

THE DIXIE RANGER

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Vol. XXXVII No. 3

November 2009

Smokey's 65th birthday was celebrated on August 10th at USDA Headquarters in Washington DC



Smokey
Only YOU Can Prevent Forest Fires'

President's Corner:

One more year has quickly gone by. Hope you all had a prosperous and healthy year. It has been my pleasure to serve you as President for the past two years. We have a very vibrant association of retirees. A new slate of officers for 2010-2011 will be elected at the December-Christmas luncheon.

The Dixie Ranger received a very positive response to my request in the last issue on who had been retired 26+ years. John Moser and Don Hughes, 26+ years; Bob Raisch, 27 years; Roberto Cox, 29 years; Pat In-Hout, 29 years; and the winner Jack McElroy, Tyler, Texas, 31 years. Congratulations Jack and a free 1 year membership to the Dixie Ranger. (Individual letters are included in the front section of Letters from Members.)

This past September, a few of us attended the National Reunion of Forest Service Retirees in Missoula, Mt. It was attended by over 500 retirees. It was great to see old/young friends, many of which I hadn't seen in years. Those attending from Region 8 were the Jollys, Coutants, Wengerts, Hammonds, Webbs, Anne Jones, Ralph Mumme, Dave Rosdahl, and the Kruglewiczs. I had a chance to visit with former Region 8 employees/retirees: Bob Spivey, Bjorn Dahl, Dan Nolan, Max Peterson, Keith Argow, Clif Benoit, J Lamar Beasley, Billy Booth, Steve Fitch, Dick Fitzgerald (not retired), Dave Jay, John Korb, John Sandor, and Ed Schultz. We also had a chance to visit with old friends from other regions. It was a great meeting with a lot of time for socializing and saying, "Remember when " when talking to old friends. If you missed this reunion, you missed a great time well worth it. There should be another reunion in three years, location to be announced.

The meeting's theme was, "Where Do We Go From Here?". A panel of the six living, retired Chiefs: R. Max Peterson, F. Dale Robertson, Jack Ward Thomas, Mike Dombeck, Dale Bosworth and Gail Kimbell discussed what they saw as the future of the Forest Service and the National Forests. This panel was moderated by George Leonard. Jerry Williams, Historian, talked about "Forest Service History and Change – Where Do We Go From Here". Chief Tom Tidwell discussed "The Future of Forest Conservation in America" and had a Question and Answer Session. There was also a lot of discussion of the National Museum of Forest Service History and its status. Attendees had the opportunity to visit the future site of the museum in Missoula and could review the design plans. One day was spent on various tours in the Missoula area.

We had a great time at the reunion and also some of us took the opportunity to visit other areas in Montana such as Glacier and Yellowstone National Parks and adjoining National Forests in Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. There are a lot of well managed National Forests adjoining these two National Park jewels.

Hope you all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Jean Paul Kruglewicz
President 2008-2009

MARK YOUR CALENDAR

DECEMBER/CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – December 3, 2009 – at the Petite Auberge Restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center, 2935 North Druid Hills Road, Atlanta. We gather at 11:30 a.m. for fellowship and lunch is served at 12:00 noon. The cost of the meal is \$15.00 per person. Reservations must be made no later than Monday, November 30th. Call either 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. Also, it's important to let either Nancy or Joyce know if you find that you are unable to make the luncheon (after you have made a reservation).

Dr. Jerome Thomas, Deputy Regional Forester for Region 8 will be our guest speaker after which there will be an election of officers and one new director for the next two years. The nominating committee will have a slate of suggestions for these positions and additional nominations can be made at that time. The position of President typically is filled by the Vice President/President-elect (Larry Bishop). In addition to the offices of Vice President/President-elect, Secretary and Historian, this year we will be separating the office of Treasurer from the Editors. This means that the Treasurer will keep the data base and will record all changes of addresses, phone numbers, e-mail addresses, etc. – as well as members dues payments and association banking records. The address for where to mail your dues and other information will be in the March issue of *The Dixie Ranger*. Until that time, continue to send them to the current Treasurer/Editors.

Officers for 2008/2009

President: Jean Paul Kruglewicz
jpkruglewicz@bellsouth.net

Vice Pres/Pres-elect: Larry Bishop
lmacbishop@hotmail.com

Secretary: Sonny Cudabac
scudabac@mindspring.com

Historian: Jim McConnell
elanjim@bellsouth.net

Treasurer: Dave Jolly
djolysr@comlinkinc.net
Dixie Ranger Co-Editors: Dave & Peggy Jolly

R-8 member of the board, National Association of FS Retirees: Ralph Mumme
ralphmumme@worldnet.att.net

Directors

Jim Naylor (09)
jimnaylor@tds.net

Bob James (10)
bjandsjames@aol.com

Clair Redman (11)
clairredmond@bellsouth.net

Jerry Coutant (Ex-Officio)
coutfj@bellsouth.net

Excerpt From "On Being Old"

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turn gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver. I can say "no" and mean it. I can say "yes" and mean it. As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.....Old age is a gift.

RETIREE GET-TOGETHERS

Northeast Atlanta - Retirees meet the last Tuesday of each month (except December) at Matthews Cafeteria in Tucker at 7:30 a.m. for breakfast. Spouses are welcome. The address is 2299 Main Street. The cafeteria is next to the railroad tracks. Main Street is in front of Tucker High School. If you get lost, just ask anyone - everyone in Tucker knows where Matthews Cafeteria is located.

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.

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.

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 on the first Wednesday of even numbered months at 9:00 a.m. at the Village Inn Restaurant. This is located on U.S. 11, a short distance off I-81 at Exit 240.

Francis Marion & Sumpter National Forests - Retirees meet the third Wednesday in April and October of each year. You may e-mail Vicki Scott at cyberfogie@aol.com or call Glenda Wood at (864) 445-4751 for further information.

SRS: Coweeta Hydrologic Laboratory Celebrates 75 Years of Watershed Research

The Southern Research Station's Coweeta Hydrologic Laboratory located in Otto, North Carolina, celebrated 75 years of watershed research during a two-day symposium at the Dillard House in Dillard, Georgia, on November 3 - 4. In attendance, Deputy Chief for R&D Ann Bartuska, Southern Research Station Director Jim Reaves and other federal officials, scientists, and Coweeta partners. Established in 1934, the laboratory has become known around the world for its watershed research, specifically on how land management practices affect water quality, quantity and timing. The symposium featured discussions of the development of watershed science and the role of watershed research in addressing the challenges of the 21st Century. Topics included issues related to climate change, water supply, biodiversity and invasive species, and land use change. (From the Chief's Newsletter, November 13, 2009)

The sooner you fall behind, the more time you'll have to catch up.

LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

JACK McELROY - Texas - I received my *Dixie Ranger* yesterday. **I retired on June 30th 1978 – – that's 31 years retirement !** I was shocked to see the agency ranking !! A rank of 206 of 216 agencies is not the outfit that I knew.

DON HUGHES - Alabama - We're a little late with dues but thanks for keeping *The Dixie Ranger* coming. Lots of new names but many "old" familiar ones as well. Bobbie and I are doing well, "for our age" as the Drs usually say. Try to exercise at our wellness center several times a week to stay "ahead of the curve". Still traveling when we can; really enjoyed our three weeks in Africa last year with an OAT small group. Worse part was being cramped up on British Airways for 22 hours flight time plus layovers. There has to be a better way. Taking a shorter trip to Panama in a couple weeks on my 82nd birthday. Never thought I would be that old! Congrats to Johnny Allen for 26 years retirement. I had to do some quick calculations....**retired in January 1983 which comes to 26 for me too!** Unbelievable, time passes so fast when you are having fun! Really enjoyed the Spring National Forests in Florida Reunion at Silver Lake near Tallahassee. Joanne Webb and others did a fantastic job. Must have had close to 70 attend. So good to see many friends we had worked with over the years.

BOB RAISCH - Florida - Enclosed is my check for extending my membership for a couple more years. **I retired in December 1982. If my arithmetic is correct that will make it 27 years in December.** I enjoy the newsletters and still keep my mind, if not my hands, involved in managing our tree farms in Missouri and Virginia. Keep up the good work!

ROBERTO COX - Georgia - Pursuant with our president's request for knowledge for long-retired retirees, **I will say I retired January 1st, 1980 and the Forest service has not been the same since! 29 years retirement.**

JOHN MOSER - Tennessee - I guess I am nearing my dues time – Jean is doing a great job as president – you too are doing great also. *The Dixie Ranger* is my favorite, except to learn of the death of my many friends. **I too have 26+ years (27 in January) of retirement.** I thought you might use the following excerpts from a letter I recently received from my almatmater, David & Elkins College in West Virginia: "Congratulations! It is my great pleasure and privilege to inform you that you have been selected to be inducted into Davis & Elkins College's Hall of Fame for 2009. This honor is given each year to an alumnus who has shown outstanding athletic achievement while at D&E, or an individual who was an outstanding coach while at D&E and has distinguished themselves in athletics." The induction ceremony was in October during Davis & Elkins' Homecoming Weekend's Alumni Recognition Banquet. I am the first cheerleader in the history of D&E College to be so honored.

PAT IN-HOUT - Washington - I just finished reading the July issue of *The Dixie Ranger*, with the usual enjoyment. I see where Jean asked for those of us who have been retired longer than 26 years to let him know. The nice thing is that **I have made it for 29 years**, but the sad thing is that most of my compatriots from high school, WW #2, U. of Idaho College and the Forest Service in Regions 8 and 6 are no longer kicking, and this occurs at an ever increasing rate. My goal is to be retired for as long as I worked for the Forest Service, and that will only take an additional two years. At present, I feel I'll make it.

In the last issue of *The Dixie Ranger*, in Mike Dawson's article there is mention of working on the Winn District with Ranger George Tannehill. I had this same experience working as his assistant in parts of '53 and '54. One of George's standard policies was to hold at least one employee and family fish fry each year. One summer day he told me on a Monday morning to let all the employees know the fish fry was to be held the coming Friday afternoon, and they all know what action was needed to pull this off and for me to just let things occur. I found that part of the tasks by the timber marking crew were to catch all the fish and eel that would be needed. Trot lines were set out and run for parts of a day or so with the usual success. What a fish fry this was, with all the employees and their families present. A large steel pot was half full of fat from hogs, where the fish and eel was cooked, plus all the fixings brought in by the families. Needless to say, this and other actions by Ranger George established a morale of the highest order. His actions and policies paid off for the Government as all went full-bore at any job that George wanted, at any time, be it day or at night fighting fire.

To me, one of the greatest stories out of this period concerning George was as follows: One member of the famous Louisiana Huey Long family, was a congressman from the Winn District area. For some political reason he was very unhappy with George Tannehill. One day notice was given that Congressman Long and company would be on the district with a representative from the timber management office in the Regional Office and Forest Supervisor, Hugh Redding, to look at some timber stand improvement work that we had done that was purported to be one of the poorest forestry actions one could conceive. Congressman Long and company would be at the District office at a specific time and he would select the place and lead all there. Upon arrival at the site, it was obvious the work was a disaster as compared to our usual TSI standards. On bottom land, a fairly large, excellent young growth of good hardwood was girdled, releasing some southern pines. Congressman Long was having a hay day showing sample after sample of this sad timber stand work. George didn't say a word, just walking through the woods listening to the tirade of verbal abuse coming from Mr. Long. Supervisor Hugh Redding slipped up quietly and asked George how in the world was he going to handle this one. George told him to just stand by. After a while Mr. Long asked George how could he possibly justify this sad display of forestry work. In his rather slow manner George said, "Well sir, I believe it would be well if you asked that question to the manager of the timber company that owns this land."

IVAN CUPP - Oklahoma - Enclosed is money for *The Dixie Ranger* for the next several years. I thought I had paid just last year, but time flies when you are retired. I sure enjoy reading about the Forest Service retirees in the newsletters. You folks do an outstanding job with it. I still enjoy fire assignments, especially Texas and California since my retirement. Also stay busy, when not on details for the Forest Service, with gardening, fixing things, cutting firewood, working for a local funeral home and babysitting grandchildren.

LYNN MARSALIS - Mississippi - Well, here is money for another 3 years. All is well in North Mississippi. Benton County still does not have any traffic lights or interstate highways. Though an interstate is planned if Mississippi and Arkansas can ever agree on where to cross the river. I do live on a black-top road, but they usually roll it up around 9 p.m.

Reading about 1st jobs in the July issue reminded me of mine. Fresh out of Mississippi State in June of '63 and having turned 21 in late December, my job offer was in Region 5 on the Mendocino National Forest. Other than six months of active National Guard duty at Fort Benning, I had not traveled out of the state by myself and was not very wise to the ways of the world.

Upon reporting to the Willows Ranger District in Willows, California, I found my first job was to be camp superintendent of an inmate crew from San Quentin prison. I could hardly supervise myself, let alone 3 forestry techs and 25 inmates. The forestry techs had mercy on this Mississippi boy and did not let him fall on his face. I guess they like to hear him talk, as I had a southern accent so thick you could cut it with a knife. The formal training for this job was a week of orientation at San Quentin prison. This was one of the most intimidating experiences of my 38-year career. Yes, I walked through the gas chamber. It sent shivers down my spine. Yes, we had to walk through the big yard with the inmates making "cat calls" about what they would like to do with that fresh young body. That make the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. The instructions were to never look back or to the side, or where the calls were coming from. That's hard to do. Even now when someone yells at me, it's hard to ignore. That week at the joint was the worst part. Once the inmates were in camp, there was virtually no problem. These two summers with the inmate fire crew began my career in fire management.

STEVE RICKERSON - Tennessee - Enclosed is my check for two years; sorry it's late again, as the time just flies when you are having so much fun! Laura and I stay busy here in East Tennessee with church activities, quilting and helping Tom Darden with his "farm". Keep up the great work with *The Dixie Ranger*. Please update my e-mail address. (see Changes/Additions)

DAVID WEBB - Georgia - Enclosed is a check for payment of two years dues. Also enclosed is an obituary for Remer Crum, Forest Service retiree, as printed in the Atlanta Journal-Constitution (see In Memoriam).

DON COOPER - Alabama - Enclosed is my check for four more years. Thanks to all for doing such a good job on the Region 8 newsletter. Billie and I both enjoy reading every word.

DON ASHWORTH - Georgia - Enclosed are a few bucks to bring my dues up-to-date. I was reading the July issue of *The Dixie Ranger* when I saw Bryant Watts' comments about enjoying some writings from several foresters he had served with. My mother asked that I write an autobiography when she was well into her 90s. Attached you will find an excerpt from that document. By the way, every forester would do well to write an autobiography as we see the Forest Service we all grew up with fade away. Our grandchildren will have no feel for what things were like in our day without such documents. It took months to put mine together, but it was time well spent, I think. (see Don's excerpt on page 20)

JOY PATTY - Alabama - I'm enclosing dues for the SFSRA to cover me for a while. Ya'll do a great job on *The Dixie Ranger* and I look forward to reading each one but hold my breath when I get to "In Memoriam". I'm also indicating some changes for me. After over one year in limbo, we're finally in our new home on the Dugger Mountain Scenic Drive in the Talladega National Forest. (We're 2 - 3 miles from the wilderness.) We're not completely settled in but are enjoying our new surroundings. We're really out in the boonies and would enjoy a visit from any old Forest Service friends that find themselves in this part of Alabama. (see changes/additions for new address, etc)

JIM WENNER - Arkansas - I hope everyone attending the reunion had a good time. Doris and I were very disappointed to miss it since we had a 4-week trip planned; up to Fargo, North Dakota; across ND to Bismarck; T Roosevelt National Park; route of Lewis & Clark to Great Falls; then on to Missoula. My neck hurt so much I could have screamed the day before our departure, so we cancelled the whole trip. Now I drink with a straw since my dermatologist cut out a carcinoma and stitched me up from nose to lip. I told you before, gettin' old ain't for sissies!

Our retirees may be interested in this little piece which our Ouachita archeologist put together. "As early as 1915, the Arkansas National Forest Supervisor's office was located in the Federal Building here in Hot Springs. Their location was on the north side of Benton Street (now Convention), between Valley and Cottage. In 1915 Ralph C. Huey was supervisor. The office address was 119 Benton. In 1921 - Arkansas National Forest Supervisor was C. A. Payne; 1935 - Ouachita National Forest Supervisor was Arthur L. Nelson and the office was on the 2nd floor of the Federal Building. In 1955 and 1960, the office remained at 119 Benton and was also in rooms 201-207 of the Federal Building. By 1964, the office had moved to the Federal Building at 100 Reserve with Carl F. Hoover as a District Ranger and John T. Koen as Supervisor. In 1970 Alvis A. Owen was Supervisor. As for SO-South, nothing is shown on Indiana Street between the RR and Laser Street (1938) except the Dr. Pepper Bottling Company at 114-118 Indiana. In 1940, '42 and '46 Dr Pepper remains at 114-118, but the Forest Service is shown at 100-110 (garage) and 105 (whse)." (References: 1915, '21, '35, '38, '40, '42, '46, '55, '60, '64, '70 Hot Springs City Directories)

DAVE DUBOW - Georgia - Enclosed are my dues for three more years – I hope. I could not help remembering Spurgeon McDuffie with whom I spent many days on the Osceola and, later Lake George. I first met him when he and Brantley Frazier were the primary timber technicians on the Osceola. Bill Cranston was ranger – a great New York Yankee fan. In all my years, I never met a more competent Timber Management Aid-Technician than McDuffie. He did almost everything, including making 202C sales, sale inspections, etc. There was nothing he could not do. His last years were spent on the Lake George when Bob Jackson was ranger. After that, someone else took over the district, and for reasons unknown, McDuffie retired a rather bitter person. I was no longer in Florida, and I never saw McDuffie again. He passed away a few years later. I believe that I was in Louisiana at that time working for Frank Finison and then Lamar Beasley – both good supervisors in their own way. At any rate, when the Forest Service still practiced real forestry, it was outstanding men like Spurgeon McDuffie who were the backbone of the organization.

JIM & GLENDA WOOD - South Carolina - The fall luncheon for Francis Marion and Sumter NFs retirees was held on Wednesday, October 14, 2009. Socializing began at 11 AM, followed by lunch at noon at George's B-B-Q facility in Pomaria, South Carolina. Those in attendance were: David Adams, Bill Bodie, Ron & Catherine Boozer, Phyllis Burnette, John & Bernice Cathey, Jim & Doris Daniel, David Devet, Don & Jean Eng, Alvin & Dianne Feltman, Don & Joyce Hair, Cliff Hickson, Bill & Mary Holton, Tommy and Janet Kinard, LeRoy Lewis, Colette Phillips, Dave Rosdahl, Norman & Rosalyn Runge, Jim & Vicki Scott, and Jim & Glenda Wood. Special guests included: current Forest Supervisor, Paul Bradley, and Charlotte & Augustus Ted Jennings, daughter and 3-month-old grandson of Alvin and Dianne Feltman (their first grandchild).

Tommy and Janet Kinard were in charge of arrangements for the meeting. The group enjoyed a delicious meal of fried chicken/roast beef/string beans/potato casserole/rolls/tea/peach cobbler and ice cream.

After the meal, former Supervisor Donald Eng presided. He acknowledged Supervisor Paul Bradley's presence, and asked if he would like to update retirees on current issues. Paul said he was pleased to be invited to meet with retirees. Since his assignment was so recent to the Forests, however, he would prefer to give an update at a future meeting.

Don Eng next asked for retiree health concerns of which the group may have knowledge. Dave Rosdahl mentioned that Bryant and Joyce Watts are experiencing serious health problems. Don then briefed those in attendance of his current health status...said his doctors have recently begun a

new regimen of chemo which appears to be working. Retirees were pleased to learn this good news. He looked well and displayed a positive attitude. Don conveyed his sincere appreciation for all the prayers, cards, phone calls, and many kindnesses he has received since his cancer diagnosis. He singled out his wife, Jean, and expressed his heart-felt appreciation to her for the wonderful support she has given him.

Dave Adams was beaming as he announced the arrival of their three-week-old great-granddaughter (their first great-grandchild), and proudly shared a cell phone photo of little Lilah Mae Puckett. She weighed 8 lbs. 8 oz. at birth. (Liz had planned to attend the luncheon, but was needed to fulfill a caregiver role for a close friend.)

Jim Scott informed retirees of a group known as "Love Quilts." Jim's wife, Vicki, has been a member of this organization for a number of years. Their purpose is to assemble counted cross-stitch squares into quilts, and send to seriously ill children throughout the United States. Quilts can be tailored to meet a theme that would be especially meaningful to a particular child. Pictures of the finished quilts and squares may be seen at <http://public.fotki.com/LOVEQUILTS/>. Parents apply for a quilt by completing an online application. Anyone with questions about the project can write to Vicki at Cyberfogie@aol.com, or to the project founder, Cathy, at LOVEQUILTS1999@AOL.com.

Retirees agreed to meet the second Wednesday of April and October each year. The next get-together is scheduled for April 14, 2010, at O'Charley's on Highway 378 in Lexington, SC.

NORMAN ALLEY - Alabama - Ruth Ann and I had a wonderful trip back to South Carolina in May, 2009. We enjoyed visiting with friends from the past. This photo is of Forest Service friends who came and had breakfast with us one morning. We thought you might want to put it in *The Dixie Ranger*. We sure enjoy reading the publication. (see the photo and identities of these FS retirees on page 10)

DON KIGHT - Kentucky - Enclosed are our dues for 2 years. Also, we have a new e-mail address. (see change in Changes/Additions) Trout and Walleye are doing well on Laurel Lake; now, if I could figure out how to catch them. This past spring we caught six trout over 20", the largest one was 23". The Daniel Boone Fishing Frolic is down to five or six of us. Come join us the week before the Kentucky Derby, week of April 26th thru 30th. We have plenty of room and boats for several people.

JACK GODDEN - Wisconsin - We didn't make the 2009 Reunion; were in the process of moving into a condo with a change of address for us. (see Changes/Additions) I'm enclosing a check for another year of *The Dixie Ranger*, probably my last year as my acquaintances with the R-8 of my generation are becoming fewer and fewer. They for sure were the "Glory Years" – two decades 1955-1975 – of what I believe were our greatest accomplishments - the time for decision making by professional foresters, with qualified Techs and Aids without the "age of planning", environmental studies for sake of an aroused, outside public, propaganda-sized by well salaried, nature fakers.

In downsizing I found the enclosed two-page story. I doubt I sent it earlier. It's from my old printer, written probably in the early 1990s. It dates back some 54 years - to SX radios, independent days of reconning prospective timber sales, followed by sales layout, days of marking, sales prep at District level. We moved millions of board feet of commercial timber, silvicultural treatments - some of the "cutover", planted areas, today's Roadless Areas, Scenic Rivers and "Wilderness". Few of those past forestry efforts rarely, have been recognized by today's press or busy computerized Forest Service employees. (Jack's story is on page 15)

I've about exhausted my "Tributes" to the few living, many deceased, Forest Service employees I met in my tour as historical additions to yours and the Eastern Region's Retirees' Newsletter. I've provided my "swan song" to the latter as their Historians since 1998. If anything spirits my future authorship of interest to *The Dixie Ranger*, I'll keep your editors in mind – their prerogative for printing. As many of today's readers won't recognize or think of the past as entertaining – some of us old timers are not ready to give up those good memories and associations. Keep up the good work.

P. S. On the weekend of October 3rd & 4th, I was surprised to meet, at a motel near Madison, WI, Don Eng, retired South Carolina NF Supervisor with his wife Jean. Both our families were attending our grand-daughters' weddings. Our wives had to interrupt fire memories of 1976 when Don was Acting Forest Supervisor of the Superior National Forest and I was in the Regional Office as expeditor of National Fire resources for three on-going Class "3" fires, in an extended fire season. Most unforgettable moments.

HARRY SWITZER - Tennessee - Enclosed is my check for three years membership extension, including my overdue payment for 2009. I am also including a picture and name list of attendees at a 1967 Forest Service I & E Training session held in Alexandria, Louisiana. Quite an imposing group thanks to former Chief Dale Robertson's presence as a trainee. I also note that Dave Jolly was there as well as so many others that I am sure all members will find a familiar and much younger version of someone they know. I hope it is publishable in *The Dixie Ranger*. (*see Harry's photo on page 21*)

TOM PRICE - Mississippi - Enclosed is my check for three years membership, with the expectation of living at least this long. During my career, I worked on the DeSoto, Delta and Holly Springs National Forests in Mississippi and in the Supervisor's Office; on the Cheoah, Nantahala National Forests in North Carolina; Kisatchie National Forest in Louisiana; Washington Office in Fire Management and Co-Op Fire; and in Region 5 Regional Office, State and Private Forestry. (Tom is a new member.)

LEE CROMLEY - Georgia - called to share Roy Gandy's latest adventure with our readers. To view the video of Roy skydiving, log onto www.YouTube.com (in the address line at http://) at the top of your internet screen; and then, in the search box type in "Roy Gandy Skydive." Looks like Roy is having a good time!

★★★★★

Now we know WHY he was a General!

In a recent interview, General Norman Schwarzkopf was asked if he thought there was room for forgiveness toward the people who have harbored and abetted the terrorists who perpetrated the 9/11 attacks on America. His answer was classic Schwarzkopf. The General said, "I believe that forgiving them is God's function. OUR job is to arrange the meeting."

★★★★★

I was at the airport, checking in at the gate when an airport employee asked, "Has anyone put anything in your baggage without your knowledge?" To which I replied, "If it was without my knowledge, how would I know?" He smiled knowingly and nodded, "That's why we ask."

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

HUGH BAZZLE (JUDY)
P.O. Box 311
Fairfield, VA 24435-0311
Phone: (540) 261-7304
E-mail: hbappraisals@embarqmail.com
Region 8, George Washington/
Jefferson National Forests

JAMES BURTON (JUDY)
8 Pete's Lane
Pineville, LA 71360
E-mail: jameslambertburton@yahoo.com
Ouachita/Ozark/St Francis
National Forests Fire Staff

HELEN M. EVANS
3225 Cowan Street N.W.
Cleveland, TN 37312
Phone: (423) 4728960
Cherokee National Forest

BILL HUGHES (KATHY)
3200 Terrace Drive
Marietta, GA 30066-4113
Phone: (770) 971-7785
E-mail: williammhughes@bellsouth.net
Region 8, Regional Office

MARCIA J. MacNAUGHTON
133 Hessian Hills Circle, Apt 1
Charlottesville, VA 22901-2537
Phone: (434) 295-1461
USDA Forest Service, Washington Office
Ecosystem Management

THOMAS L. PRICE (JEANETTE)
294 Hickory Hills Loop
Purvis, MS 39475
Phone: (601) 268-9129
E-mail: hickoryl@netdoor.com
Regional Office, R-5 S&PF

DIRECTORY CHANGES/ADDITIONS

Ivan Cupp - add e-mail: sofcupp@sbcglobal.net
Jack Godden - new address: 10614 N. Magnolia Drive, Mequon, WI 53092-5054
new e-mail: jdgodden@wi.rr.com
Don Kight - new e-mail: jdkight1@yahoo.com
John Orr - new e-mail: jhnorr@aol.com
Joy Patty - new address: 14074 AL Hwy 9, Piedmont, AL 36272-7905
new phone: (256) 435-3846
Billy Page - add e-mail: twopages@bellsouth.net
Steve Rickerson - new e-mail: stephenrickerson@bellsouth.net
David Samuel - new e-mail: d.samuel@att.net
John Schulte - add e-mail: knj1@windstream.net
Harry Switzer - add phone: (423) 479-9351
add e-mail: hdsllms@bellsouth.net
Jim Taylor - temp change of address 10/30/09 - 05/01/2010:
7801 Nile River Road, West Palm Beach, FL 33411
Tom Tibbs - change e-mail to .com (not net)

New Membership Directory - March 2010

Your new directory will be sent in March 2010.....with **last names listed first**. We **goofed!**...and apologize for the format of the March 2009 Directory. Even though it was in alphabetical order by last names, it was extremely difficult to use with the first name listed before the last name. Since I use the directory a lot, I was properly punished!

IN MEMORIAM

Lynn Stump, 71, of Dunwoody, Georgia passed away on July 23, 2009. After moving to Atlanta, GA, in 1967, Lynn was employed in Public Affairs as a Visual Information Specialist by the Forest Service from 1977 to 1997. She was a member of the Northside Independent Methodist Church and the Sunshine Sunday School Class. Lynn is survived by her husband of twenty-six years, Orville Meness ("OM") and her seven children: Terri O'Barr of Hartwell, GA; Trey Thomas, Joanna Mulacek, Dianne Swilling, Jody Stump, Cindy Davenport, and Tom Stump, all of Atlanta, GA; 10 grandchildren; 1 great-grandchild; and her sister, Paula Grau of Vicksburg, MS. Lynn was a member of SFSRA.

Remer Crum, 96, passed away August 8, 2009, at his home in Atlanta, GA. Mr. Crum retired from the U. S. Forest Service in the 1970s. Earlier in his life, having excelled in baseball and football at Cordele High School, Remer was a member of the Cordele Southeast Semi-Pro Baseball League. He went on to receive his education at Middle Georgia College and at Georgia Tech. Trained as a civil engineer, his early career included employment by the State of Georgia Hwy Dept in the mid 30's in La Grange, GA and employment by the Calloway family to start the design and planning of the Calloway Gardens facility in Pine Mountain, GA. Following the December 7, 1941, bombing of Pearl Harbor, he received a request from the U.S. Department of the Navy to go to Honolulu as a civil engineer to help in the rebuilding of Pearl Harbor. He was joined by his wife, Emily, who also worked for the Department of the Navy. They returned to Atlanta in 1950, where he joined a construction company prior to being employed by the Forest Service. After retirement, he spent the last part of his life as an investor and real estate manager of an 83-acre office park, known as Century Center Park in Atlanta.. Having a great love for the outdoors, Remer enjoyed fishing, gardening and growing apples for many years. He and his wife, Emily, were active and devoted members of St. Mark's United Methodist Church and Peachtree Road United Methodist Church. The Crums have been long-time supporters of higher education in Georgia. In 2000 they announced substantial endowments to Mercer University and LaGrange College. Remer was named a lifetime member of the Board of Trustees and lifetime member of the President's Club of Mercer University and was awarded a lifetime standing as Fellow of LaGrange College and membership in the Quadrangle Society. He was president of the Fisher-Crum Foundation until his death and was awarded a Doctor of Laws from Mercer University in 2001 and a Doctor of Philanthropy by LaGrange College in 2002. He is survived by his devoted wife of 70 years, Emily Fisher Crum and several nieces and nephews; sister-in-law Sue Johnson Crum; several great nieces and nephews, and several great-great nieces and nephews. Remer was a member of the SFSRA.

Lawrence (Mic) Amicarella, retired Forest Service Employee, passed away on May 28, 2009, after a 7-year battle with colon cancer.

Bob Hamner, passed away on June 23, 2009, in Grand Junction, Colorado, after a valiant battle with brain cancer. Bob enjoyed a long Forest Service career in Range Management where he was affectionately known as the "Kunta Kinte" of grazing permit administration because of his incredible expertise. Having worked in Regions 1, 6 and 4, Bob has a cadre of devoted mentorees all across this country. Survivors include his wife Jan.

Henry C. "Clay" Smith died August 15, 2009. He joined the Forest Service in 1962 and served for many years as the principle silviculturist and project leader at the agency's Northern Research Station Timber and Watershed Laboratory in Parsons, West Virginia, where he spent his entire



South Carolina Retirees Gather for Breakfast with Norm and Ruth Ann Alley

Left to right: Norm Alley, Bill Hanson, Dennis Law, Joyce Watts, Bryant Watts, Jean Eng, Don Eng, Dave Rosdahl & Oscar Stewart

2009 FOREST SERVICE REUNION - MISSOULA, MONTANA



Chief Tidwell with Beryl Johnston
Reunion Chairman



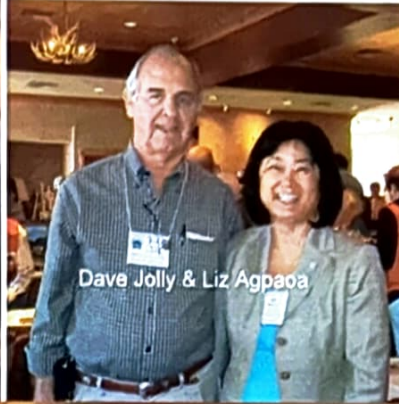
Jeanette & Edmar Beasley
Fmr Chief Dale Robertson



Fmr Chief Max Peterson
& Jan



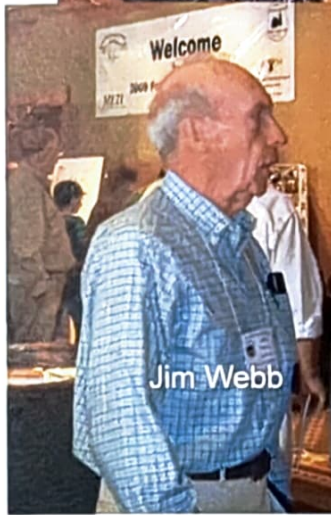
Ann Jones & Daughter, Barbara



Dave Jolly & Liz Agpaoa



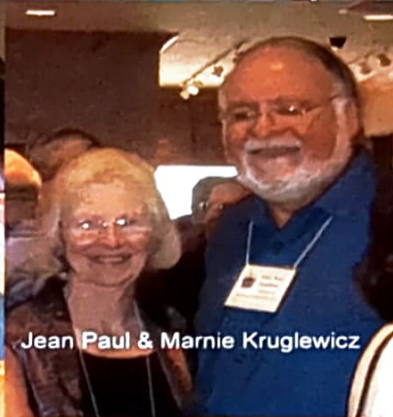
Fern & Jerry Coutant



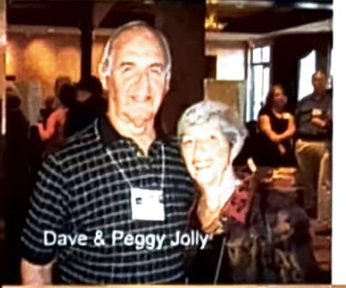
Jim Webb



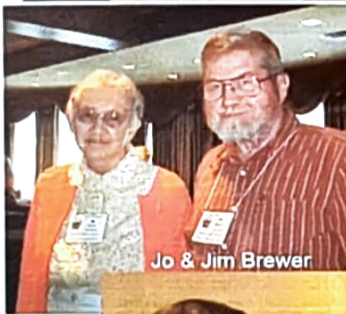
Keith Argow



Jean Paul & Marnie Kruglewicz



Dave & Peggy Jolly



Jo & Jim Brewer



Ralph Mumme, Dick Fitzgerald & Dave Jolly



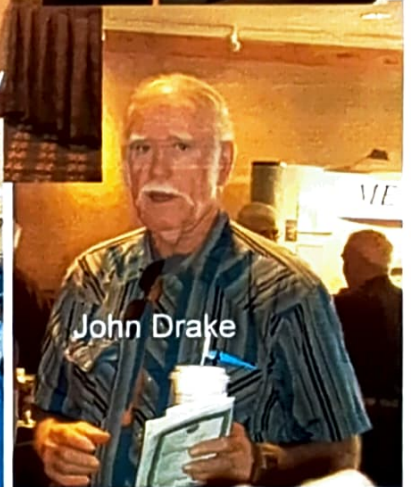
Dave & Audrey Scott



Lynn Sprague, Dick Wengert, John Marker



Dave Rosdahl



John Drake

career, except for a four-year stint in Burlington, Vermont. During his career, his research on reproduction, growth and development of quality Appalachian hardwoods focused on practical management guidelines for forest managers and landowners. Particularly notable was his work on crop-tree management, grapevine control, and his contributions to the award-winning *Managing your Woodlot* video series. He retired in 1994 and maintained an active interest in forestry as a practicing landscaper, forestry consultant and wildlife photographer. Clay was named a SAF Fellow in 1995.

Josephine "Peaches" Sherman, 79, passed away on September 29, 2009, in Palm Coast, Florida. Peaches moved from Newnan, Georgia, two years ago. She worked in State & Private Forestry and other offices in the Regional Office in Atlanta where she was an Administrative Trainer for the Forest Service before retiring. Peaches was very involved with her children's and grandchildren's sports activities through the years and, in 1964, she helped establish the Georgia Youth Football Association. She possessed a wonderful sense of humor and always remained a true southern woman. Preceded in death by her husband, Howard; daughter, Sherry Dollar; and son, Douglas, she is survived by sons William (Buck) and Scotty Sherman; 10 grandchildren; 9 great-grandchildren; and one sister, Alice Shurtleff. Peaches was active in the retirees' association for several years and was a member of SFSRA.

Faith Riley Skoog passed away on September 8, 2009, after a long battle with cancer which she faced with grace and dignity. A Hot Springs, Arkansas, **Sentinel-Record** reporter wrote that, "Time spent with her was never maudlin. It was punctuated by sailing stories, prognostications for her beloved Razorbacks, and shared pictures detailing the progress of the home she and Mike were building." Faith loved the outdoors and worked for the Forest Service as an Illustrator and Public Affairs Specialist. She was at home with the Ouachita National Forest family, a mother hen who cared about younger professionals long after her retirement. She was an active member of the Hot Springs National Park Rotary Club where she served as the first woman president; worked with the Garland County Relay for Life, the American Cancer Society and local physicians to stress the team concept of providing quality health services for men and women stricken with the disease." Faith retired from the Forest Service in 2005.

LOOKING BACK

BY Jim McConnell

A couple of days ago I was rummaging through an old file of papers belonging to Lester Schaap, Elaine's dad. He spent a major part of his life as a Forest Service ranger in several locations. Among the papers was an issue of Newsweek magazine. It had the date of Jun 2, 1952, with Smokey Bear on the cover. Needless to say, it piqued my interest. It is five full pages and two-thirds of another. I would consider that a lot from a national publication.

"America's best animal friend is a sturdy brown bear named Smokey. A sensible dresser, he is invariably clad in blue jeans and an old-time forest ranger's broad-brimmed campaign hat." The article credits Albert Staehle as the creator of Smokey's appearance.

"The Forest Service part of the USDA, supervises the country's 151 national forests which have a combined area of 181,255,449 acres. Although 30,000,000 Americans visited these forests in 1951, they are immensely more than mere playgrounds. Collectively, the national forests comprise almost a tenth of the nation's land. But commercially speaking, two thirds of their area is almost worthless – the bare tops of high mountains, inaccessible wilderness, precipitous slopes overgrown with brush, or unfathomable swamps."

"This year, nevertheless, 10% of the nation's lumber will come from its national forests. A total of 9,000,000 animals – 11.6% of all beef cattle and 24.8% of the stock sheep in the US - will graze on forest pastures. Some 2,500,000 big-game animals provide sport for hunters. Almost every important Western river, the source of drinking and irrigation water, rises on carefully protected watersheds within national forests. Good times or bad, the service has stuck to its business of working the forests and making forests work. Most Congressmen would as soon abuse their own mothers as be unkind to the Forest Service. This spring when one member of the House of Representatives suggested a \$600,000 cut in next year's allotment, 34 of his fellows leaped to their feet, vying to orate against him. With only two dissenting votes, the economy-minded House killed the slash."

"Decentralization started with a bang in 1908. Gifford Pinchot shot a curt memorandum to his Washington staff: Get out into the woods or get out of the service. Today only 2% of the entire staff, including clerical workers, are stationed in Washington. This compact headquarters is so well organized that letters almost always get answered two days. The system works because of the service's 2,500 foresters are spoon-fed from the junior forester stage on a diet of responsibility and intense loyalty to the organization. The man who rises through the Forest Service is of a peculiar breed. He is a woodsman, a scientist, an engineer, an economist, an accountant, a public relation expert, and something of a nomad."

I'll continue this rundown of the Newsweek article from June, 1952, in the next *Dixie Ranger* .

FYI - In keeping with Smokey's 65th birthday, you can learn more about Smokey Bear and wildfire prevention by visiting: www.smokeybear.com

Smokey's "big book", The Smokey Bear Story, a beautifully illustrated children's book, is available for purchase (free to teachers) at www.symbols.gov .

EARLY TALES FROM THE CHEROKEE NATIONAL FOREST 1954 - 1956

by Jack Gadden

"BLOODY" STARR MOUNTAIN - This mountain parallels the valley for several miles immediately east of Etowah, TN, and is the western boundary of the Hiwassee Ranger District. The "Bloody" part comes from the story of the Lakey boys who killed a bootlegger and left his body in the brush for the buzzards (featured in a pulp Detective magazine in 1955). I happened to meet them before this murder when Melvin Dalton of Epperson, TN, and I came upon their still one summer day while doing inventory work for the District Timber Management Plan. They met us with shotguns, gave me a fresh pint of their run, but let us go on with our work (another story in itself).

I didn't leave any blood on this mountain but left some sweat, cussing and had frustrations one day doing reconnaissance work for a possible timber sale. Hilman Hargis, our Forestry Technician and work companion met me while I parked my jeep, then drove me in his truck to the top of the mountain. I was to proceed north and drop off the ridge down into some old-growth timber shown on our aerial photographs. With a 13 pound SX radio set, lunch, water, aerial photos, map and compass I took off. My plan was for my legs to get me back to my parked jeep about quitting time.

Within the hour, I dropped off the ridge top starting my traverse into a cove. Pushing my way through a Virginia Pine thicket, I stopped on a large flat rock covered with pine needles. Within a few steps, the needle cover beneath my feet gave way, and my right heel locked in a crack in the rock. My weight with pack on my back went forward, wrenching my ankle. I found I couldn't support my weight without pain and some kind of support. But I had my radio! It proved of no value as our only Forest Service Lookout - Buck Bald - was out of range of my A.M. radio and a few mountains between us proved impossible for communicating. I tore up my old Army fatigue shirt to strap the ankle, ate an early lunch to lighten my load, packed the radio, and slid on my rear end down a slope where I found some oak saplings. One was to become my "crutch". After whittling it down with my only cutting tool - my pocket knife - then removing some branches, I made a crutch, only to find it too long! After 15 minutes or so of whittling off a few inches of its length I tried it again. It proved o.k. It was to be the support I needed to stand, but could I walk with it, especially down slope? The answer was quick in coming - I continued sliding down the hill on my rear to the bottom of the cove and start of a stream bed. Then the crutch was put to use hobbling to a farm house that showed on the aerial photos, about a half mile away. By mid afternoon I came to the clearing above the house. I was in the "home stretch" for help, hopefully.

It was never wise to approach mountain people's homes from the rear. So I went around to the front, announcing myself by hollering a few "hellos", hobbled to the front door, then asked the question: "Anybody home?" I raised an old hound dog who was inside and the lady of the house. She came to the door mumbling something, saw me and then disappeared. Now what? The hound stayed inside snarling a bit at me, the stranger at the door. In a few seconds, the man of the house came forward with a double barrel shot gun. His response: "What happened to you?" It then dawned on me why I startled his wife. That year Etowah was celebrating its centennial year and we men were growing beards for the ceremonies. I had grown an unruly reddish beard, my shirt had been torn for strapping my ankle, my pants were thread worn and dirty. I had a pack on my back and crutch under my arm pit. I envisioned myself looking like a ghost from the Confederate Army. He found me a chair to rest on the porch and called for his wife for some drinking water. This she delivered in a quart mason jar. It was cool and most refreshing.

I explained my situation and asked if he could drive me to the nearest telephone. "Sure, the good Lord said to help a man in need and Mister, you look like you need some help." He went for his truck keys. I then noticed a limp in his walk, probably from arthritis. I thanked his Mrs., left to load up my gear in his truck and we took off down the mountain. Luckily he had the truck in first gear as he couldn't shift too well. He kept the vehicle out of the ditch, off the shoulders, and steered for the center of the road. When we approached my earlier parked jeep, I told him to drop me off as I thought I could drive it down the hill. It was for my own safety. I thanked him many times over and helped him get his truck turned around for his return up the mountain. Then it was the experience of driving with one foot, putting the jeep into gear and guiding it down grade to "black top" and the nearest telephone.

I called Chumney our Zone Dispatcher at Tellico Plains and he sent a driver over to drive me to Etowah. X-rays showed a broken bone in my heel. I was on crutches for two weeks. The fourteen steps to our upstairs office became another challenge, as did the paper work for the injury and office duty.

Hargis, my best friend, never forgave himself for not being on the radio that day. Thinking he might have heard my distress call. The Ranger thought me crazy to have carried the SX radio off the mountain. The Regional Office grieved over the thought of a forester out in the woods out of touch

with the "office". Foresters long before had done the same. After all, somebody would have found me, sooner or later; hopefully before the buzzards who located for the searchers the body of the bootlegger who crossed up the Lakey Boys on "Bloody Starr" a few months earlier.

Pastor's Pulpit is a column in our local newspaper here in Alexander City. We would like to share the following story from a recent edition. It was written by a Baptist minister who has a good sense of humor. "This past week I took my lovely wife to the Smoky Mountains to see the fall foliage. For some reason she thinks the leaves are prettier in the mountains than they are in our yard. I told her if she waited a few more weeks she could see all the leaves she wanted up close and personal as she raked them. Of course, that didn't go over too well and I was reminded of our personal covenant with one another, which basically states that if she wants my opinion on any subject she will ask for it, otherwise, keep it to myself. I guess I just forgot for a minute. There are so many rules I do that a lot lately. So, off to the Smokeys we go and start looking for leaves and bears. Very soon we found both and here is where the adventure begins.

My sweetie got out of the car to take some pictures of the bear and was having a great time until the bear started her way. I thought it would be funny if I locked the doors to the car and let the bear get closer before I let her in. I knew better, but again I had one of those relapses. She grabbed the door handle, looked through the window and I could see fire in her eyes and hear her teeth grinding together. Before I could finish unlocking the door, I heard the handle being wrenched out of the door and a deep growl. I knew it wasn't from the bear so I quickly unlocked the door and started getting out as she was getting in. I figured I was safer with the bear than her. After slamming the door I heard the door locks click into place and could see a smirk of scary proportion on her face. In the meantime the bear walks around the car to where I was and I thought wrestling a bear is child's play compared to getting back in the car with my now distraught wife. However, the old bear looked at the damaged car, me standing placidly awaiting death and then at my wife smiling like a Cheshire cat, and he just shook his head, looked a little sad and walked away. I figured he was a married bear and understood my predicament.

After thumbing back to Gatlinburg, I finally got my wife to understand it was just a dumb joke and that I would never, ever do anything like that again. She allowed that it would have been funny if the bear had eaten me, but that she would forgive because she needed someone to carry her packages as she shopped. So here in the midst of the most beautiful mountains in the eastern United States, I had the privilege of visiting Christmas stores, boutiques, discount malls and outlet centers. I think it would have been kinder if the bear had eaten me.

When the Psalmist wanted to describe the majesty of God he called Him the God of the mountains. The awesomeness of those mountains is a testimony to God's power in creation. The song has it right, "Our God is an awesome God". I'm home now and I've been thinking about my bear trick not going so well. So I've rented a Big Foot outfit for Halloween and I'm going to surprise my sweetie and watch her fall out laughing. I just know she is going to think this is a cute idea when I jump her on the way to her car one night. Boy that girl is lucky to have such a fun-loving husband."

Wisdom comes with age, but sometimes age comes alone.

NMFSH Museum Application

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

Mr. ___ Mrs. ___ Dr. ___ Name: _____ Address: _____
City/State/Zip: _____ Daytime Ph: _____
E-Mail: _____ New Renewal GIFT

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	\$1000r more
Contributing	\$150 or more		

Yes – Start sending my newsletter to the e-mail address above.

Forest Products Laboratory Oral Histories

The Museum reports that a collection of interviews with 52 current and former employees of the Forest Products Laboratory (FPL), located in Madison, Wisconsin, is now available on the internet. The interviews were conducted as part of an oral history project undertaken by the University of Wisconsin-Madison Oral History Program in cooperation with the FPL, to document the Forest Products Laboratory's history in their work to promote healthy forest and forest-based economies through the efficient, sustainable use of our wood resources in Wisconsin and the United States in preparation for the FPL's centennial anniversary in 2010.

Internet link to the FPL oral histories: <http://digicoll.library.wisc.edu/FPLHist/>

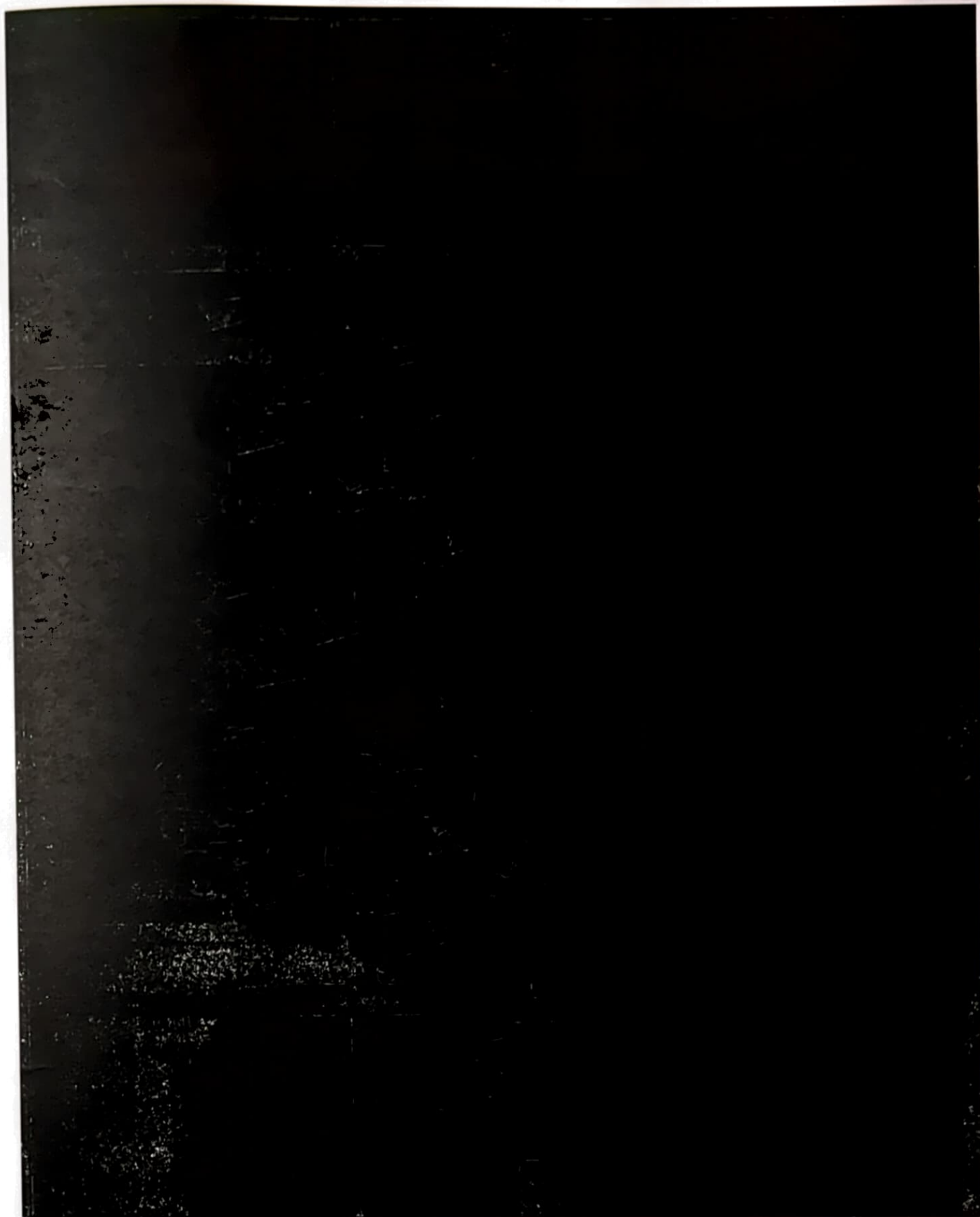
From the Museum's Newsletter Repository Corner – **Ranger's Records and Reports**

The first Forest Service Manual, "Use of the National Forest Reserves, Regulations and Instructions," or USE BOOK, issued by the Secretary of Agriculture on July 1, 1905, required all rangers to keep a diary in the notebook furnished for that purpose, in which each ranger will enter for each day of service his movements, the work performed, and the status of reserve work or reserve business upon which he has engaged."

Keeping a daily diary was required until the mid 1960s. Most rangers were happy to see them go as the requirement was very time consuming.

Rangers used their diaries to prepare monthly reports to their supervisors. Each work activity was summarized with its numeric code. There are 86 ranger diaries in the Museum Collection.

Sent in by Harry Switzer I&E Training Workshop, Alexandria, Louisiana - November 7-9, 1967
(Attendees are listed on the following page.)



Attendees - I&E Training Workshop, Alexandria, LA, 1967: Front row, left to right: June Terry; Bert Bray; Russ Daley; Winston Smith; Vernon Robinson; Jack Boren' Gene Jackson; Jack Hambrick; Jim Brown; Al Pepper; Will Schowalter; John Olson; Bob Butler; Johnny Warnock; Bob Wirsching; Harry Rossoll; Tom Fair; Dave Jolly; Dale Robertson; Amel Landgraf; Cary Williams; Bill Padgett; Ron Terry; Joe Brown; Roland Treubig; Harry Collins; Dan Brown; Tom Price; Bob Hintz; Art Cowley; Forrest Carpenter; Ken Henderson; John Cooper; Harry Switzer; George Wasson; and Bill Huber

EXCERPT FROM DON ASHWORTH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

It had been raining for three days; the weather was unseasonably warm for December, even in Arkansas. On the day before when we left Atlanta, twelve tornadoes had been reported in Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois. At 5:30 in the morning a steady rain peppered the limousine on the way to the airport. It was unusual to get an early flight back to Atlanta after a week of travel. The thing that made it so unusual was that these small 18-passenger aircraft are usually filled on Friday with businessmen trying to get home for the weekend. Of course I was one of those businessmen, but didn't think I would get on the flight because I had attempted to change my reservations at the very last minute. (My original flight to Atlanta was scheduled for 12:45 PM.) The Skyways Airlines flight 745 was on schedule as we left the Fayetteville airfield that morning at exactly 5:30 AM. The second leg of our flight was to be to Memphis and finally on to Atlanta at about 1:00 PM. The bumpy ride to Fort Smith really wasn't bad because we were flying between the cloud layers. It was dark and dreary with some uncomfortable tilts and turns.

At Fort Smith, I took the opportunity to walk around a bit, just in case we were delayed leaving, or in case the trip took longer than the hour and ten minutes scheduled. These small 18-passenger aircraft are rather cramped for space, have no rest room and must be boarded by bending from the waist as a person works his way toward the seat. The seating is in single rows, one on either side of the aisle. Only the minimal amount of luggage can be carried on board because there simply isn't any space beneath the seat and none overhead. As we settled into our seats, there was the usual small talk about the cramped confines. The co-pilot welcomed his eighteen passengers aboard as the aircraft taxied onto the tarmac. He asked that seatbelts be kept tight as there would be some turbulence on the rainy day. It was raining heavily now. The takeoff down the field and liftoff was like many others I had experienced in my fifteen years of flying. Twelve of the fifteen had required trips at least three weeks out of each month. With this history of flying, nothing that might happen on a flight would be really new to me. That idea was to vanish quickly and with awesome suddenness in less than twenty minutes after becoming airborne.

Almost immediately, the airplane confronted some fairly rough air. It subsided quickly, however. We were climbing through a layer of gray-white rain clouds. For about twenty minutes, I read a magazine and enjoyed a smooth ride with only an occasional bump and grind. The two young ladies across the aisle were talking about a family member being confined to a mental health center at Benton, Arkansas. The daughter of the man was apparently not too happy with his treatment. Having experienced a similar circumstance with Peggy's mother, I could empathize with her.

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, through the small round window, I envisioned a lightning strike. Surely not, I thought. I told myself it was sheet lightning and nothing to worry or become concerned about. Once again I got a glimpse of lightning in a semi-dark outside. This time I began to peer out my own personal window to the world outside. These openings on small planes are always too low to fit a person with any height. I am six-feet tall, hence the window struck me about shoulder high and dropped to my elbow. To get a good look, a person must scoot down in his seat.

With a seatbelt on, this is virtually impossible. As I started to loosen the belt, a sudden jolt and shudder rocked the airship. The seatbelt was cinched a little tighter instead of loosening!

Lightning began to crash and smash on all sides. The plane pitched, shuddered and went into a quick short dive. By this time, the pilot had pulled the curtain between himself and the passengers. It became apparent that he and the co-pilot were both having to steer the ship by holding onto the controls simultaneously. Heavy rains and hail peppered the windshield. Vision out the porthole became almost totally obscured. The plane kicked, tilted, twisted, and once again dropped in altitude.

The young lady across the aisle grabbed my arm and said in a calm but anxious voice, "This is it, isn't it?" I asked her if she was a Christian. She did not respond. The girl behind her began a soft, soulful weeping. Other passengers were a blur to me. At this point, being a Christian, I told the Lord that I appreciated the life he had given me. I had two regrets; firstly, I was not sure how my wife, Peggy, and the kids would make it. Maybe I should have provided more insurance. Secondly, and much more regrettable, I had not taken in Bible doctrinal teaching nearly as completely as I had wanted. My life had not been what I knew it should have been.

About five months prior to this experience, I had taken up jogging. By now, I was running three miles a day, three or four days a week. For a forty-nine year old man, I was in better shape than at any time in my life. Thought crossed my mind.....what did I do all that exercising for! Never during the talk with the Lord did I ever ask Him to spare my life. It seemed right that I should die. I accepted it as a fact, I was nervous, but extremely calm. My fingers tingled, my respiration was likely elevated and my senses were sharp. I was about to die and accepted it as a part of living.

Abruptly, the pilot threw back the curtain. He was as white as a sheet, but very calm. He asked, "Are you all okay?" The girl next to me, noting his pale appearance, said, "Yes, but how about you?" He smiled a stiff grin and said he was okay, and that they were doing everything they could. About twenty minutes had passed since we hit the fury of the storm; some twenty or twenty five minutes later we broke out of the grasp of the thunder and lightning. I am only guessing at time. Not once did I look at my watch. It didn't even occur to me. The flight remained bumpy and the sky choppy, but we had passed through the entrance to death. Now that I look back, it wasn't all that bad. On several occasions in my life, I have survived by God's grace, as He interceded with the strength of the Guardian Angel assigned to me. Never have I been so near death! Life really is a vapor....it's here for a moment and then gone. Since my brush with death, I've taken on a strangely different look at people, places and events. Life seems to have taken on a third dimension. I'm not sure it can be explained. Little things are more important. For instance, I have a cat, or my daughter has a cat. I have always hated cats. That little fellow looks different now. Rain is more beautiful, people are more real. Each person has his own space and the life he has is important. I don't want to invade his space except to let him know that God loves him.

It's all very strange, it can't be fully understood if you haven't been there. I have been there, done that. It must be like a person who survives a battle where others die. It might be like a person with cancer who is told he has only so many days to live. Then he attempts to live as much in that short time span as he can. Anyway....it has made a real difference in my life. Hopefully, the Lord will show me how to use it.

A conclusion is where you got tired of thinking.

SCHENCK CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CENTER ADVANCED FIRE MANAGEMENT TRAINING PROGRAM

The program began as a vision by Schenck staff, Mike Coren and Greg Philipp, National Forests in North Carolina in 2003. Drawing on the proud history of the Type II crews that for years Schenck CCC had provided for local and national wildland fire and all hazards incidents, these visionaries sought to create an Advanced Fire Management Training program utilizing the endless supply of Job Corps students from around the country. The concept was to create a training program and use the format of a Type II Initial Attack crew to provide the experience. Students entering this program are required to be currently enrolled in Job Corps, completed a Job Corps trade and received a high school diploma or GED. Fire and Aviation Management personnel from Regions 1 and 8, the Washington Office and Region 8 Regional Office, National Forests in North Carolina, as well as the Bureau of Indian Affairs formulated the plan to create this program. The goal of the program is to provide the students with quality training and incident assignments to develop a solid foundation for a career in fire management with the US Forest Service.

In the spring of 2007, Schenck applied for and received a grant from the Forest Service Fire and Aviation Management Diversity Initiative. Shortly thereafter, Schenck requested the creation of the Advanced Fire Management Training program through the Department of Labor. The program was recognized by the Department of Labor (DOL) in July. The first nine students arrived at Schenck in October 2007.

In May 2008, four more students entered the program and three graduated in May 2009. Like their predecessors, these graduates entered Student Career Enhancement Program (SCEP) positions on the Daniel Boone, Shawnee, and Chequamegon-Nicolet National Forests. In November 2008, thirteen students entered the program. Eight graduated in October 2009. Seven graduates entered SCEP positions on the Pisgah, Nantahala, Chattahoochee-Oconee, and Mark Twain National Forests. Two graduates were placed with the PatRick Environmental contractor, and one graduate entered a SCEP position with the Davidson River IA crew. In May 2009, eleven students entered the program. Eight of these students are in the second phase of their training and one student has elected to enter the military. In November 2009, nine students entered the program and are in the first phase of the training program.

From the beginning, the crew has been busy on assignments. In 2008 the crew worked on 30 wildfire, prescribed fire, and all hazard assignments in the states of Florida, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Texas. In 2009 the crew worked on a total of 56 wildfire, prescribed fire and all risk assignments in the states of North Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Louisiana, California and New Mexico. These types of assignments, combined with approximately 500 hours of NWCG (National Wildfire Coordinating Group) training, are what make up the majority of this programs training.

In addition to the DOL, Forest Service, and Job Corps, an active CCC Advisory Committee provides recommendations and hands-on support in the development and maintenance of the program. *(Contributed by Anthony M. Conte, Acting Crew Superintendent Davidson River IA and Instructor, Advanced Fire Management and Forestry-Natural Resources Management Training Programs and current Field Office Representative, Forest Health Protection, Region 8.)*

It's that time of year again! 2010 dues are to be paid by January 1, 2010. Your mailing label shows the year through which your dues are paid. For example, if your label shows (09) your dues are paid through December 31, 2009. Beginning January 1, 2010 we will have a new Treasurer. Tom Tibbs has offered to accept the nomination, and we are assuming that he will be elected at our December-Christmas luncheon. As a result, **beginning on January 1, 2010** you should send your dues to Tom at: 627 Oak Lane, Marion, VA 24354. Tom's e-mail is gtibbs@embarqmail.com.

Most of our members tell us that they believe the member in-put is really the backbone of the Dixie Ranger and we don't want to do anything that inhibits the free flow of material for publication. So, since the Jollys will continue as Editors, anything you want published in the Dixie Ranger should be sent to us at: 128 Wind Trace, Alexander City, AL 35010. Our e-mail is djollysr@comlinkinc.net. If you feel more comfortable sending it with your dues, go ahead and send it to Tom and he will get it to us. Jim McConnell has agreed to compose the obituaries and send them to us. So you should send any of that information to Jim at: 3699 Wentworth Lane, Lilburn, GA 30047-2256. Jim's e-mail is elanjim@bellsouth.net.

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.

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After January 1, 2010

Tom Tibbs
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Marion, VA 24354

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REMINDERS– Luncheon reservations need to be called in by Monday, November 30th
Mark your calendar today! (See page 2)

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Published in March, July and November. Dues are \$10 per year, payable in January. Mailing address:
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