



The Dixie Ranger

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MEMORIES FROM THE NF'S IN TEXAS

By Larry Trekell

I had been with the FS for about a year when I got a transfer from the Wasatch NF in Utah to the Davy Crockett in Texas, in November, 1962. My wife, my Walker hound and I arrived in Groveton and settled in just shortly after Lou Davis, the last District Ranger in R8 to attain that position the hard way, (not being a forestry school graduate), had left for Arkansas as the FCO on the Ouachita. Clyde Steele had taken Lou's place on the Trinity RD. Cleburne Smith was the ORA, Gene Cocke was the TMA, and Gene (Ms. Price) Price was the glue that held the District together. Big John Cooper had just been sent to Texas as Supervisor. His "mission, should he choose to accept it" (and he did), was to make the NF's in Texas "politically correct", although that phrase had not yet been coined.

The Trinity was headquartered in the back end of the office building of Dr. Rice, the local bonecracker. I took up my place as JF at the most undesirable desk in the office, just inside the back door which was the popular entrance from the parking lot. On the first morning of my new assignment, a Monday, Big John (all 6'5" of him, spit and polished) ducked through the back door, passed my desk without so much as a glance my way or a "Welcome to the NF's in Texas", and headed to Gene Cocke's desk. "What's your cut-and-sell budget?", he barked. Gene began to stammer, and was immediately commandeered into a closed-door meeting with Big John and Ranger Steele which lasted two hours. Big John Cooper believed the way to public credibility was two-fold: Know your stuff when asked a question, and have a good rapport with state and local officials.

On Big John's staff was Johnny Olson, Fire and Trespass; Harry F. (Hank) Swank, Range, Watershed & Wildlife; Albert E. (Mandy) Mandeville, A.O., Lands & Minerals; and William H. (Bill) Arlen, Timber Management. Nelson Farrell was the Fiscal Officer, and he always amazed me: He could take a Big Chief tablet and a lead pencil, switch money from district to district, fund to fund, and zero the forest budget out at the end of the fiscal year slick as a button! One thing I noticed over an entire career span was that the more accounts we created and the more controls we instituted, the bigger was the fiscal mess at year's end.

For fire control, the Trinity District had Nogalus, Piney and Mt. Zion towers, and a well-worn Oliver Cletract with a walk-behind plow. This was one step ahead of a mule and a Kelly middlebuster. It was not long, however, until we graduated to a John Deere 1010 with a Seico Ranger Pal plow. In those days, the senior towerman on a forest was also the Forest Dispatcher. That position for the Davy Crockett was held by Leon Eaves, who lived in the tower residence at Nogalus Prairie, and manned the Nogalus tower. Emmett (Coot) Hales was the towerman on Piney, and Hobby Carleton, when he wasn't operating the motor patrol, sat on Mt. Zion tower when the fire danger was high enough to warrant manning all three. The Forest Dispatchers for the other forests were: Columbus Lacy, Angelina; Bill Martin, Sam Houston; and James Mattox, Sabine.

Open range was still the way of life in the backwoods of Deep East Texas, but the USFS was busy trying to bend the will of the locals to understand that federal land was not regulated by state law (or the absence thereof), and they must sign up to graze. Coot Hales had a bunch of earmarked hogs running in the Neches River bottom. One day he happened upon a hog trap in the remote bottom, with a fresh jeep track leading to it, and some of his hogs trapped inside. He "staked it out", and along came a state game warden and a state game biologist who loaded up the trap, hogs and all, on a state jeep. He tailed them to the livestock auction at Groveton, where he watched them register the hogs in as their own, sell them, and pocket the proceeds. He then got the local sheriff, presented the evidence, and charged them in state court with theft of livestock. Early next Monday morning, Coot got a telephone call from the SO in Lufkin. It was A. E. Mandeville on the other end, and he proceeded to instruct Coot to come directly to the SO to meet with him. When Coot arrived, Mandy took him into his office, closed the door, and said (as related to me by Coot, himself), "Emmett, you go to the courthouse at Groveton, today, and drop the charges against those state boys, or you're out of a job tomorrow!!" Coot dropped the charges. I reckon Big John had begun to get things "politically correct".



More Best Newspaper Headlines of 1998:

- Teacher Strikes Idle Kids
- Clinton Wins Budget; More Lies Ahead
- Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant

Thanks to Alex W. Burnett

KISATCHIE NF REUNION

The Kisatchie NF will hold their annual reunion on November 13th, starting about 9 a.m. until ?? at the old Stuart Nursery. There will be a fish fry at 1 p.m. and reservations are needed if you want to eat fish. All current employees, former employees and retirees are encouraged to attend. Flyers will be mailed to those on the Kisatchie's mailing list, but the list is not complete. Please give a call to anyone whose past touched the Kisatchie and tell them about the reunion.

The Stuart Lake campground will be open, but will have no hookups. For further information and to make reservations, please call:

District Ranger Office: 318.765.3554
Supervisor's Office: 318.473.7160, Ext. 7141 or 7128
Robin Shaddox: 501.968.7855



LETTERS FROM OUR MEMBERS

Don Ashworth (1961-1985), Loganville, GA - Bryant Watts was my first Ranger and undoubtedly one of the best people I have ever been associated with. We were on the Tiak Ranger District in Idabel, Oklahoma in 1961-62.

As assistant (actually Jr. Forester) I had all the duties Bryant didn't have time for. On one occasion, Bryant and I were inspecting a timber sale on the Little River portion of the District. The Forest Service ownership pattern was a nightmare. We owned dozens of forty-acre tracts separated by miles of private holdings. The sale we inspected was scattered over four or five of these tracts of land. Logging roads were more like quagmires after heavy logging operations in wet weather on mostly flat land.

Bryant was driving a four-wheel Willis Jeep through the most gosh-awful mud holes you ever saw. He was like a kid with a new toy. I suppose part of his

reason for driving in mud up to the doors was to impress upon his new forester the importance of driving the entire sale, not just the easy parts.

At several points along the way, we stopped and traversed the terrain on foot as we checked stumps for paint, damaged trees and property lines. At one point we began to walk back to the jeep. I felt that we were headed 180 degrees in the wrong direction. What the heck, it was his District; who was I to tell the Ranger he was headed for Texas instead of Kansas.

After about forty minutes of walking with our tails dragging, we stopped. During the rest, Bryant said he had expected to find the jeep by now. When I told him that we were headed the wrong direction, Bryant, in his soft spoken manner said ..."Oh, yeah. Well maybe we better try your course for awhile."

As we began our reverse direction, we came to a spot where at least fifteen cottonmouth moccasins lay across our path. I have never seen that many snakes in one place at one time before or since. We picked our way through them and continued to the jeep.

As we boarded our transportation, which was mired in the mud, we discovered we were not going anywhere. Wenching was the major activity for the next two and a half to three hours. Each time we wrenched onto dry land, we gathered our tools, rivved up the engine and drove off into another axle deep mud hole. After about the tenth time, I told Bryant to keep rolling until he was out of the area; I would carry the wench, chains and tools to him.

As Bryant fishtailed through the landscape and vanished from sight, I felt great relief even though the wench and other items were heavy and burdensome to carry. About half way to the jeep, I spotted Bryant coming back to help me lug the stuff out.

It was a hot, sunny, summer day, but Bryant's grin reflected victory. (It wasn't "Victory at Sea"....(for those of you who know what I am referring to, it was victory in the mud.)

Roger Hatch, Conyers, GA – Here are my dues for a couple of years. At my age I don't want to pay too far in advance.

It's sorta like a statement I heard from an elderly resident while I was Ranger on the Chippewa NF "Only cut enough firewood for today because if you die with a lot of firewood some other man will just move in and use it!"

My wife, Helen, and I are still living on the farm in Conyers. Visits from my 12 grandchildren keeps us busy with tractor rides, horseback rides, etc. Helen still works and I'm still active in The Farm Bureau, Soil and Water Conservation District, Kiwanis Club, county tree ordinance committee, etc.

I sure enjoy your newsletter. Keep up the good work!

Elmer Jacobs, Jr., Cleveland, TN - Enclosed is a check for the next three years. With my 83rd birthday approaching, it is impossible to make firm plans for the future.

I still get around – went to San Antone, Texas, over Memorial Day.

I am against the idea of collecting dues to be spent on another organization. You should consider direct appropriations to be voted on by the membership. I am not against a dues increase for the good of the order.

I have a question – whatever happened to the statement “For the greatest good for the greatest number of people”? Some of the reports I heard out West disturb me. After all, over 150 people risked their careers by signing a petition.

Don Eng, Columbia, SC - Jean and I are doing well. We enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger*.

The Francis Marion and Sumter NF retirees get together twice a year for fellowship. We usually have between 30 and 40 attending.

My retirement is busy with travel, forestry consulting, teaching at USC and trout fishing.

Thank you for keeping us in touch with *The Dixie Ranger* news.

Mary Ann Burns ('69-'90), Atlanta, GA - Many thanks for all your good work and dedication in making *The Dixie Ranger* a huge success. I look forward to reading about the “good old days” in USFS and do enjoy attending our quarterly luncheon get-togethers.

I found this letter among my papers and thought I would share this with the readers.

June 5, 1973 – If you want your ego boosted HAVE A FLOOD and work for the USFS! The flash flood that wreaked vengeance and havoc on my humble abode late Tuesday, June 5th, left an incredible, unbelievable mess in its wake as Mr. Hitt and sons, Karen, Agnes, Charlotte, Mr. And Mrs. McHenry, Mr. Space, Mr. Larson and Mr. Nobles and all my neighbors and “nosey passersby” will attest to.

However, when members of the Emergency Staff meeting of USFS, USDA arrived on the scene armed with buckets, mops, broom, beds, fans, dressers and other miscellanea and plenty of “elbow grease”, I cancelled my reservation for a bed at Milledgeville!

Karen drove me to the laundromat about fifty times and scrubbed and cleaned like a seasoned veteran. (I’ve nicknamed her Helga) and dubbed one bathroom the KAREN ROOM ‘cause after she rendered it spotless, she wouldn’t let anyone enter! That little gal is made of stern stuff ‘neath all her banter.

Mr. Hitt, at one time must have been a Sgt. Major (were you, Mr. Hitt?). He and his two sons, John and Bill, dug mud out of the utility room, cleaned tools, shoes, hosed down the patio, lugged debris to the junk pile and in a few hours (of hard work, I might add), had some semblance of order out of that chaos.

Mr. and Mrs. McHenry brought us hamburgers to sustain life and limb, supplied tools and a huge broom and proceeded to remove all those ugly little tacks protruding from the floor after my wall to wall carpet was removed (boo hoo! – that really hurt to see that carpeting ruined).

Agnes did a beautiful job on some jade carved tables I had purchased in Hong Kong – my only regret being that after she had left I found another atop the window air-conditioner muddy and forgotten. She’s also great with a hammer too! We had to bang all my vanity drawers open.

Charlotte and Karen lugged furniture in and out scrubbing same and Charlotte provided loads of snowy white cleaning rags – I swear I never saw such sterile-looking cleaning cloths!

Mr. Space brought out a bed, desk, mats and a beautiful chest of drawers all loaned by Nr. Nobles who also supplied me with fans which have been going constantly to circulate the air in an attempt to dry out.

Mr. Byrd brought a bag of clothing for my neighbor who, like me, lost just about everything. I feel better now, however, as I just went from "rags" to "Rich's" (store, that is!).

To sum up, everyone was just wonderful to me in my adversity and I thank all from the bottom of my heart. My sons, Jack and Tom, and daughter, Patti, also express their gratitude to one and all for your assistance in my time of need and think "Mom" works for a "super great" outfit – the USFS.

June Jones, Atlanta, GA - Here's my dues for 1999 and Y2K. You and Bert do a great job editing *The Dixie Ranger*! I look forward to receiving and reading each issue. The "Ranger" brings back many fond memories and seeing familiar names (reminiscing about their F.S. experiences) is particularly enjoyable.

Charlie Blankenship, Roanoke, VA - I'm enclosing a brief note on the passing of a pair of fine people (see In Memoriam). Many of your readers knew them.

I still manage to keep the group of former USFS folks around Roanoke meeting every other month. We usually have about 25 for lunch at the Roanoke Restaurant. We meet even numbered months on the 2nd Wednesday – 12.30 p.m.



COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE . . .

I haven't a clue! For the first time in many a publication I do not have one article left over nor a letter that can be published in the next issue. I grant you, summer is a slow time, but this summer it has been almost too slow.

*Should you not get a November issue of **The Dixie Ranger** you will have a clue – I didn't get enough response from this issue to do one in November.*

Just in case I don't get one issued – the Christmas luncheon is December 9. It's held in the same place, same time as the September luncheon. Just phone in reservations on December 7th to the same people as listed on page 9. It might be a good idea if you marked your December calendar now for this event.

Betty



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Larry P. Ford (Joyce) – 206 Karen Drive, Lufkin, TX 75904
Phone: 409.634.7124 e-mail: firedog@lcc.net

James W. Ramey (Zondra) – HC 72, Box 59, Mountain View, AR
72560 Phone: 870.269.9241

Edward M. Riddle (Jo) – 1278 Dinkel Ave., Bridgewater, VA 22812
Phone: 540-828.6543 e-mail BKQA40A@prodigy.com

Please make the following changes as underscored in your Directory:

Inez D. Haskill, 2982 Briarcliff Rd, N.E. Apt 220, Atlanta, GA 30329-2545
Phone: 404.638.6353

Add the following:

Mary Ann Burns – Phone: 404.874.0564 e-mail: oki2@aol.com

Bob Williams – e-mail: salvalfarm@aol.com www.SwiftSite.com/SalacoaFarm



BRONZE SMOKEY BEAR AWARD

Dr. Edwin Smith, the vet who treated the real-life Smokey cub after he was rescued from a fire, was presented with the national Bronze Smokey Bear Award on July 14 in Pueblo, CO. Smokey recovered from the fire on the Lincoln NF back in 1950 and was flown to the National Zoological Park in Washington, D. C.

Dr. Smith and his wife, Twila, are retired now and live in Pueblo. They still spread the word on fire prevention and to recognize their contribution, the USFS presented them with the national Bronze Smokey Bear Award.



Some Senior Citizen's thoughts:

I finally got my head together, now my body is falling apart.

Funny, I don't remember being absent minded.

(I don't remember where I got this—Editor. Just kidding HB)



SEPTEMBER LUNCHEON ON THE 9TH

Our fall luncheon is September 9th at the Petite Auberge restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center on North Druid Hills Road. We meet at 11:30 a.m. for a time of fellowship before lunch. Lunch is served at 12 noon. The cost of the luncheon is \$10 per person. Reservations are required, so please call either the Bray's at 770,253.0392 or Peaches Sherman at 770.253.7480. Reservations should be made no later than Tuesday, September 7th. We hope to see you there.



Book Review
By
Jim McConnell

Low and behold, was I ever surprised when I picked up a copy of *The Southern Appalachians: A History of the Landscape* by Susan L. Yarnell. It is a delightful pamphlet, 45 pages, summarizing the natural, geological and human related history of that area we know as the Southern Appalachians. The southern Appalachians include all of West Virginia, eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, western North Carolina and South Carolina, northern Georgia, and northeastern Alabama. Many of us worked and lived in this unique area.

Susan Yarnell is a Researcher with the Forest History Society. She broke her subject down into historical periods: Prehistory, Early History, European Settlement, Early 19th Century, Early 20th Century, World War II and the 1950's and Recent Decades. Her reporting of the periods are short, accurate and often pungent. There is much to enjoy and a lot to be learned in reading the pamphlet. Did you know that Merino sheep were introduced in 1806 and saltpeter was an important resource from the Revolutionary War till after the Civil War? She relates that the National Park Service moved the mountaineers off park lands, but the Forest Service allowed them to stay on the national forests.

This pamphlet should be required reading for people new to the region. I have but one small comment on the text. The author uses the word deforestation to denote clearcutting. Deforestation, to most of us, means to clear for fields or pasture. Only a little of that occurred in the mountains. The areas were clearcut and have grown back into tree cover. Also, it would be more interesting if more of the great photos were dated. You can get a copy, free, from the Southern Research Station, P. O. Box 2680, Asheville, NC 28802. Ask for General Technical Report SRS-18.

A WILD RIDE ON THE RIO ROLLERCOASTER

By Joel Nitz

Over the years Irene and I have made several crossings on the border between the U. S. and Mexico and we have often thought of going to the Big Bend of Texas. Having recently celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary, and being of sound minds (?) and able bodies (again, ?), we decided to visit Big Bend National Park.

The Park is located in a most remote part of Southwest Texas along the Rio Grand River which serves as the boundary between the Gringos and the Yanquis. Why they fought mightily over such desolate country, we cannot tell from most of what we observed. However, the rugged mountains, arid conditions and high altitude contribute to make interesting changes in climatic conditions. At a higher level (Chisos Basin), there is actually an abundance of moisture to sustain trees, shrubs and grasses normally associated in more temperate zones.

Our route from the Park was northwest along the Rio for some 50 miles to the town of Presidio. Highway signs cautioned us that the road had 15% slopes and certain vehicles were not permitted. Since we wanted to cross the border at Presidio, there was only one route to take us there – along the Rio.

The topography was really chopped up with canyons, gullies, washes, arroyos, ravines, whatever. It was up and down, up and down with more and more slopes up to 15%. That, to my knowledge is more than 3 times the maximum grade permitted on mountain roads elsewhere. As we approached the slopes, I would gun the car and take advantage of the built-up momentum to attain the crest of the next hill. But with just a few seconds and that many yards at the top and not being able to see where the road continued, there was not enough space or time to think and evaluate the situation adequately before descending the steep slope on the other side.

It became a repeated thrilling experience to take only a split second to ascertain whether the road went straight ahead, or veered to the right or deviated to the left on the next down-hill side. Then we would zoom down to the bottom before the next ascent. It was a repeated white-knuckle, wheel-gripping, hair-raising, spine-tingling, cold-sweating, nail-biting, alert-as-a-jack-rabbit experience every time we got to the crest of the ridge, only to take on another one wild ride to the bottom.

After surviving a number of these roller-coaster rides, I thought my bride of 50 years went out of her mind when she said, as we started the next descent, "Let her rip!!!" And so we did but it took several days before the pucker marks on the front seat smoothed over again. What some people do for thrills after 50 years of Wedded bliss! We met only 3 vehicles and passed none on that lonely stretch of highway along the Rio.

We wanted to accomplish a couple more objectives: to cross the Rio at a new location and to collect some foreign coins from Mexico to pursue a new hobby.

We lunched at Presidio and tried to find some coins at a bank and at a restaurant. No luck. Thinking that we could not find them on our side of the border, we crossed the Rio and drove into Mexico at Ojinaga. There we were told that we could get coins at some banko. Well, Ojinaga is not, I repeat, not Juarez.

We soon got lost on the narrow, once-surfaced dusty streets, tried our hand at bucking one-way traffic, attempted to find our way back to the river-crossing, all without finding a banko. After repeatedly asking each other, "Where do we go from here?", we finally found a road leading back to our point of exit from South of the Border.

Thankful for surviving this experience, we went back to a Presidio grocery store catering mostly to Mexicans and found all the coins I wanted to buy!

This brings me to a request to anyone interested in trading foreign coins. If you or any of your children or grandchildren have a similar hobby and would like to exchange coins, I would like to contact him or her. Here is my address in the event you cannot find *The Dixie Ranger* directory: 139 San Juan St., Hot Springs, AR 71913; phone 501.525.3559.



Old Enough to Remember?

All soft drinks came in bottles and you could get a deposit back.

Cars had no air-conditioning.

There was "free air" at all service stations.

There were S&H Green Stamps.

You could go as a child and buy your mom a pack of cigarettes.

Music was on vinyl records 45 rpm and albums were 78 rpm.

There was one light (red) on top of police cars.

There was only AM radio.

Everyone took the bus to town.

Thanks to Howard Burnett

BEING CHIEF IS NOT ALWAYS FUN

By Robert Neelands

Chief Cliff had to give many speeches during his career, and did them well. I'm not sure that he felt completely comfortable doing this necessary part of this job, and seemed not especially to enjoy it. One in particular I'm sure he would like to forget.

The Appalachian Trail organization had assembled in great numbers to commemorate a certain important event. I don't recall the occasion (it was many long years ago), but I well remember that the Chief was the featured speaker. As usual, perhaps being somewhat uneasy before a large group, he had his script and slides in precise order. Al Beaty, head of the Audio-Visual unit in the WO, was handling the slide projector.

The first few minutes of speech-and-slides went along smoothly. But unknown to the Chief and Al, a slide was coming up that would completely derail this well-orchestrated program. The slide was of an old man referred to as "Reverend." My pathetic memory fails to provide his name, but all Appalachian Trail enthusiasts knew it. He was in his eighties, and almost completely blind. Yet he was as much a part of the Appalachian Trail as the gnarled trees or the rocks. Seeing almost nothing other than vague shapes, he could point out to you the patch of flowers you would see around the next bend, or a tiny rivulet just over the rise. On the Trail, he could out-walk most anyone decades younger, guided only by the large walking staff he always carried. He was revered, almost adored, by all.

I now describe the slide mentioned (still lurking among those yet to be shown): I had taken it of this old gentleman as he stood against a coppery sunset, his blind eyes turned searchingly toward his beloved hills. The golden light of the fading sunset touched that beautiful old face and his flowing white hair with special tenderness. The whole scene was stunning, almost Biblical, in its emotional impact.

The Chief's speech was flowing along pleasantly, and Al was coordinating along nicely and precisely, when the slide I mentioned came to the screen. First there was a low murmur from the audience. It grew and grew, with "Ahhhs" and "Ohhhs" now being added in. Someone began the applause, which swelled and swelled again in volume. People rose to their feet in tribute. Some shouted, some whistled, some laughed, some cried. As the tumult went on and on, the Chief continued for some half-dozen more sentences, and then bogged down looking almost bewildered by what was happening to him.

Meanwhile, Al not being able to hear where the Chief had stopped, lost coordination in the script and left this disrupting portrait of the Reverend on the screen. The longer it showed, the more the tribute.

Slowly, oh so slowly, the din subsided. By then the Chief had completely lost his place. But he forged ahead from what looked like a logical spot. Al, now well behind and out of sync, popped on slide after slide that had nothing to do with the Chief's words.

Eventually, harmony was restored between audio and visual, and the presentation was well received.

It may be just coincidence, but Al never invited me to help him put together another A/V program.



IN MEMORIAM

The Passing of Two Gentlemen

The year 1999 is a year many of us will remember because 2 of our finest Forest Service retirees passed away.

Reggie Kinman (67) and Ralph Carrier (93) succumbed after long and courageous struggles with illnesses. Both these men shared a quiet dignity and charm that generated trust and admiration.

Ralph Carrier began his 42-year career with the U. S. Forest Service about 1924 as an 18 year old. He gave up a college scholarship in order to support his Mother. During the early years he worked setting up several CCC camps and met his beloved wife, Billy, at Tellico Plains. Somehow, Ralph managed to obtain a degree in Engineering at night school and went on to head up surveying in old Region 7. At 40 Ralph and Billy adopted a nephew who eulogized Ralph as the perfect "Pop." Ralph ended his Forest Service career in 1966 and returned to Roanoke and his "wonderful Virginia."

Reggie Kinman served in the U.S. Forest Service 34 years in Virginia, Arkansas, and North Carolina. Earlier, Reggie worked with the Corp of Engineers designing off shore platforms in the Gulf of Mexico as well as new NAFA installations.

The Cradle of American Forestry, Blanchard Springs Cavern, and the Mount Rogers NRA were but a few of Reggie's assignments. He ended his career as a Forest Planner on the Jefferson National Forest.

Both these men are now legends in Forest Service history leaving us wonderful stories as well as accomplishments to remember. Even more significantly, they will be remembered as true gentlemen who were wonderful role models for our Forest Service family.

Charlie Blankenship

Allen J. Logan, Fayetteville, AR, died of cancer on July 19. He retired from the U. S. Forest Service in 1972 after almost 40 years of service. His wife, Claudia, to whom he was married for 63 years, died on June 2. They are survived by one daughter, Joallen Moose of Siloam Springs, AR, 3 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren.



How Are Your Interviewing Skills?

Jim McConnell and his wife, Elaine, in working with the Forest History Society and the FS History Section in the Washington Office, have set up a training session for R-8 retirees who can interview Old Timers about the FS of many years ago. Many of us could use this training for gathering information about our own family history.

Jerry Williams and Carol Severance, FS WO, will conduct the training. The training session will be held in the Peachtree-25th Street Building, 1720 Peachtree Rd, NW, from 1 to 4 p.m. on September 8th. Jim would like to know how many to plan for, so please give him a call at 770.923.1681.

Jerry Williams will also present the program at the Retirees Luncheon on September 9th. Should any of you from out of the Atlanta area want to attend the training and could stay over for the luncheon the next day, that would be great!

Should you have any questions, please contact Jim McConnell.



Some more BEST NEWSPAPER HEADLINES OF 1998:

- Stolen Painting Found by Tree
- Two Sisters Reunited after 18 Years in Checkout Counter
- If Strike isn't Settled Quickly, It May Last a While
- Local High School Dropouts Cut in Half
- Typhoon Rips through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead
- New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group

COMMENTS

By John Sandor, Former
Regional Forester, Alaska

The news of Floyd Iverson passing away (Feb 99 DR) should remind all of us of the truly outstanding accomplishments of the many legendary leaders of their time represented by Floyd Iverson, Bill Hurst, Charlie Connaughton, Herb Stone, Jim Vessey, Ed Cliff, Pete Hanson, Art Greeley, John McGuire, Bob Cowling, Les Harper, and Ed Crafts and many, many others who carried on the very rich conservation traditions of the Forest Service that began in the early years of this century.

Although I never had the privilege of working for Floyd Iverson or in the Intermountain Region (R-4), I was aware of the tremendous leadership Floyd and his co-workers demonstrated with the full support of Chief and staff in implementing stronger Forest and Range Conservation programs in the West. And I recall a conversation with Chief Ed Cliff – some years later – of how important it was for him as Chief to be supportive of the initiatives and day to day work of the District Rangers, Forest Supervisors, Research Center leaders and Regional Foresters and Station Directors. They were really the conservation leaders of the Forest Service every day of the year, on the ground where they were working with community leaders and the public in assuring community stability and improving the quality of life.

One of the disappointing developments of recent years has been the failure of politically appointed overseers of the Forest Service who have not been able to acknowledge the outstanding accomplishments of these legendary figures. Sadly, their criticism of past Forest Service work and promises of newly discovered “conservation leadership” have led to a decline in morale, stifled accomplishments and fostered a loss of confidence by key congressional committees, forest-dependent communities and much of the public.

Hopefully, these political appointees will yet re-learn some of the lessons of our proud forest conservation history. Effective conservation leadership can be achieved by locally empowered professional and technical managers and staff who are working in partnership with community leaders and the public – free from partisan political interference and domination by special interest groups.

As we begin the celebrations of the Centennial for the founding of our profession, the U.S. Forest Service and many State/Private, University and Forestry organizations can look back with praise and pride on the legends stemming from the leadership of conservationists such as Floyd Iverson, his predecessors, colleagues and successors. *(From FSX Club, CA newsletter)*

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Note: Please make your luncheon reservations by September 7th. See page 9 for phone numbers.

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* * * *

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