little money away here and there all year so we could buy that rifle for you, but we didn't have quite enough. Then yesterday a man who owed me a little money from years back came by to make things square. Your Ma and me were real excited, thinking that now we could get you that rifle, and I started into town this morning to do just that, but on the way I saw Little Jakey out scratching in the woodpile with his feet wrapped in those gunny sacks and I knew what I had to do. Son, I spent the money for shoes and a little candy for those children. I hope you understand."

I understood, and my eyes became wet with tears again. I understood very well, and I was so glad Pa had done it. Now the rifle seemed very low on my list of priorities. Pa had given me a lot more. He had given me the look on Widow Jensen's face and the radiant smiles of her three children.

For the rest of my life, whenever I saw any of the Jensens, or split a block of wood, I remembered, and remembering brought back that same joy I felt riding home beside Pa that night. Pa had given me much more than a rifle that night, he had given me the best Christmas of my life.

50 Years A Forester's Wife

Needing "one more page" to finish out this issue of *The Dixie Ranger*, and after going through countless retirees newsletters and other materials relating to the Forest Service trying to find something appropriate, it occurred to me that maybe it should be something for the women. Since my mind is on the upcoming holidays with all the food preparation, decorations, activities, and such, I was going through my "Thanksgiving Recipe File", which is not as organized as it sounds, but it works. Right in the front of this file is a very aged, badly stained, hand-written paper which is 50-years old this Thanksgiving. What a treasure!

Dave's first job, and my first experience as a Forest Service wife was in November 1961 when we moved to South Carolina from a post-graduation summer adventure (Dave called it a summer job) in Centralia, Washington. This, our first Thanksgiving as a married couple was spent on the Wambaw District of the Francis Marion National Forest in McClellanville, South Carolina, population 120. We were living in a very small, furnished shrimper's apartment which was at the back of our elderly landlady's home. This was right on the water with daily views of fishing boats coming and going from just down the waterway, each returning boat was followed by lots of squawking seagulls feasting on the discarded shrimp heads. Many times a small oyster boat would stop at the dock just fifty feet from our front door and the oystermen would shuck their oysters, popping a few into their mouths as they worked. What a new experience for this newly -pregnant Tennessean who had never eaten a raw oyster! Did I mention that the coastal breezes carried the fishy smells right into our apartment?

My introduction to this new life as a forester's wife was a real eye-opener! First, Dave had to convince me that McClellanville was only a short 35 miles from the nearest laundry facilities and shopping, other than the local gas station; and, we were very fortunate to locate this apartment, even though it was essentially only one room with a tiny, walk-through kitchen and attached bath! I tried to focus on the friendly people and the new experience of living in this beautiful coastal area and not be concerned with the fact that there was only one chair... and that there were cracks in the floor through which you could see the ground below. And then there were the ever-present mosquitos. This was not what I had expected!

The silver lining in this cloud was, indeed, the unique culture of this area and our introduction to our new Forest Service family. Little did we know how this "family" would grow through the years and how important the friendships would be, even beyond retirement. Having moved often, we enjoy so many good memories.

Getting back to our first Thanksgiving as a married couple, Mrs. Leland, our landlady, brought several of her favorite holiday recipes for me to consider making for our meal (did she remember the size of that two-burner apartment stove and the very limited cooking utensils?). Being a newlywed and never having cooked a turkey before, I was not impressed. However, not wanting to hurt her feelings, I did copy these recipes for future consideration. Not for our first Thanksgiving meal, but almost every holiday meal thereafter, we have enjoyed these wonderful dishes – southern corn bread stuffing and holiday ham glazes. Thank you Mrs. Leland! That year, we had our Thanksgiving dinner with the Ranger and his family, Dick and Joy Brown and their children.

Having celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in January, we both agree that our Forest Service family has strengthened our personal life and is a very valuable asset. Let's hope today's Forest Service families experience some of these important perks associated with the "job". Makes for wonderful memories!

Peggy Jolly

If you do not plan to use this form for your own personal use - dues or changes - please pass it on to a prospective Southern Forest Service Retirees Association member.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP OR EXTENSION
Southern Forest Service Retirees Association

Date: _____

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

Address: _____ Apt. #: _____

City / State: _____ Nine-Digit Zip Code: _____

Phone: _____

E-mail Address: _____

Retired From: _____

Membership Dues (\$10 per year) - Amount Enclosed: _____

Membership in the SFSRA includes:

Three issues per year of *The Dixie Ranger*, issued in March, July and November

Membership Directory, issued in March every year

The opportunity to become published as an author when articles are written for *The Dixie Ranger*

The most economical way to stay in touch with friends and co-workers

Notification of what's happening in the Forest Service

Current e-mail notification of Atlanta and nearby areas events/activities/deaths, etc.

Mail completed application with payment to:

Tom Tibbs
627 Oak Lane
Marion, VA 24354

Southern Forest Service
Retirees Association
128 Wind Trace
Alexander City AL 35010-8772

Prst Std
Postage Paid
Permit #30
Alexander City AL

SIDNEY HAGGARD 2013
10139 MALCOLM DRIVE SE
COVINGTON, GA 30014-5105

REMINDER – On your mailing label area, the number following your name is the year through which your dues are paid - **therefore, if you have 2011, or earlier, you owe dues!** See Treasurer Tom Tibbs address at the bottom of this page.

In this issue:

President's Corner	1
December Luncheon	2
Retirees Get-Together	2
National 2012 Reunion	4
Letters from Members	5
In Memoriam	7
Welcome New Members	9
Additions & Changes	9
In Memoriam	10
Color Photos	12 & 13
Lighter Moments of Marking Timber	14
Exploring the Chatooga	15
From the <i>Chief's Desk</i>	17
John I Fowler	17
A Christmas Story	19
50 Years A Forester's Wife	22
SFSRA Application	23

Published in March, July and November of each year. Dues are \$10 per year, payable in January. Mailing address for dues: Tom Tibbs, SFSRA Treasurer; 627 Oak Lane; Marion, VA 24354