

THE DIXIE RANGER

Published by the Southern Forest Service Retirees Association
Vol. XL No. 2

July 2013



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The Southern Forest Service Retirees Association's purpose is to circulate among members information of interest to them generally; to promote involvement in the community, regional and national affairs, particularly those concerned with forest and land management; and to inform members of new activities, problems, policies and plans of the U. S. Forest Service and forestry in general.

Luncheon meetings are held the first Thursday of June and December of each year. Dues are \$10 per year, payable in January.

Do you need to renew your dues in 2013? Check the year on your address label.

President's Corner

"Make it a habit to tell people thank you. To express your appreciation, sincerely and without the expectation of anything in return. Truly appreciate those around you, and you'll soon find many others around you. Truly appreciate life, and you'll find that you have more of it." - Ralph Marston

We all have experiences where somebody does something really nice for us and we say thanks. If you are like me, I seem to seldom get around to writing a note or letter to them, which I should do. Recently, we had an experience at Emory Hospital where everybody went overboard to provide exceptional care. When we left I said we were going to send a letter in addition to the note we left in the room. Guess what? It is now 2 weeks later and the letter is still blank. Yesterday I read a letter from a Mother to one of her children's teachers. I was so impressed by her feelings that I thought you might enjoy it, too. I changed the names so as not to indentify her, the teacher, or the children.

Dear Mrs. Teacher,

I know it's strange that I still call you that, even though we are friends, but my deep respect for what gets you out of bed everyday won't let me call you by your first name until I no longer have a child in your classroom! I hope you already know how much I appreciate you, but I wanted to write it down so that years from now, when you are retired and wondering what became of your students, you can read this and know that once upon a time, there was a mother with a grateful heart.

Our family is keenly aware that we are doubly blessed to have you as our teacher for not one, but two years. Thank you for everything. Thank you for teaching my children about writing, math, social studies, SCIENCE, and every part of the curriculum. Thank you for teaching them things that are not part of the curriculum, like kindness, self-control, respect for others, and love. Thank you for praying for my kids when you laid down to sleep at night, when you were driving, and in the morning when the school was quiet and you walked from desk to desk, asking God to help each child that day. Thank you for showing them how to say goodbye and grieve while walking away with a smile, as you did last year when our school closed and we all moved to a new one. Thank you for walking back into your classroom the Monday after the Newtown tragedy, when you probably felt like crawling back under the bedcovers. Thank you for reading to your class while they huddled under their desks that day for what they thought were tornado drills. Thank you for coming to work when you were tired or hurting or sad, and teaching with such joy that the kids never knew of your discomfort. Thank you for believing in my kids, and all of the kids, even on days when their behavior or your stress would have made it easy to doubt.

Decades from now, when our son and daughter are in a nursing home somewhere (hopefully not together, because how much stress can the staff handle?), they will think back on the people and the places that they treasured in their hearts...their parents, grandparents, children, spouses, and good friends. I am absolutely certain that you will come to mind and they will say, "Once, I had this amazing teacher who taught me to love learning because she loved me so fiercely that I couldn't help but believe in myself!"

Notes from our Southern Region Regional Forester, Liz Agpaoa

It was April or May that I received an email message that contained a letter RF Liz Agpaoa wrote to the Region 8 employees. I thought those of you that didn't get the message would appreciate reading it. – DR editor

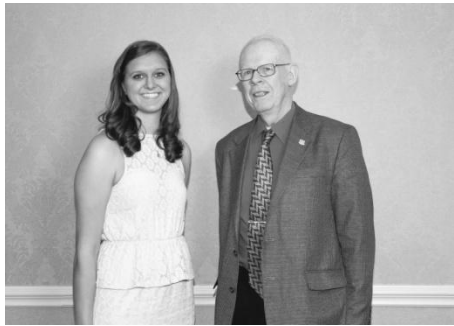
Earlier this week, I headed to Denver for a meeting with the Regional Foresters and Station Directors. It was 72 degrees in Atlanta when I left work for the airport. The weather reported for Denver was increasing snow and temperatures below freezing. With budget and organizational issues weighing on my mind, I waited at the gate and noticed a young man wearing a USMC tee-shirt with a logo of Afghanistan, and shorts. I immediately saw that he had prosthetic legs, as he walked around the gate area. For many reasons, he was a compelling figure to me and I approached him and simply asked, "How are you doing?" The parent in me needs to know this. He smiled and said he was doing fine, and I shook his hand with gratitude. While sitting on the plane waiting for take-off, the co-pilot came on the intercom and informed us that due to sequestration, we would be delayed 20 minutes, sigh. As we waited, the pilot shared that they had the sad honor of bringing home a fallen soldier from war. Our flight to Denver was carrying the soldier home to his family. Once we landed, we were asked to stay seated. We watched as his remains were delivered to the waiting vehicle and then solemnly escorted to his family. The day's light was nearly gone and the snow was still falling, as the procession departed across the wet tarmac into the darkness. I felt such sadness for his family.

I also felt humbleness, for the service and immeasurable sacrifice inspired by these two encounters. As a Forest Service employee, service is our core value, our shield represents this. It had been awhile since I reminded myself that we too, provide great gifts through our service to people and the land, even though we weather the daily distractions of budget changes and uncertainty.

Because in the end, these are relatively small distractions in our lives. The work we do importantly changes lives for the better. The work we do changes the world for the better. As you lead out for the rest of the season, please remember what you do and how you do it will make a world of difference. Be safe and be of service.

Annual dues of \$10 are due no later than January 31st of each year. Check the address block on the envelope that this newsletter was mailed, just beyond your name. This date is the year through which your membership dues are paid. For example, if yours shows "2013" your membership is paid through December 31, 2013. Dues payments and any changes in your address, phone number, or email address should be sent to Tom Tibbs, Treasurer, 627 Oak Lane, Marion, VA 24354. Changes in your address, phone number, or email address may also be sent to Tom at gtibbs6@embarqmail.com.

Judith Fitzgerald Brooks Memorial Scholarship Awarded



Judith Fitzgerald Brooks Memorial Scholarship was established in honor of the late Judith Fitzgerald Brooks, who earned her BSFR degree in Forest Resources in 1984, and her MFR in 1995 from the UGA Warnell School of Forestry & Natural Resources. Judy was a Warnell School staff member from 1988 to 1999. This scholarship was established by Judy's parents, Richard (Dick) and Mary Fitzgerald, and her husband, Jeff Brooks, in her memory. The recipient must demonstrate an interest in sustainable forest production. It was awarded this year to

Kathleen Garcia and Jenny Staeben. Her dad, Dick Fitzgerald, an USFS WO employee and SFSRA member, said the endowment fund investment did pretty good this year, enabling the school to present two awards. Pictured with Richard is Kathleen Garcia who will be an intern this summer on the Allegheny National Forest. Jenny Staeben was not able to attend the banquet in that she was presenting a paper in Texas. She is working on her doctorate at the school.

THURSDAY, December 5TH — LUNCHEON MEETING

Make plans to attend the December 5th luncheon! This is a fun way to stay in touch with our fellow retirees and talk about what each other are doing. Members and guests will gather in Atlanta at the Petite Auberge Restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center, 2935 North Druid Hills Road, at 11:30 a.m. Lunch will be served at 12:00 noon. Reservations are necessary **by December 2nd** and can be made by calling Nancy Sorrells at (770) 469-5799 or Joyce Keith at (770) 277-5841 – leave a message on their answering machine if you do not reach one of them. **It is important to let either Nancy or Joyce know if you find that you are unable to attend after you have made a reservation because we are charged for the number of reservations turned in the day before the luncheon. Cost is \$16 per person.**

Is your information in the March 2013 Directory correct?

* * * * *

If not, let Tom Tibbs know so that we can publish the correction in the November 2013 Dixie Ranger and before the next directory comes out in March 2014.

R-8 RETIREES GET TOGETHER

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

Cobb County Georgia - Retirees are now meeting at the Kennesaw Whistle Stop Cafe, 1200 Earnest Barrett Parkway, Suite #10, Kennesaw, Georgia 30144. We meet on the last Tuesday of the month at 9:00 a.m. Good time for all with great fellowship.

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

Ouachita National Forest - Retirees, spouses and friends meet the third Tuesday of each month at 8:30 a.m. for breakfast at the Cracker Barrel Restaurant in the Cornerstone Shopping Center, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

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

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

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

Francis Marion & Sumter National Forests - Glenda Wood reports: The 2013 fall luncheon is scheduled for October 9, again at Ocean View Seafood at the West Columbia location. If you're traveling in or near that area and decide you can join us, please do - with or without reservations. FM&S retirees meet for lunch each year the 2nd Wednesday of April and October. For further details, contact: Ed Hedgecock email engineerhedge@aol.com. You may also contact Vicki Scott (803) 364-2504, or email cyberfogie@aol.com, or Glenda Wood (864) 445-4751 email tanner2010@centurylink.net.



"A nation that destroys its soils destroys itself. Forests are the lungs of our land, purifying the air and giving fresh strength to our people." – **Franklin D. Roosevelt**

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

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Achievement is only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it; so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it.

Many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience would have achieved success. As the tide goes all the way out, so, too, does it come all the way in. In business, or any other activity, sometime, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn.

A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed a hopeless failure may turn into a glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose. *Author Unknown.*

IN MEMORIAM

James A. Benedict
Martha Dubow
Ray Massey
Dan E. Williams

James Donald Cooper
Jack Dean Edwards
Max Swilling
Charles Hugh Young

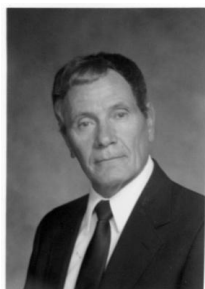
Dr. Warren T. Doolittle
Ralph M. Hooper
Bryant Watts



James A. Benedict of Troy died at the age of 62 on Thursday, May 23, 2013, at Kalispell Regional Medical Center after a struggle with cancer. Jim was born on Dec. 7, 1950, in Syracuse, N.Y. His parents were mother Anna Benedict and stepfather Ralph Benedict. Just out of high school, Jim joined the U.S. Navy. He served on the aircraft carrier Ticonderoga and one of the memorable events of his Navy career was the retrieval of the Apollo 17 command module in the Pacific Ocean on Dec. 19, 1972. Jim was a graduate of the State University of New York Ranger School in Wanakena, N.Y. He also received a bachelor of science in forestry from the University of Montana in Missoula. After Ranger School, Jim went to work for the Olympic National Forest in Quinalt, Wash. In 1978, he moved to Troy to work for the Troy Ranger District of the Kootenai National Forest. While working at Troy, he was able to complete his bachelor's degree program at the University of Montana. He then worked on a two-year assignment in forest inventory of the southeast states. He was hired back by the Kootenai National Forest, and while working at Troy, he received additional university training to become certified as a silviculturist. During his employment and after his retirement, he also served as an incident medical specialist and medical unit leader for wildland firefighting teams. Jim loved to spend time in the mountains, waters, and wilderness with his friends. He was an environmentalist in the true sense of the word. He loved to hunt, fish, and go canoeing, hiking and bicycling. He was also a longtime avid fan of the Montana Grizzly football team. He was also a student of United States and Montana history, who had an excellent grasp of important facts and their significance. Jim was an active participant in many community organizations. He was an emergency medical technician and a long-time member and officer of the Troy Volunteer Ambulance Service. He was on the board of directors and secretary of the Kootenai Valley Partners of Habitat for Humanity. He was an active member of the Society of American Foresters and served as chairman of the local chapter. He served on the finance council of the Libby/Troy Catholic Parish, and was a member of the Knights of Columbus. Jim was also active for many years as a scout leader in the Troy Boy Scout troop. Jim was an amazing individual with impeccable character. He had a wonderful sense of humor, and always enjoyed hearing or telling a good joke, even if it was at his expense. He was adored by his godchildren, Kathy and Todd, and by his many friends, and their children and grandchildren. Jim always wanted children of his own, and was disappointed that this never happened. He is surrounded by the love of his friends, who have become his family. Jim is survived by his close friends, Peggy Miller of Frederick, Md., Paul and Carol Parsons of Troy, Glen and Terry Herman of Troy, Randy and Judy Kelsey of Troy, Bernie Janoski of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Chris and Jackie Reichert of Troy, and his Godchildren, Todd Herman and Kathy (Williams) Lennon. Jim was preceded in death by his stepfather Ralph; his stepsister June and his mother Anna. The funeral service was held at 11 a.m. Saturday, June 8, at the Troy Immaculate Conception

Catholic Church in Troy. Bob Obedzinski added, “he was one of the implementers of the FS programs developed by many in this group. Jim represented well all that is good in the agency both at work and after and into his retirement. He worked mainly in the Northwest but also worked in the Southeast.”

James Donald Cooper, 82, a resident of Prattville, AL, went to be with the Lord on Sunday, August 19, 2012. Funeral services were held on Monday, August 20, 2012, 2:00 p.m. from the Chapel of Prattville Memorial with Dr. Travis Coleman officiating. Mr. Cooper was a loving husband, father, and grandfather who will be deeply missed. He retired from the USDA Forest Service after 30 years of dedicated service. He was preceded in death by his parents, Andrew and Ida Cooper; and one sister, Jean Pickard. He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Billie W. Cooper; one daughter, Donna G. Cooper; two sons, Dr. Alan B. Cooper and John M. Cooper; two grandchildren, Anna Weatherly Cooper and Samuel Eason Cooper; one brother, John C. (Jo) Cooper; numerous special nieces and nephews, Walter (Darla) Cooper, William (Fonda) Cooper, James (Charlotte) Pickard, Martha (Jim) Daly, Frances Williamson, Elizabeth (Robert) Ray, and Elaine (DeWayne) Havard. Serving as pallbearers were Walter Cooper, William Cooper, Preston Cooper, Jim Gaut, David Lewis, and Steve Willis. Honorary pallbearers were Pete Waldon's Sunday School Class. (Also reported in the Nov. 2012 DR, but more data became available.)



Dr. Warren T. Doolittle, age 91, passed away on Wednesday, March 20, 2013 at Prince William Hospital, Manassas, VA. He was born in Webster City, IA July 24, 1921, son of Ed and Rhoda Leone Doolittle. He is survived by his wife of 70 years, Jane Anne (Beddow) Doolittle, daughter Linda Bushar, son-in-law Thomas Bushar, son Randolph Doolittle, daughter-in-law LaRae Doolittle, son Steven Eric Doolittle and daughter-in-law Vicki Doolittle. He is also survived by three granddaughters, one grandson, two great granddaughters and two great grandsons. Warren was a veteran of both WWII and the Korean

War. Serving with distinction, he received the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with three oak leaf clusters, the European Theater of Operations with 5 Bronze Stars and the Korean Service Medal. He was a navigator trained in radar both for navigation and bombing, completing 29 missions in Europe and 17 missions in Korea. His planes were shot down several times but the crews survived as a result of heroic actions. During and after his military service Warren earned degrees from three Universities – Iowa State, Duke, and finishing with a PhD in Forestry from Yale. His professional career with the U. S. Forest Service was distinguished as well, serving as Director of Research for the Northeastern United States and retiring as Associate Deputy Chief for Research after 38 years of service. Earlier in his career he was with the SE Station in Asheville, NC. After retirement Warren remained active, serving as president of the Society of American Foresters in 1986 and fifteen years as president of the International Society of Tropical Foresters. In 1990 Warren received the Duke University Charles W. Ralston Award for Distinguished Alumni and in 2005 he received the Distinguished Alumnus Award from Yale University. Funeral services and burial took place at Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors.

Martha Dubow, wife of Dave Dubow, passed away May 12, 2013. Dave and Martha just sold their house in Dacula and were moving to a Retirement Community in Lake Mary, Florida. She became ill four days before their move and had been in Gwinnett Medical Hospital since her surgery. Our thoughts and deepest sympathy go to Dave and their family. Dave is a legend in the Forest Service and everyone enjoyed knowing Dave and Martha, and working with him. He retired from the Regional Office, Timber Management as Group Leader of Timber Sales in 1987. Dave and Martha were married 57 years and have three daughters, Leslie, Diane, and Linda. They are also very proud of their two grandsons and looking forward to a great-grandson next month. Dave will be leaving for their home in Florida shortly and the burial for Martha will be in a Military Cemetery there. His address is 1158 Royal Gardens Circle, Lake Mary, FL 32746. Let's keep this family in our prayers.



Jack Dean Edwards, 79, of Mills River, NC peacefully left this life on Saturday, May 18, 2013, at the Care Partners Solace Center surrounded by his family. A native of western North Carolina, Jack studied Engineering at Clemson University after graduating from high school. Realizing that the outdoors was his passion, he transferred to North Carolina State University where he obtained a baccalaureate degree in forestry.

After graduation, Jack began a 35-year career with the U. S. Forest Service. In 1957, he started on the Tallulah Ranger District, Chattahoochee National

Forest, Cleveland, GA, as a Forester. From 1958 to 1961, he continued working as a Forester in several locations: Hillsboro Land Utilization Project, Oconee National Forest, Hillsboro, GA; Chestatee Ranger District, Chattahoochee National Forest, Clayton, GA; and the Angelina National Forest, Lufkin, TX. From 1961-65, Jack was the Assistant Ranger on the Womble Ranger District, Ouachita National Forest, Mt. Ida, AR. In 1965, he served as Director of Job Training at the Hodgens Job Corps Center in Page, OK. In 1966, he served as Director of Job Training at the Jacobs Creek Job Corps Center near Bristol, TN. From 1967-1976, Jack was the District Ranger of the Wakulla Ranger District, Apalachicola National Forest, Crawfordville, FL. In 1976, he was transferred to the Timber Staff Unit in the Regional Office in Atlanta. He moved to the Planning and Budget Staff two years later, serving primarily as a Program Development Specialist for 14 years.

Never one to be idle, Jack spent several years of his retirement working on a game ranch in Dacula, GA, where he used his considerable carpentry skills to build habitats for many of the animals. He particularly enjoyed introducing children to all kinds of animals, including camels, donkeys, zebras, horses and raccoons. His lifelong hobbies included motor cycling, boating, camping, and just about anything outside. In his later years, Jack enjoyed cooking for large groups of people at the community center near his residence and spending time with his children and grandchildren. He is preceded in death by his brother, Richard Edwards. He is survived by his daughter Vicki (Jeff) Hickcox of Atlanta, GA; his son Michael (Kerrie) Edwards of Asheville, NC; four grandchildren, Brittany and Lauren Hickcox of Atlanta, GA and Logan and Lindsey Edwards of Asheville, NC; his brother Edwin Edwards of Santa Maria, CA; his sister Nancy Edwards of Hendersonville, NC; a niece, a nephew, cousins, and a host of good friends. He was a caring and loving father and grandfather who will be missed by all of those who knew him. A memorial service was held on Tuesday, May 21 at the Mills River United Methodist Church.

Ralph M. Hooper, 75 of Robbinsville went home to be with his Heavenly Father, June 5, 2013. He was a native of Graham County and the son of the late Fletcher and Mamie Moody Hooper. In addition to his parents he was preceded in death by his wife and mother of his children, Estella Hooper in 2000. He is survived by his wife, Louella Hooper; son, Reverend Jim Hooper and his wife, Caressa of Barnardsville, NC; daughters, Sandi Watson and her husband Ronnie of Cheraw, SC, Debbie Carter and her husband, Mark of Richmond, VA; step son, Eddie Hayne and his wife, Teresa of Andrews, NC; and step daughter, Renee Carpenter and her husband, Jerry of Robbinsville, NC; and sister, Betty Carpenter of Hendersonville, NC. He has 10 grandchildren, Jamie Orrell, Ben, Randy, and Alex Watson, Haley Bridges, Tyler Carpenter, Emily Sneed, Erica Hayne, Misty Adkins, Aleksandra Smith; and 5 great grandchildren. Funeral Services were held at 3:00 pm Saturday, June 8, 2013 at the Robbinsville United Methodist Church. The Rev. Jeff Ramsland, Mr. Hooper's son, Rev. Jim Hooper, and Rev. Daniel Stewart officiated. Burial followed at the Old Mother Cemetery.

Ray Massey, recent retiree passed away April 22, 2013 after suffering from a heart attack. He and his wife Mary were returning from a recent, long-awaited trip to New Zealand. Ray was one of the most humble and generous people I have had the pleasure to know and work with. Juneau employees will remember Ray as the head of the "morale club," organizing fundraisers for the employees' association, painting the RO break room on a sunny weekend, organizing the summer picnic, leading the clean-up of the Green Mile along Egan Highway each spring, leading the charge to collect thousands of pounds of food for the Southeast Food Bank and for his amazing pies. After a long career with the Coast Guard, Ray joined the Forest Service's Public Affairs Staff in Juneau about a decade ago. He made great contributions in his position as the media and external affairs specialist, and his deep, booming voice was frequently heard on Alaska Public Radio and other stations in Southeast and South-central Alaska. Ray retired in November 2012. His funeral was held in Granite, Oklahoma. Ray was known by many in the Southern Region.

Max Swilling, 76, of Snellville, GA passed away May 16, 2013 after a 2 1/2 year battle with colon cancer. Born November 17, 1936 in Asheville, NC, he is preceded in death by his father Glen Moss Swilling, mother Alice Bell Swilling and brother Buster Swilling. He is survived by his wife of 48 years Eleanor Rash Swilling, daughters Beth Pitts Loganville, GA, Leslie Jenkins and husband Mike, Dacula, GA, sister Marian Piercy Asheville, NC, brother Harry Swilling, Asheville, NC, grandchildren Amber Pitts, Delray Beach, FL, Justin Pitts, Loganville, GA, Zach Pitts, Loganville, GA, Wayne (Chop) Jenkins wife Kimand Gabbie Gainesville, GA, Lance Jenkins, Dacula, GA, Emily Jenkins, Dacula, GA. He is also remembered by many nieces, nephews and cousins. Max was employed by the U.S. Forest Service in 1965, living in Asheville, NC, Tallahassee, FL, and Atlanta, GA. Max was Contracting Officer in Florida before coming into the RO as Contracting Officer. The last five years of his career were spent contracting the El Portal Rainforest Welcome Center in Puerto Rico. He unselfishly took an early retirement in 1996 to care for his wife Eleanor. He was a member of Avondale Alliance Church in Avondale, GA from 1968-1970, Thomasville Road Baptist Church in Tallahassee FL from 1971-1983 where he served as deacon, choir member, Sunday school teacher, Children's Church teacher, and Bus Ministry leader, White Oak Hills Baptist Church of Stone Mountain, GA from 1983-1995 serving as a choir member and Sunday school teacher, and Mt. Zion Baptist Church of Snellville, GA where he was a choir member from 1995-2010. Upon retirement, Max became a wonderful cook with the direction of his wife, as well as an avid gardener. His example of

sharing and serving others will never leave us. His enthusiasm for feeding the birds and competitiveness for a game of cards, scrabble or tennis will be greatly missed. The family would like to thank Suburban Hematology's Dr. Ravi Sarma, his wonderful staff and Crossroads Hospice for all of their care and support.

Bryant Watts: Brant Watts' obituary was reported in the November 2012 Dixie Ranger but the following was inadvertently omitted: "Bryant Watts was also survived by his stepdaughter, Dina Brandon, her husband Matt and a step granddaughter."

Dan E. Williams passed away June 5, 2013 after a hard fought battle with cancer. He was born in Pueblo, CO to Jim and Florabelle Williams on February 1, 1935. In September 1956, he married his sweetheart, Karen Stout. They were inseparable until his passing. Dan was retired from the U. S. Forest Service, and taught Natural Resource courses in the School of Forestry at Colorado State University in Ft Collins. Dan was Director of Recreation in Region 2 until 1981 when he retired. He was Forest Supervisor on the Malheur in late 70's in R-6 and was recreation staff officer on the Florida N.F.s before that. In 1968 he was on the Recreation Lands Staff in the R-3 Regional Office and was District Ranger on the Coronado NF in 1961, on the Willcox RD. Dan is survived by his wife Karen Williams of Lakewood, Co; along with 3 daughters, Bobbi Muhovich (Jon) Grand Junction Co; Patti Thompson Lakewood, Co; Sandi Swayne (Jesse) Lakewood, Co. He also has two older surviving siblings, sister Lila Houghton Pueblo, Co and brother Jim Williams, Walsenberg, Co. Dan had six wonderful grandchildren who adored him: Nichole Torres (Henry), Rachelle Stubby (Tory), Jerrick Swayne, Tony Muhovich, Tim Muhovich, and Joshua Swayne, and two great grandsons Hayden and Jade Torres.

Charles Hugh Young, 83, of Pearland, Texas, formerly of Lufkin, died March 22, 2013 at his residence following a ten-year battle against metastasized renal cell carcinoma. Funeral services, were held Monday, March 25, 2013, in the First United Methodist Church in Lufkin. Mr. Young was born on February 3, 1930 in Thomastown, Leake County, Mississippi, the first child of Alma Adams Young and Ernest Lehman Young. Charles and Pauline Farr were married on May 16, 1954, in Pascagoula, Mississippi. Charles graduated from Mississippi State University in May 1954 and employed by the U. S. Forest Service for 30 years. In 1972 he was transferred to Lufkin, Texas, which was home to the family until August 2010, when Charles and Polly moved to Pearland. Charles was a forester on the Angela Ranger District when he retired. In addition to his wife of 58 years, Mr. Young is survived by his two sons, Paul Farr Young of Houston and Charles H. Young, Jr. and his wife, Terri Dorsett Young of Nederland; grandson and granddaughter, Jesse L. Young and Hayley D. Young; three sisters; one aunt; as well as ten much-loved nieces and nephews, and a host of dear friends. Memorial contributions may be made to Lufkin's First United Methodist Church, 805 E. Denman Avenue, Lufkin, Texas 75902, or to Houston Hospice 1905 Holcombe Blvd., Houston, Texas 77030.

Josie Jackson, NF in Texas, said that she works at Lowe's Home Improvement Center in Lufkin and Charles was in often and was always eager to tell her of the innovative high-tech cutting edge cancer treatment he was receiving at the MD Anderson Medical Center in Houston. He was always upbeat and had a positive outlook about his illness. He always had a smile on his face. At one time the treatments affected his sense of taste. He said what he missed most during that time was the taste of peanut butter.

MESSAGES FROM MEMBERS

Tom, it is so exciting to receive each publication and locate old friend with addresses and phone numbers (email addresses). Thanks for all the work put into this, putting it together. I'm sure it takes many hours of your time. **Donna Reynolds**

Tom, thanks for the phone call the other day. It's not surprising I forgot my dues this past year. At age 82 I sometimes forget my name however I do not forget the great 6 years I spent in Region 8. Enclosed is a check for 50 bucks - - use it however you see fit. If you attend any of those retiree gatherings up Roanoke way, say hello to Charlie Blankenship for me. Regards,
David Scott.

Tom, enclosed is a check for four years dues - I'm planning ahead! Many thanks for your telephone reminder, and for the great service you perform for all of us. Each issue of the Dixie Ranger forms part of the living legacy of the Forest Service, full of interesting lives and memories of the people who devoted their lives to a great cause. Each issue is a beautiful professional job, interesting, fun, and an informative link to our extended family. All the best,
Marcia MacNaughton.

Tom, sorry about not getting my dues in before now. As most old men, I have been having some health problems. The latest was a bout of colon cancer. I had surgery and they got it all and I didn't have to take any treatments. Here is 3 years dues. **J Cathey.**

Glenda Woods reports on the Francis Marion and Sumter National Forests: The 2013 spring luncheon was held at the Ocean View Seafood Restaurant in West Columbia on April 10, at 11:30 AM. Attendees were: Bill Bodie, Ron & Catherine Boozer, Phyllis Burnette, John & Bernice Cathey, Larry & Verma Cope, Jean Eng, Duna Harrell, Bill Hayes, Ed Hedgecock, Audrey Henderson, Mary & Bill Holton, Katie Jackson, Dennis Law, LeRoy Lewis, James Marshall, Paul Myers, Colette Phillips, Dave Rosdahl, Norman & /Roselyn Runge, and Jim & Glenda Wood. Since our last meeting, Bryant Watts and Pete Beheler (both from the S/O) have died. We remembered them, and the respect and fond memories we had for each of them. Those who sent regrets--

-- Rich Link: Forest Supervisor newly assigned to the FM&S...had been in place for only 2 days. He would include the fall luncheon on his calendar and join us at that time, if possible.

-- Carol Forney (newest retiree): Daughter is currently working, and Carol is caring for her new grandbaby (what a blessing!)

-- Jeanne LeBoeuf: recovering from surgery.

-- Ginger Thomas: joining her husband in attending "The Masters" golf tournament.

-- Jerry Henderson: turkey hunting.

-- Barbara Bodie: teaching.

-- Dave Adams: assisting a grandchild in the process of relocating.

-- Dave Devet: in his mid-90's, still mowing his yard, but doesn't leave home often.

-- Joyce Watts: Bryant's death still very painful, but Joyce hopes to be able to join us in the fall.

Additional retiree news which may be of interest--

-- Ron and Catherine Boozer: celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary earlier this year.

-- Having received a retiree request, Duna Harrell brought her ipad to the meeting and shared

some of the highlights of son Bobby's well-planned/successful "surprise" 60th birthday week-end celebration.

-- Bill Hayes: Joined us for the meeting while enroute to moving some personal items to his and Barbara's newly acquired home in the Nashville area.

-- Joel Gardner emailed: "Thanks Glenda - most names on the mailing list are very familiar! Wanda & I are living in Auburn, AL. I work in Montgomery SO as staff officer."

Retirees with recent reported health concerns:

-- John Cathey: underwent surgery for cancer...doctors considered a complete success.

-- Catherine Boozer and Janet Kinard: fell and suffered broken bones. Both had to undergo surgery & rehab sessions.

-- Tommy Kinard: underwent surgery for aortic valve replacement.

-- Jeanne LeBoeuf: broken arm while participating in group activity at athletic center.

-- Gary Peters: suffered a serious stroke. Good prognosis, recovery expected to be lengthy.

We pray for a complete recovery for each of these retirees.

David Samuels writes (email message to Mike Sparks):

Hello Mike,

Greetings from the Ouachita Mountains! I recall well when you came to the Womble RD about the time I headed back to the Ozark NF.

I retired several years ago and we built our home in the Ouachita National Forest (Montgomery County, ten miles east of Mount Ida). Yesterday the ONF retirees met for our semi-annual roadside cleanup of the two miles at Charlton Recreation Area. This morning many of the ONF retirees attended the funeral of James Fryar (retired FMO, Caddo RD). The ONF retirees have been well informed of USFS activities not only within the Southern Region but nationwide for many years by Jim Wenner (retired ONF staff officer). And of course most of us receive updates such as the ones from Sonny. I am very pleased that you have taken the lead into getting our Southern Region folks involved in expressing our disappointment in the USFS Shield proposal and what it means to us. The reason I am responding to your message is to share my feelings about the "white" USFS vehicles. When we started getting the white vehicles about ten years ago on the ONF, I expressed my concern to the Forest Engineer and he told me that could not be addressed at the forest level and that I needed to forget it. He said that nationwide there were tremendous savings by going with the white specs instead of the traditional Forest Service green. I had tried to explain that since I had managed recreation areas in three states I knew that the green USFS vehicles were what the public were dependent upon when emergencies occurred. They went looking for a green vehicle. In addition, fee compliance increased when a green vehicle was seen in the rec. area. The communities knew when they saw a green vehicle that it was a USFS officer and usually a friend, etc. I know I'm probably preaching to the choir on this first changing of our traditional identification tools. Now the shield and the badge, next the uniform? While we're expressing our concern to the appropriate officials at the high levels in the USDA, would it be a good time to plant the idea of returning USFS vehicles to the FS green color?

Best Regards, David J. Samuel USFS 1966-2002

ARTICLES FROM MEMBERS

Remembering L.C. Nix

This is an article from Odom McDaniel, Jr. about L. C. Nix, whose death at age 92 was reported in the March 2013 issue of the Dixie Ranger.

As best I can recall, I first met L.C. in 1958, during my third R8 duty station. He stopped by the office for a few minutes at the Stumphouse Ranger Station (Pickens RD), located outside of Walhalla, SC. I was acting ranger there while a new ranger was being selected to replace retiring ranger Lester P. Schapp. When Don Thornton was selected as the new ranger, Dona and I were then transferred to the Kisatchie NF in LA. I became more acquainted with L.C. while he was serving as the Lands staff officer on the Ouachita NF and I was Lands staff officer on the Kisatchie. Everybody in that part of R8 knew about the Talimena Drive project between Talihina, OK and Mena, AR, atop Winding Stair, Rich and other mountains. It took the best of all kind of skills to see that project through to completion, and L.C. was a big part of that project. I arrived in Atlanta during January 1974 to work in the planning group which L.C. headed. Organizationally, we were part of PLUP (Programs and Land Use Planning) at the time. Later, L.C.'s group was moved to Lands, which was a much better fit for the type work we did. L.C. had several traits which made him successful, but my favorite was his sense of timing. He always seemed to know when we should (or should not) make a contact, follow up on a project, call someone, solicit help, etc. I worked for, and with, L.C. from 1974 to 1977, and enjoyed every minute of it. The Lands professionals honored him at a R8 Lands professional meeting in 1977. He was given the opportunity to speak and told the following story, as best I can recall it: "A stranger rode into a small town on his horse and stopped at the general store. The old man sitting on the front porch whittling on a stick looked up and nodded to him. The stranger asked, "Old man, what kind of people live in this town?" The old man answered, "Well, what kind of people lived where you came from? The stranger answered, "Well, that's why I'm looking for a place to resettle. Everybody there was mean. They argued all the time, didn't want to help each other out. Things like that! I just got tired and moved out." The old man looked up and said, "Stranger, you wouldn't be happy here. That's exactly the kind of people we have here." So the stranger rode away. Sometimes later another stranger rode into town and spoke to the old man, again sitting on the general store porch. Again the stranger asked about what kind of people lived here. Again the old man asked about the people where he came from. The stranger replied that he hated to move from his present town, but some circumstance forced him to have to move. As for the people, they were some of the finest you would ever want to meet. They were kind and helpful and God fearing people. He didn't want to leave, but had to in order to meet a personal emergency. The old man replied, "That's exactly the kind of people who live here." It's all about one's attitude! Finally, it's easy to put a date on the last time I saw L.C. - Jan. 3, 1986. I was told that a retiree only had to report to work for a short period on his last day. Betty McNutt, remembered as the regional forester's secretary, told me we were going to L.C. and Ellie's house up on Lake Lanier for lunch that day. Betty's first husband had died and she was now married to Bert Bray. I drove, and we had a wonderful visit, plus an excellent Ellie meal. Dick Woody was there, also. Later, I dropped Betty and Burt off at the RO, thus ending my Forest Service career with more precious memories.

Remembering Region 7

Bruce L. Baldwin

Shortly after graduating from Penn State, I helped a young professor move into his new apartment. During a break in the action, he gave me some advice. He said I should try to find a job in the South, because that is where the action in forestry would be. Luckily my first job with the Forest Service was in Wytheville, Virginia. I think the reason I was selected off the roster was that I had graduated from the same college and the same high school as Ed Wolcott, my first Ranger. Needless to say it was an adjustment for a Pennsylvania boy to adapt to Southwest Virginia customs before integration. At that time, 1963, the Jefferson and George Washington National Forests were in Region 7. The Regional Office was in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. After a few months, George Cramer the Regional head of personnel came for a visit and he interviewed me on top of a log deck. His question was, how is your health benefits program working out? I had no clue I had a health benefits program, but I answered OK. I was just so glad to be working for the Forest Service that I didn't give a hoot about any benefits or how much they were paying me. (I think it was \$2.06 a hour) The job was fun, morale was high. If we had to work an extra two hours, we gladly donated the time to prevent having to return to that job site the next day. Ranger Wolcott explained to me that I was to spend a minimum of three days a week in the field whether it was raining or not. Often we would return to the office at night or on weekends to catch up on our paper work. I also had heavy assignments of not just reading but studying the Forest Service manual. The heroes in Region 7 were the ones that could quote the manual like a Baptist preacher quotes his Bible. To keep up with these assignments required a lot of donated time. Although I was in Virginia, I was in the North Eastern Region. Then in 1965, it was decided to abolish the North Eastern Region and divide it between Regions 8 and 9. I'll always remember the day when Ranger Wolcott came to my desk and set a stack of manual amendments on my desk. He said "I know you wanted a transfer to Region 8. Now you have arrived!" The contrast between the two Regions was significant. In Region 7 the attitude was if the manual doesn't say that you can do something then you can't. In Region 8 the attitude was that if the manual doesn't say that you can't do something then you can. That opened the door for applying new technologies and experimentation. Many of my Northern friends were very upset about being transferred to the South. Shortly after this John Sander came by and interviewed everyone about their career desires. Most of my friends said they wanted to be transferred to Region 9. Of course I opted for Region 8, remembering my professors advice. Everyone I worked with was offered a job in the region they preferred. Incidentally, at the close of my career when I was on silvicultural reviews, I would ask the young foresters, "My ranger said I had to spend three days a week in the field. How many days a month do you spend in the field?" I got answers like one and two days a month in the field. The most embarrassing moment of my career was when my daughter was asked in school what her father did. She said, "He is an office Forester."

***"A true sign of intelligence is not knowledge but imagination."* – Albert Einstein**

A Mule Ride---I'll Never Forget

John Arrechea

Since 2005 I have written over 50 articles for the "Oxford Eagle" . Recently, I wrote about an experience on the Ouachita NF in 1963. Thought you may could use it. I did spend most of my career in State and Private on the Y-LT. Take Care and thanks, John Arrechea

The year was 1963 - during a late summer afternoon. I had graduated that spring from the School of Forestry at Arkansas A&M, Monticello and was employed with the USDA, Forest Service. I was working alone on the Poteau Ranger District of the Ouachita National Forest in western Arkansas. My job that day was to find and map native Shortleaf Pine seedlings that seeded in and were over topped by scattered low grade ridge Post Oaks and Black Jack Oaks. Once the mapping was completed, a Timber Stand Improvement (TSI) crew would release the pine seedlings to gain optimum growth. After finishing and with my clipboard, map and Silva hand compass, I headed back to my pickup, down a once used woods road. That day, it was a meandering ridge path. After some distance - I sensed - I was being followed. Sure enough—there was this young women, riding a mule—bareback. The only item between her and the mule was a toe sack (or if you prefer, a small burlap bag). I guess she was about as surprised to see me as I was to see her on her mule. I was probably more in shock than her as she spoke first. “My name is Twila Jean and my family is cutting pulpwood on the Forest Service on down this ridge.” I finally told her my name. She replied, “ Glad to meet you, Mr. John.” I guess I should have said, “Glad to meet you, Twila Jean.” She then said, “ Mr. John, as we are both traveling in the same direction, do you want a ride?” At first I didn’t know what to say. I did say, “ OK, thank you, I’ll accept your offer.” I thought to myself—How was I ever going to get up behind her on that mule? The mule’s back was a long ways from the ground and my legs were mighty short. We did find a high stump. (Thank goodness, the man that cut that tree didn’t want to bend his back).With the help of the high stump and a little assistance from Twila Jean, I was able to stretch my short legs and get on board. I just then noticed, her feet were as bare as the day she was born. She occupied the entire toe sack, but I wasn’t choosey. As a boy in Texas, I had ridden horses bareback, many times, but never a mule and especially behind a young women. Off we went—on a rather slow walk. If she had gotten the mule into a trot, she probably would have lost me. We didn’t have much conversation along the way. I guess we could have talked about the weather. I didn’t even think to ask her what her mule’s name was. All mules need a name, even Twila Jean’s mule. After a period of silent travel, we arrived at her family’s work site. Some were cutting pulpwood while others were loading a short truck—with backs and muscles. The truck, including the tires, had seen better days—many days. As we approached, the work abruptly halted and each member stared in amazement. Twila Jean and myself, sitting on her mule, must have made quite a contrasting picture. She, dressed in her red Arkansas Razorback baseball cap, a long sleeved shirt, 2 sizes too large, (must have been her brothers), tucked in her overalls, with her feet showing. What a contrast to my Forest Service uniform! I was wearing my green work pants, wood’s boots and my aluminum safety hard hat. My starched long sleeved poplin shirt that Lois had ironed that morning, decked with the Forest Service identity patch on my left shoulder, my name tag, pinned to my right pocket and my brass badge, pinned above my left pocket. As I slid off the mule’s rear, I made my way over to who I thought was Twila Jean’s brother. I introduced myself, shook his hand, thanked Twila Jean for the ride and continued on down the path. I had no trouble finding my pickup. The Forest Service staff and my family was amazed to hear me describe my mule riding experience that I’ll never forget.

The Damascus Fire

John Archer

This fire occurred on the Mt Rogers NRA in the spring of 67 on the edge of the town of Damascus, Va. I was the Ranger on the NRA. We had a satellite Job Corps camp in an old girls school at Konarock. The fire started from a citizen burning off his garden which adjoined the National Forest. A steep rocky ridge came down off a larger mountain and came right up to the garden that was on flat ground. The fire happened on a low humidity spring day in April. I was in the field and not too far from the Damascus when the Feather Camp Tower reported the fire. The Job Corps Crew had been dispatched along with other district people. In those days you never got help from neighboring districts but I figured we would have enough help with Job Corps and our district work crews. The ground was too steep and rocky for a dozer. It was a hand crew job. There were people on the fire when I arrived. The Chief of Police for the town was out of his car looking at the fire. The Chief was quite excited. He told me that the last time a fire was in this location two people had been killed. It was a fire in the 1930's and CCC boys were on that fire. People were arriving at the fire and sight seers were everywhere. A Virginia State highway was at the base of the fire. I asked the Chief if he could reroute the highway traffic to reduce the confusion. I'll have to say, he got that done in short order. Tony Decker was directing the suppression operation and I was sending people up to him. The suppression effort was going good. All that was left at the base of the fire was the Chief, a bunch of spectators and me. The ladies auxiliary of the town arrived with snacks and coffee. There weren't any fire fighters in sight so they started feeding their snacks to the spectators. Finally the crews had a line around the fire. Duke Denney, our Junior Forester, arrived at the fire. Duke was a real fire fighter. He had spent time on hot shot crews in California and had been a smoke Jumper out of Missoula, Montana. The fire needed a night mop up crew, so I assigned that job to Duke. I told him to pick five of our temporary employees and take them to the local restaurant and feed them and report back to the fire. I gave him my Field Purchase Order book to pay for the meals. Duke arrived back at the fire with his crew and we released everyone but the night crew. They made short work of the fire. It was only ten acres but seemed much larger as it was on steep ground. The Field Purchase Order for the meals was sent in to the SO for payment. A few days later I received a scolding letter explaining that we didn't buy steak dinners for fire fighters. I looked at the Field Purchase Order for the meals which had six steak dinners at \$1.79 each for a total of \$10.74. Even in those days those were cheap meals. I just told Duke to leave the kind of meals off of the next document.

The greatest natural poets are children, says A. M. Sullivan, a New Jersey poet. They see things in a wonderful, original and imaginative way. As proof, Sullivan offers these images from kids:

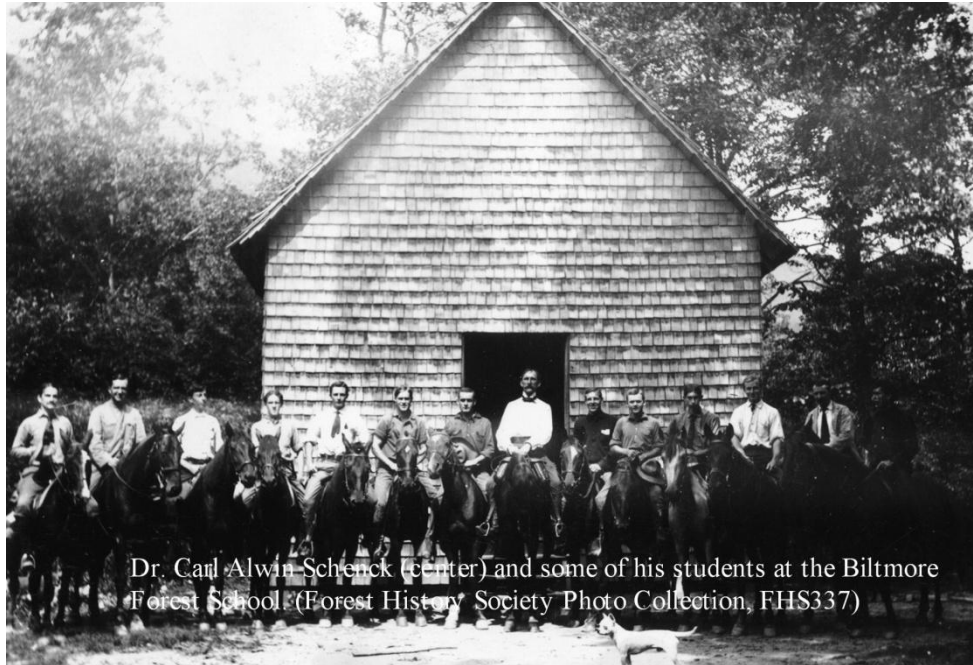
The stream comes by my house and, when it turns it stumbles.

When you open the window at night you let the dark in and it gets all over everything.

Yesterday I saw the wind. It was playing in my dog's hair.

Oil on the pavement looks like a dead rainbow.

Bits & Pieces 1975



Dr. Carl Alwin Schenck (center) and some of his students at the Biltmore Forest School. (Forest History Society Photo Collection, FHS337)

First in Forestry: Carl Schenck and the Biltmore Forest School is in Development
From Dr. James Lewis, Forest History Society

The Forest History Society is co-developing a new documentary film about Carl Alwin Schenck and the birth of American forestry. *First in Forestry: Carl Schenck and the Biltmore Forest School* will be “the first documentary film to examine the pivotal role that the Biltmore Estate’s chief forester Carl Schenck and America’s first school of forestry played in American conservation history,” according to a recent Forest History Society announcement.

The Society, headquartered in Durham, North Carolina, in collaboration with UNC-TV and the Cradle of Forestry in America Interpretive Association, will produce and distribute this film it says “will provide a window onto American environmental history from roughly the 1880s through the 1920s, and conclude with a look at the Cradle of Forestry National Historic Site today.” The Society is requesting donations to support production of this documentary. See the link at <<http://www.BiltmoreForestSchool.org>> for information on helping to tell this story. All donations will be matched by a donor.

For those who don’t already know, George Vanderbilt’s Biltmore Estate in Asheville, North Carolina, is known as the cradle of forestry in America. As Vanderbilt’s estate forester, Gifford Pinchot initiated the first large-scale forest management plan there in 1892. In 1895, Dr. Carl Alwin Schenck, a German forester, succeeded Pinchot. Three years later, Dr. Schenck established the first forestry school in the United States. As Schenck noted with pride, “My boys worked continuously in the woods, while those at other schools saw wood only on their desks.” During its 15 years of operation, the Biltmore Forest School turned out nearly 400 graduates. Many of the school’s alumni went on to play substantial and significant roles in shaping forestry in America by working as government or industry foresters or educating the next generation of foresters. In addition to teaching the first generation of American foresters, Schenck wrote some of the first forestry textbooks used in America, advised other private landowners about forest management, and developed the Biltmore stick still used to measure tree dimensions. In 1914, the land where his school had been became the Pisgah National Forest, the first national forest established east of the Mississippi. The federal government preserved the school’s buildings and grounds as the beautiful Cradle of Forestry in America National Historic Site on the Pisgah National Forest.

The PBS documentary film will tell the story of the birth of forestry in America through the engaging life and work of Carl Schenck and his Biltmore Forest School. The Forest History Society also hopes to develop teaching materials so that the film may be used for environmental education purposes for different age levels.

Cattle Trespass Case

John Archer

I arrived on the Jessieville District of the Ouachita National Forest January 25, 1970. The District had one of the largest range programs in the South. We sold grazing permits to private ranchers for a period of time, normally April 15 to October 15. Grazing capacity was figured based on grass in pine plantations. We also managed grazing on Weyerhaeuser land under a cooperative agreement. The total Forest Service and Weyerhaeuser land within the District boundaries was about 300,000 acres. Charging a fee for grazing cattle on the public land did not go over too well with some people and we were in a continual battle to see that people grazed their cattle during the season for which they paid. This was one case of cattle trespass in the 1980's.

I was sitting for my 5 year old granddaughter Suzy one Sunday afternoon in February. We were building something in my shop next to our house on Kirchwood Drive west of Hot Springs. My wife Sue and daughter Debbie were doing some shopping and I had Suzy for the afternoon. The phone on the shop wall rang. It was Junior, one of our permittees who lived in the Possum Kingdom community. Junior was mad. I could almost see smoke coming out of the telephone as he chewed me out. There were cattle out in his allotment outside of the grazing season. We weren't enforcing the grazing season or we were allowing some people to graze cattle outside of the season. There were cattle out right now. Someone was letting the cows out and leading them to grass on the Forest Service late Friday afternoon when Forest Service people were off of work and letting them graze until Sunday evening when he would lead these tame cattle back to his pasture. When our people were out and about we would never see or suspect the trespass. Naturally Junior wouldn't snitch on a neighbor so we were going to have to find the cattle and figure out who was the owner. I called Cliff Hunt, our District Resource Assistant who was in charge of the Range Program and Clint Robinson who was our Law Enforcement Officer and told them what was going on. It was about an hour drive from the house to where I suspected the cattle were located. There was no chance of finding Deb or Sue to leave Suzy. She would have to accompany me on the investigation. I didn't even put on my Forest Service uniform. I strapped Suzy in the front seat of Ol Yellow (my pickup truck) and we headed for Possum Kingdom. I turned Ol Yellow down the first log road leading to a new pine plantation. We drove right out in middle of the cleared area of about 80 acres. Luckily the road went to a high point where you could see the whole area. It was a beautiful winter day. Suzy and I got out of the truck. We could see cattle off in the distance grazing on the forbidden grass. Directly one looked up and let out a "MOO" and the whole bunch headed our way at a trot. Soon we were surrounded by about 30 cows looking for a handout. Suzy said, "Let's get in the truck." The cattle had her spooked. I'll have to admit I'm no cattle expert and hadn't had the experience of standing in the middle of a herd of cattle close enough to reach out and touch so I joined her. I looked over the cows and didn't find any identifying features so we left and took a look in another new plantation. We drove to the next pine plantation and there were another herd of cattle. These cattle weren't as friendly but didn't run far. I could see a green tag in ones ear. I eased Ol Yellow around and got close enough for a good look at the tag. It was a green Forest Service tag number 7. It was the only cow tagged in either bunch. Suzy and I were looking around some more places when I got a call on my portable radio. Cliff and Clint had arrived on the scene in a green Forest Service truck and they were clad in their uniforms. Cliff had a list of the tag numbers and the green 7 belonged to Frank. Frank was a former permittee who hadn't had a permit for a few years which accounted

for just one tagged cow. I turned the investigation over to Cliff and Clint and headed Ol Yellow to the house. I don't remember if I told Sue and Deb that Suzy and I had been out investigating a cattle trespass. Frank was issued a citation and chose not to go before the Federal Magistrate but be tried before a Federal Judge. Cliff and Clint worked with Rex Woodson, the Forest Special Agent, and an attractive young lady who was the Assistant US Attorney assigned to the case. Rex said she was a former Miss Boone County. We all got together just prior to the trial to discuss the strategy. I heard that Frank's daughter was a lawyer and had briefed him on some legal technicalities that would surely get his case thrown out. He was going to represent himself. Rumor was he was going to invoke "The Rule" and get the case thrown out. I can't remember what "The Rule" meant. I might not have even understood it back then. U.S. Judge Orien Harris was the Federal Judge presiding. Judge Harris was an older Judge with a full head of grey hair. He was an imposing figure in his black robe in back of the bench. Miss Boone County called her first witness which was either Cliff or Clint. Frank told the Judge that he was invoking "The Rule." The Judge explained to Frank what "The Rule" was and that it didn't apply in this case. I was the last to testify. I told my story starting with the phone call. I didn't rat on Junior. When I got through Frank cross examined me. He said, "Isn't it true that you overlook some people grazing outside of the grazing season." I told him "no we didn't. If we knew of cattle in trespass we either issued a citation or a warning letter depending on the situation." He asked several other questions and I was released. I think Judge Harris enjoyed the case. Finally he rendered his verdict. He explained the errors of his ways to Frank in a loud melodious voice. I thought Frank would melt right there. A fine was then issued and the trial was over.

Mike Sparks writes:

At the root of every gray hair, there is a dead brain cell. Someone had to remind me, so I'm reminding you, too.

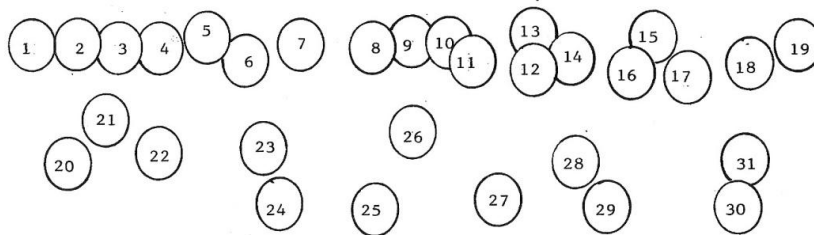
Perks of being over 60 or 70, or beyond!

1. Kidnappers are not very interested in you.
2. In a hostage situation, you are likely to be released first.
3. No one expects you to run -- anywhere.
4. People call at 9 PM (or 9 AM) and ask, 'Did I wake you?'
5. People no longer view you as a hypochondriac.
6. There is nothing left to learn the hard way.
7. Things you buy now will never wear out.
8. You can eat supper at 4 PM.
9. You can live without sex, but not without your glasses.
10. You get into heated arguments about pension plans.
11. You no longer think of speed limits as a challenge.
12. You quit trying to hold your stomach in, no matter who walks into the room.
13. You sing along with elevator music.
14. Your eyes won't get much worse.
15. Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off.
16. Your joints are more accurate meteorologists than the national weather service.
17. Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either.
18. Your supply of brain cells is finally down to a manageable size.
19. You can't remember who sent you this list.

Josie Jackson, Texas, writes:

Here are two copies of R-8 Fleet Management Workshops from years ago. I know many of those pictured have retired or otherwise moved on. But hopefully some of the Dixie Ranger readers will recognize themselves, or a co-worker. And, maybe they will remember times past and how time passes! We were an awesome bunch!

R-8 Fleet Managers Louisville KY November 4 – 8, 1996

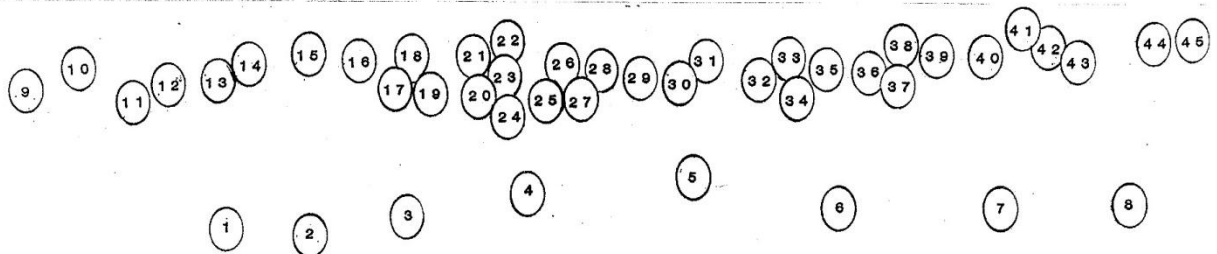


R-8 FLEET MANAGER'S MEETING
LOUISVILLE, KY
NOVEMBER 4-8, 1996

- | | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Tom Vanlerberge | 9. Bev Allen | 17. Sheila Winburn | 25. Mike Sorrells |
| 2. Terry Poe | 10. Larry Kampeter | 18. Ginger Thomas | 26. Josie David |
| 3. Bill Daughtery | 11. Shirley Mathis | 19. Linda Hawkins | 27. Reba Grounds |
| 4. Jerry Simmons | 12. Mary Sue Douglas | 20. Catrina Scott | 28. Dave Easter |
| 5. Maurice Artis | 13. Steve Talbert | 21. Jerry Edwards | 29. Joe Clayton |
| 6. Ed Peacock | 14. James Richards | 22. Tommy Powell | 30. Juan Vissepo |
| 7. Chuck Warren | 15. Ed Newell | 23. Tom Bardenwerper | 31. Charles Reese |
| 8. Fred Cook | 16. Louvonia Henderson | 24. Dorothy Bellamy | |

R-8 FLEET MANAGER'S WORKSHOP ATLANTA, GA.

NOV. 5-8, 1990



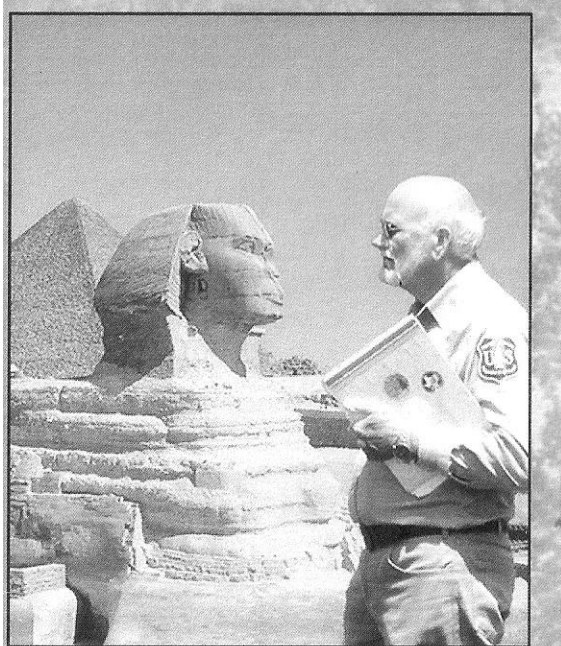
- | | | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Dollie Rockwell | 10. Joe Walker | 19. Mary Holton | 28. Marian Hudson | 37. Debra Kiracofe |
| 2. Luis Vias | 11. Brenda Duhe | 20. Lynda Johnson | 29. Sally Johnson | 38. Dan Strawbridge |
| 3. Leon Furnish | 12. Catrina Scott | 21. David Ritchie | 30. Mary Sue Douglas | 39. Larry Crompton |
| 4. Ed Peacock | 13. Charles Reese | 22. Leroy Summerour | 31. Jerry Simmons | 40. Tom Bardenwerper |
| 5. Josie David | 14. Dot Bellamy | 23. Kathy Kreyns | 32. Beverly Tollison | 41. Angus Nicol |
| 6. Bruce Parsons | 15. Jim Holbrook | 24. Joan Shannon | 33. Fred Cook | 42. Shirley Mathis |
| 7. Bill Terwilliger | 16. Raleigh Meadows | 25. Cecilia Martin | 34. Pat Brister | 43. Ruben Naterra |
| 8. Jerry Edwards | 17. Kim Gash | 26. Shari McKnight | 35. Shelly LeClaire | 44. Chuck Warren |
| 9. Mike Perez | 18. James Davidson | 27. Myrtle Reichard | 36. Reba Grounds | 45. Ed Hedgecock |

Jim Thorsen writes:

This photo was taken in February, 1984 on the Deerfield RD, George Washington NF. It was a Ranger/Staff meeting (today called a Leadership Team Meeting) at Augusta Springs YCC Camp. Deerfield RD is located in Staunton, Virginia. George Smith was Forest Supervisor and I was the Ranger on the Deerfield (great place to work). My memory of all the names are not good. Some that I am sure of are John Coleman (Ranger on the Lee RD), Jim McNaughton (Forest Engineer), Joe Huddick (Fire/Planning Staff), George Blomstrom (Ranger on Bridgewater District), Bill Leichter (Ranger on James River), Mel Anhold (Recreation Staff), Jerry Jaques (Land Staff Officer), James Hunt (DR on the Pediar), and Vic Gaines (DR on the Warm Springs). As the other names come to me, I'll try to pass them on. I know the GWNF folks will be able to help. Anyway, hope you can use the photo in the upcoming *Dixie Ranger*. You may use my name if you want to for any reference. *Editor note: If anyone knows the names please pass them along and I will reprint in the November DR.*



During the many years of your Forest Service career you met many people, had many friends, and had many experiences that your fellow retirees would like to read about. Please consider writing one or more of these stories for the *Dixie Ranger*. Those that are one-page or less are the easiest for your editor to handle. (Remember, my life-long dream was not to be a newspaper editor / publisher.) With my limited USFS career of 18 years in Regional Offices and the Washington Office, I thoroughly enjoy every article. I have learned a lot about the U. S. Forest Service. Thank you in advance of the article you are working on. *DR Editor*



Billy Lumpkin has worked on numerous building projects over the years. Pictured above is one of his earliest projects.

**Billy Lumpkin
Recently Celebrated 50 Years
with the U. S. Forest Service**

Info from the Chief's Newsletter:

R8: Employee honored for 50 years of service

Billy Lumpkin, engineering technician for the National Forests and Grassland in Texas, celebrated 50 years of federal service on March 25 with friends and colleagues. Regional Forester Liz Agpaoa joined the festivities via videoconference to congratulate Lumpkin on his half century of service.

R-8: Shardul Raval has accepted the position of Region 8 Regional Fire and Aviation Director.

SRS: Scientist appointed editor-in-chief of Journal of Forestry

Don C. Bragg, research forester with the Southern Research Station's Southern Pine Ecology and Management unit was recently named editor-in-chief of the Journal of Forestry. Bragg has authored more than 80 publications including topics like southern pine silviculture, forest dynamics modeling, applied historical ecology and restoration of old-growth ecosystems.

Tina Tilley has accepted the position of Region 8 Forest Supervisor, Land Between the Lakes, National Recreation Area in Golden Pond, Ky. She is currently the District Ranger on the Appalachian District in Asheville, N.C.

“Conservation is a positive exercise of skill and insight, not merely a negative exercise of abstinence and caution.”

Aldo Leopold”

FOREST SERVICE BADGES AND PATCHES

Thanks to Tommy Thompson for the following article about the FS shield. Adapted from Frank Harmon's 1980 Article "What Should Foresters Wear?" in the Journal of Forest History and other sources.

As chief of the Bureau of Forestry, Gifford Pinchot began thinking about the need for a unique badge of authority for his agency employees even before the forest reserves were transferred from the Department of the Interior to Agriculture. When the shift finally took place early in 1905 and the bureau was designated as the Forest Service in the summer of the same year, Pinchot set about at once to get a new official badge for the forest rangers (the earlier General Land Office used a nickel-plated, round badge). For creation of the badge, Pinchot announced a contest among Washington Office employees. A highly varied collection of tree-related designs resulted, including scrolls, leaves, and maple seeds. Although the judges appreciated the employees' artistic merits, they were dissatisfied because none of the designs included generally recognized symbols of authority. The group agreed that the vast responsibilities of the new Forest Service required such a symbol to help assure public recognition of the agency and respect for its officers and their authority, both in Washington, DC, and in the field. A reliable symbol was especially needed for those men in the field who were charged with applying and enforcing Federal laws and regulations in the face of an often suspicious and hostile local populace. Edward T. Allen, one of the judges, strongly believed that a conventional shield was the best authority symbol. As it turned out, he and an associate, William C. Hodge, Jr., (who, like Allen, worked both in the Washington Office and in California between 1904 and 1906) came up with the design that became the official badge. In the spring of 1905, the two men were together in Allen's office or, perhaps, at a railroad depot in Missoula, Montana. Allen, who was attracted by the type of shield used by the Union Pacific Railroad, began tracing an outline of the shield (from a Union Pacific timetable) on a sheet of paper. He inserted the large letters U and S halfway from the top to the bottom of the shield, leaving a space between them. Hodge, looking on, was inspired to sketch a fir tree on a sheet of "roll-your-own" cigarette paper he took from his pocket. He then laid this between the U and S. The two men then quickly wrote "FOREST SERVICE" across the top and "DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE" across the bottom. The placement of the two names was probably dictated by available spaces. Whether this design had any influence on the soon-to-develop and still widely used but unofficial expression "U.S. Forest Service" is debatable. In any case, Pinchot and his assistant, Overton Price, were pleased with the design and called off a planned second contest



Thanks to all that submitted articles for the July 2013 issue of the Dixie Ranger. I was able to use all of them except two or three. Please consider writing one for the November issue. Black and white photos are welcome. Also, small pictures to accompany obituaries are encouraged. Wishing all of you an enjoyable summer and a beautiful autumn. - DR Editor

If you do not plan to use this from 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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Published in March, July, and November of each year. Dues are \$10 per year, payable in January. Mailing address: Tom Tibbs, Treasurer; 627 Oak Lane; Marion, VA 24354

Do you need to renew your dues in 2013? Check the year on your address label.