



THE DIXIE RANGER

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BOOGER IN THE WOODS By Mike Sparks

There are many stories which have arisen from the Winn Ranger District of the Kisatchie National Forest, but none so intriguing as "The Booger in the Woods."

It was during the late Fall of 1977 (as I can best recall) when a phone call came into the District office late one evening. The caller was excited and frightened as he told his tale of woe, sometimes reverting to the Cajun French language of his upbringing. He told of a creature, which was indescribably monstrous and had frightened many of the deer hunters in the Catahoula National Game Preserve that day.

A little background is in order at this point. Now the Catahoula National Game Preserve was and is a favored place for the Cajun folks to visit and deer hunt during the one-week season. For many years they have driven the long drive from South Louisiana and camped in the Preserve in groups. Now the local folks didn't particularly care for this because one of the creatures which was in season besides deer was "wild hogs" and Cajun folks do enjoy pork in their cooking pots. I told you about these feral hogs in the February issue and how the local folks claim these as their own and after they fatten on the acorn crop

on National Forest lands, are harvested and sold at market for a tidy profit.

Well, anyway, a couple of these hunt camps had become disturbed this particular day because of what some folks had seen. One man reported to have seen a "big eight-foot tall hairy monster" in the woods while the other one had found the creature's footprints.

Now you may remember that this was during the time when bigfoot stories were proliferating the news on TV. There were sightings of "Sasquatch" in the Northwest, "Abominable" in the Andes, and "Bigfoot" in many other areas of the West. So, it was natural to explain the findings that day in terms of "Bigfoot."

So after the second phone call came into the office from an excited caller, it became necessary for us to proceed South to Iatt Swamp and see this "thing" that had come to pass.

When we arrived at the appointed place, there was a gathering of cars along the Forest roadside. People were scurrying around and lots of talking that we could not fully comprehend. One man who seemed to be in charge of the camp explained that we should come with him and he would show

us the evidence left behind by the creature.

By this time we were joined by Jack Boren, the Forest Special agent, and were told that TV news crews were on their way. Jack loaded his investigative paraphernalia into his briefcase and we left the roadway to follow the creek where the man was leading us. I seem to remember his name was Mr. Boudreaux.

Now, Mr. Boudreaux led us along the creek bank for about half a mile before he stopped and said "You look here, see 'dem tracks? Dose are de tracks of de 'Booger'."

Sure enough, there were footprints in the sandy creek bottom unlike any I had ever seen. They were approximately 16 inches long and the fine silt displayed the palm prints of the feet. You could trace the lines of the bottom of the creature's feet. There were markings on the sides of the prints where something like hair had grown on the top of the feet and draped along the sides so that the feet pressed the hair into the sandy soil and left an image of something with "gret beeg hairy feet" as Mr. Boudreaux explained.

Jack Boren broke out his briefcase and pulled from it the necessary mixture to make plaster casts of the prints. He was definitely intrigued, as were all of us.

Mr. Boudreaux then took us further into the Forest where he showed us where the leaves and ground had been distributed as if something were searching the forest floor. A large muscadine vine was pulled down from the tree and lay draped on the ground. But, there were no muscadines and Mr. Boudreaux said "See, dat booger been eatin dem muscadines!"

It appeared he was right. The muscadine vine was over 2 inches in

diameter and it would have taken something with superhuman strength to pull it from the treetops. But there it was on the ground which had been turned topsy turvy while someone or something searched for food among the leaves and underbrush. I noticed that Jack Boren kept his hand close to his sidearm after this.

Mr. Boudreaux told us to follow him so we walked through the woods some more, following a definite trail of disturbed vegetation on the forest floor. After a time, we came upon an area that, like the previous area, had been disturbed. Small bushes were broken or pulled over, the ground was almost raked clean in some places where apparently a great struggle had taken place. We noticed large amounts of blood on the ground, which further heightened our anxiety. Jack was now resting his hand on his sidearm. Our guide explained that "dis is where dat thang done caught a wild hog and ate 'em up." Sure enough, we began to find pieces of what appeared to be a wild hog. Mostly, all we found were bits of hide and hair and an occasional bit of hog entrail.

But, by now, it was getting dark and we were sufficiently concerned for our own safety as were all the occupants of the many hunt camps in the preserve because word had been spread that "A booger was in dose woods and we better get outa here!"

By the time we arrived back at the camp, things were packed up and all we saw was the dust from the vehicles as they headed south for home and safety. By nightfall, we suspected that most, if not all, of the camps had been disbanded and the occupants were well on their way

home to safety and to tell of their confrontation with "The Booger"!

By now it was dark, so we headed for the Ranger Station (and safety). Arriving there, we discussed what we had all seen and heard and came to the conclusion that this creature had to be real. We noticed that Jack Boren had said almost nothing during our trip as he quietly gathered his evidence. So when we asked Jack his opinion, he stated with a laugh that "Guys, it's a big hoax and here's how I know." He explained that the footprints looked real and the muscadine vine and hog parts were very convincing but there were two bits of evidence, which refuted all that. First, there was a history in the area of local folks not wanting the outsiders to come into the preserve and hunt deer and hogs. Secondly, if some creature had a foot that was 16+ inches long, it would have a stride of almost four feet, yet these footprints were spaced as if an average man was walking in the woods. He explained that someone had gone to a lot of work to make such detailed rubber feet with palm prints and with hair on the sides to make them leave realistic footprints on the stream bank, thus frightening the hunters from the area.

That seemed to convince most everyone that it was indeed a hoax. However, remember the 2" thick muscadine vine that had been pulled from the treetops? It would have taken more than average men to pull that down. And what about the witness who said he saw an 8-foot hairy creature walking in the Forest? I leave that now for you to make your own decisions about the story.

Jack couldn't answer those questions and neither could anyone else.

Needless to say, whether fact or fiction, there was discussion about this for a long time afterwards among the local folks. However, in future years, the folks from South Louisiana failed to show up in the large numbers of the past to hunt deer and stalk the wild boar on the Catahoula National Game Preserve.



Letters from Members

Jack Godden, Milwaukee - Glad to hear Dave Jolly will be taking on as Editor. His article was most newsworthy and gratifying to read that of the F. S. response, the same "Can Do" and "Service" attitude that I thought had diminished the last twenty years.

Also appreciated the late tribute by Tom Hefferman and story of Wayne Ruziski. Wayne was appointed Ranger at Somerset in 1957 or early 1958 following an "early" resignation of the incumbent who was thought of highly, Bob Collins finding him a job as forester with the State of Kentucky. I was then a Timber Staff assistant GS-9 working out of the S. O. Enjoyed many good hours assisting Wayne who welcomed me on the District. In his years as Ranger there, I can bet he was a great mentor of the young professionals passing through and a good supervisor of his local Techs and Aids.

My thanks to you and your years of service, and thanks to Bert for his support of your efforts, and his good notes in past issue. That's what makes for a good Newsletter! Makes me think I'll keep up my

membership. Wish us luck in finding a replacement for Fern Nilsen, who has announced her retirement as Editor of our Eastern Region Retiree Newsletter in 2005.



Christmas Luncheon

It's time for our holiday luncheon at the Petite Auberge restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center on North Druid Hills Road. The date is December 2 and reservations are required. The cost of the meal is \$13. We meet at 11:30 a.m. for fellowship and lunch is served at 12 noon. Please phone in your reservations no later than November 30 to either Nancy Sorrells at 770.469.5799 or the Brays at 770.253.0392.

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The Positive Side of Life ...

If Wal-Mart is lowering prices every day, how come nothing is free yet?

Submitted by Jim Wenner

NEW EDITORS

As you know from reading the last issue of *The Dixie Ranger*, Peggy and Dave Jolly are our new Editors.

Peggy has also agreed to take on the Treasurer's job as well. The Association will vote on this at the December luncheon. Bert and Betty have had such good success with dues and articles coming in at the same time, that they suggested we continue this process. So, beginning

January 1, 2005, please submit articles for *The Dixie Ranger* and dues to:

Peggy Jolly, Treasurer
SFSRA
128 Wind Trace
Alex City, AL 35010-8772
Phone: 256.329.5246
E-Mail: pjolly@webshoppe.net

* * *

The following Amendments to the Constitution were approved and adopted unanimously at the June 24 luncheon:

ARTICLE IV - MEMBERSHIP

Section 1. - 1 now reads:

A member shall be a person who -

--is a prospective retiree having completed 30 or more years of qualified service, a part of which was served in the South.

Amendment No. 10 reads:

A member shall be a person who --

--is a Forest Service employee or one who has a history of employment in the South and anticipates retirement within 5 years.

ARTICLE IX - DUES

Section 1. Dues for Membership and Associate Membership shall be \$10 per year, payable in advance upon application for membership and by January 1 each year thereafter.

Amendment #9 supersedes Amendment Numbers, 5, 6, and 8.

Speaking of Dues: If there is an (03) at the end of your name in the address label, this is your last issue of *The Dixie Ranger*. We carried you for all of 2004 hoping you had just overlooked paying for 2004. Dues in 2004 were \$8.00, dues for 2005 are \$10.00.

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GREY TOWERS

The following was written by Jim Wenner, Retiree, Ouachita National Forest - Pinchot Institute for Conservation Studies at Grey Towers and the Forest Service People Who Made it Happen -

Grey Towers. Those words stood out as Bert Bray, coeditor of *The Dixie Ranger*, recalled some of his notable memories in the June 2004 edition. He wrote "Playing poker well into the night with Chief Ed Cliff and Budget Officer Clare Hendee in Gifford Pinchot's Grey Towers."

Grey Towers is located in Milford, PA., on the north end of Delaware Watergap National Recreation Area. I've been saving a newsletter from that Forest Service facility for two years to give to one-time director John Gray who lives in Little Rock, AR. Grey Towers is memorable to me because I was also there when the Pinchot heirs formally donated it to the Forest Service.

In 1962 the Pinchot estate wanted to bequeath the termite-ridden, weed-eaten property to the Forest Service, and we accepted. I was in the R-7 Regional Office then and Recreation Section Chief Lee Kelley was my boss. What a job that was, reinforcing the mansion and restoring beauty to the ponds, fountains and grounds. Not your usual Forest Service project. Come dedication time, Lee Kelley

coordinated the festivities, including the dedication by President John F. Kennedy. The grounds were roped off to provide a secure path for the President. Helicopters blew dust as they practiced landing on an adjacent field. The podium was readied in the amphitheater and accommodations made for Forest Service Chief Ed Cliff who would also participate in the ceremony.

This was all coordinated in the command center, which was Lee Kelley's motel room. Lee's wife, Rose Ann, came up to Milford to enjoy the show. I had a critical role in all this; my job was to keep Rose Ann entertained and out of Lee's hectic way. You can imagine how a 1963 motel room command center may have looked. Two beds, a phone, and a dresser lined with liquor bottles. I kept the ice bucket full and extra glasses on hand. What do you do with a long-time friend to keep her occupied? Why, sit on the bed talking and drinking Scotch, of course. No matter that it was two o'clock in the afternoon and I was on duty. But it was the command center, the logical place to report, and they did. Here I was with a Scotch in my hand, and a lady on the bed as Regional Forester Dick Droege escorted Chief Ed Cliff into the room!

Well, Bert Bray may have chatted with Ed Cliff while playing poker that evening, but the Scotch stuck in my throat that afternoon as I gargled a weak hello. My red glow was not from too much sun. Ed Cliff, though, was too laid back to be concerned. I offered him some Hickory tobacco, which was his brand too, and we puffed on our pipes together. Dick Droege fired me three times that afternoon, until the bar supply was low enough he forgot the whole event I've

forgotten many Forest Service events, but never this one.

The Philadelphia Inquirer, dateline Milford, Pa., September 24, 1963, had this to say "An enthusiastic crowd of 12,000 greeted President Kennedy here Tuesday afternoon as he opened a cross-country 'non-political' conservation tour of 11 states.

"The President addressed the assemblage which was jammed shoulder-to-shoulder in a grass-terraced amphitheater on the 101 acre estate of former Gov. Gifford Pinchot.

"Mr Kennedy came here to dedicate the estate as the Pinchot Institute for Conservation Studies. It will be operated by the Forest Service and the Conservation Foundation..."

Any old timer who remembers this story was probably on the four-page Forest Service duty roster. You might also remember the names even after 41 years. Jack Walsh, Bill Ward and Ben Fenton. Dick Obyce and Ross Stump (R-7 Admin). Dick Droege (R-7 RF) and Bruce Merrill (pilot transferred to R-8, then crashed). Carlton (Mac) McMackin (regional landscape architect in R-7, then R-2, long gone).

Dick Mullavey, Ray Powell (RO, then forest engineer, Elkins, W.VA., retired), Joe Fromme (special uses R-7, then WO), Bob Strosnider (opened and guided operation of Blanchard Caverns on the Ozark NF, now retired Recreation Staff, Daniel Boone NF). Bob Phillips, Porter Gearhart, John Korb (Allegheny NF, George Washington NF, R-8 Watersheds, then R-2 winter Sports, now retired in Denver and Phoenix). Bill Hess (GW, Cherokee, R-8 and retired), Paul Shaw (R-7 Wildlife). Rich McNeil (White Mtn., deceased).

From the WO - Leon Thomas, Jackson, Galbraith, Pepper and a dozen others I wasn't acquainted with.

Some folks are still special to me: Jack Godden was lead-car driver for the ceremonies. I had two bosses on the White Mtn. NF. Three quarters of my time was with Jack Godden to initiate the new Visitor Information Service program (we were the guinea pig in VIS for the whole region). Jack served on the Cumberland, Cherokee, White Mtn. NFs and retired as Fire Chief in Milwaukee. Jack is still active in the Eastern Region Retire Association and writes articles for *The Dixie Ranger*, too.

John Herrick was assigned the job of restoring Grey Towers. When R-7 was dissolved he remained as facilities engineer in Research, which included Grey Towers. John was an engineer on the White Mtn. NF when I first met him. After John transferred to the RO, Steve Law (White Mtn., RO, Jefferson NF forest engineer, Alaska, then retired to Maine) and I helped him move an old Chris Craft cruiser to South Jersey. It was pouring rain, the keel was broken, and we took turns bailing as the water came in from above and below. John restored that boat, traded up to sailing sloops, and then a ketch. Many in the WO who sailed the Chesapeake knew John's boat by it's Forest Service Flag flying at the yardarm. Doris and I sailed with John and Mary as they full-timed for nine years in the Caribbean. They later retired to North Carolina. Mary and we miss him.

Lee Kelley was my mentor from my first Forest Service assignment on the James River District, George Washington NF at Covington, VA. Lee was district ranger in 1955 on the adjacent

district on the Monongahela NF in West Virginia. Later, in 1959 when Lee was Recreation Staff officer on the White Mountain NF he brought me to the Supervisor's Office to do the NFORR (National Forest Outdoor Recreation Review) and later start the forest recreation plan. Lee also expected 3/4th of my time; never have two bosses at the same time.

In Laconia, wife Rose Ann baby-sat our number one son, Jim, when David was born. Lee and Rose Ann were godparents to both sons. When Lee was promoted to Upper Darby he promoted me to Regional Recreation Planner.

You see, I was not embarrassed to be with Rose Ann; she had fed me enough corn bread and sour milk (a typical West VA supper) that we were family. It was just difficult to explain that to the Chief of the Forest Service. Lee went on to be Supervisor of the Allegheny NF, then in the Eastern Region RO before retiring. Lee was one of a kind we will always remember for his positive attitude: "Don't tell me I can't do that," he would say, "go study the manual until you find a way I can do it!"

Betty Bray, *Dixie Ranger* coeditor asked me, "Jim, do you think you could get the Grey Towers story to me by the first of November and no later than the 3rd?" I don't have much for the next newsletter..." Well, Betty, I planned a paragraph, but the memories just wouldn't stop. May your last edition before retirement be as memorable as my memories of President Kennedy's dedication of Grey Towers Institute for Conservation Studies, and especially of all the fine, fun-loving Forest Service people I worked with then.

FROM THE EDITORS:

I guess this is as good a place as any in this issue to tell all of you who have contributed such meaningful articles for publication in *The Dixie Ranger* over the years how much you are appreciated. Without you there would have been no newsletter, no way to stay in touch with former co-workers and no recorded history of service in the Forest Service. We're sad to be leaving as Editors, but it has been a joy for me to do the newsletter. I have been frustrated at times when my computer wouldn't do what I told it to do and labels caught up in the printer. You may have wondered why your label was put on with scotch tape - now you know.

We're not really saying good-bye because you will hear from us in the section "Letters from Our Members." Bert and I will be doing some traveling and if you know me very well, you know that I have to be busy. My daughter has already lined me up to do some work maintaining a database for her company's Web site. I shall continue to broaden my computer skills. Bert stays busy with yard work, ham radio, computer use, and soft aerobics three times a week at Gold's Gym.

We will join all of you and look forward to each issue of *The Dixie Ranger*. Bert and Betty Bray

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AUTHOR - AUTHOR

Region 6 retirees are currently investigating the possibility of having a book corner with our "Reunion Store" in 2005. Any retiree who has published a book appropriate for a bunch of outdoorsy-type people and wishes to have the book sold at the "Reunion

Store" in September 2005 please contact David Scott @503.643.3806 or 12245 NW Marshall St., Portland, OR 97229 or Audrey@teleport.com.

We would like to show all our attendees the talents of our retirees as well as provide some interesting reading. If you know of retiree authors other than yourselves invite them to contact Dave. Dave also welcomes any comments on how to set up and operate an "Author's Corner" in conjunction with the store.

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NATIONAL FOREST FOUNDATION

From Colorado's craggy peaks to North Carolina's tangled hardwoods, America's National Forest System stretches across 192 million, wildly diverse acres. These lands provide much of our nation's clean water supply, support thousands of local economies, and give us a diversity of recreational opportunities. During your career with the Forest Service, you dedicated yourself to caring for this country's treasured public lands. A commitment you have in common with the National Forest Foundation (NFF) - a nonprofit partner of the U. S. Forest Service.

Together, we share a dedication to supporting and implementing action-oriented conservation projects on and around national forests and grasslands, which generate on-the-ground benefits to forest health and surrounding communities. As a nonprofit partner of the Forest Service, the NFF facilitates local involvement in forest conservation, benefiting wildlife, watersheds and communities. In the process, we restore wildfire-burned landscapes; improve habitat for fish, birds and mammals, enhance trails and fisheries, create innovative ways to

expand resource-based local economies; and link the latest in forest stewardship science with on-the-ground practitioners.

By combining our commitment to National Forest health we will leave a legacy for future generations; a wonderful gift of places that provide precious resources, spiritual renewal, adventure, and a rich slice of American heritage. Please join us in partnership as we care for these magnificent lands. For more information on how you can support the NFF, please visit our website at www.natlforests.org or call us toll free @ 1.866.773.4NFF.

Doug Leisz, Chair, NAFSR, wrote the following:

The National Association of Forest Service Retirees (NAFSR) and the National Forest Foundation (NFF) enthusiastically initiated an outstanding new program recently that we want to share with you.

The program, run cooperatively by NAFSR and NFF, will undertake small projects on National Forests, which meet the NFF's priorities for on-the-ground conservation work in four main areas: community-based forest stewardship, watershed health and restoration, recreational opportunities enhancement and wildlife habitat restoration.

The effort got an auspicious start with the Friends of the Forest in Sedona, Arizona, raising \$1,000 for wilderness information signing in proximity to the city and on the Sedona Ranger District of the Coconino National Forest. The NFF approved a grant matching the private contribution and work will begin shortly. NAFSR Board Member Dale Robertson initiated discussion between the parties and will oversee project implementation.

Here's how it works: An NAFSR member and local Forest Service official discuss opportunities and decide on appropriate project work. The retiree finds private, tax-deductible donations in the local community and submits a proposal to NAFSR and NFF. After approval and deposit of the private funds with NFF, the NFF matches the funds up to \$1,000, forwards the total to NAFSR, who sends the funds to the local retiree to dispense the money, supervise the work and prepare a final report.

NAFSR and NFF believe there are great potential benefits to National Forests across the country from this program. While the NFF contributes positively to its statutory mission, Forest Service retirees have an opportunity to perform a constructive service on the lands they love.

For further information, contact NAFSR Executive Director Dick Pfilf at dpfilf@tcs.wap.org or the NFF Director of Grants Programs Alexandra Kenny at akenny@natlforests.org or 202.298.6740.

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HOW ARE MY TREES GROWING?

By Jack Godden

I began my Forest Service career on the Hiwassee Ranger District, Cherokee National Forest, in early October 1954. I would serve under the District's first ranger, Alden Norris Quam. His District was formed from portions of the Ocoee and Tellico districts and acquired TVA lands that President Harry Truman transferred to the Forest Service in 1953 before leaving office.

I was a "Yankee" from upstate New York, a 1951 graduate from New York State College of Forestry,

enlisted in the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, married while in service, came home to a wife, and daughter born while I was in Korea. I took my Junior Forester's Civil Service exam in January 1954, saving money for moving costs before I could accept a job with the Forest Service. My car loaded with personal and family belongings, I preceded my wife, daughter and new born baby girl to Etowah, TN. (They followed in November, arriving by train - an unscheduled stop in Dayton, TN, welcomed by a cold rain and scary barge trip across the Kentucky River).

On my arrival I took up residence in a rooming house with George Wolfel, a bachelor who I was to replace on the District. The other roomers were all Louisville and Nashville Railroad employees. Etowah was the halfway point between Cincinnati and Atlanta.

The landlady cooked everything in deep fat. There was no conversation at the breakfast or dinner tables, and she would prepare two baloney sandwiches wrapped in wax paper for lunch.

George annoyed the landlady by whittling in his room, drinking a beer now and then, and spending his weekends in Chattanooga. In his remaining three weeks before moving on he showed me around the District, helped me "bug bomb", find and set up an oil space heater in a rental home that I found before my family's arrival.

On this new District, there was land to find and post timber and land trespass. District Ranger Quam also had the task of moving the squatters living in farmhouses, abandoned by original owners when TVA acquired the land in the late 1930's. One of my first assignments as the new Junior

Forester was the preparation, and later, the planting of these areas with Loblolly Pine seedlings in 1955 and 1956. I commend Norris Quam for his patience and compassion, finding work for men folk who scorned any physical labor to benefit their family. I would meet some of the "poorest white folk" of eastern Tennessee, witness what they left, then burning and leveling the original squatter home sites along the Hiwassee River below Reliance.

These "bottom lands" along the river were "chigger heavens." In laying out the machine and hand planting areas, and supervising the planting, I was "tender, white meat." The machine planting was the easiest to supervise, the hand planting areas reserved for Boy Scout groups from as far as Chattanooga. For many of them it would be their first experience with chiggers and ticks. I'd guess their success was lower than the machine planting, but many, if not all, received either a merit badge or higher class rating for their efforts. I moved North in 1956 to Kentucky but was told the loblolly pines we planted in 1955 and 1956 had created the greenery and forest for the proclaimed "Wild, Scenic River" for kayaking, rafting and recreationists.

I wanted to find out the success of this early "forestry" effort and thought of visiting the area on a return trip from Florida in 1990. An ice storm prevented my wife and me from making the side trip off US 411, up the river to Reliance to see "my trees." A note on the door of the closed Ranger Station provided me with the Ranger's home telephone number. I called and told him that we were passing through but couldn't get to see "my trees." He was excited to hear from the

past, and one who had left his "mark" on the land. The trees were said to be a record height and size - and "you're the guy that planted them?" It was good to see the District office on the main drag through Etowah. Our office was rented space, \$20/month, above the Public Utilities Office - up some 14 steps, two rooms with bath. We covered the bath tub with a piece of plywood for our few files. Our furniture was all "hand-me-downs" or excess. We had two Underwood's but did have a new Monroe Calculator. Our "corral", fenced in parking lot for our vehicles, was built in 1955, and north of our office on Main Street, US 411. The local merchants and public saw little of our vehicles and us during work hours.

I made GS-7 Assistant Ranger at the end of my probationary period and moved my family to a better rental with electric heat.

My days and experiences in the field provided me with my fondest memories. I enjoyed meeting, listening, working with the mountain people. One Melvin Dalton of Epperson, TN, and I covered the District establishing 280 permanent $\frac{1}{4}$ acre plots for inventory and preparing a District Timber Management Plan. Melvin, as a boy, remembered the influenza epidemic of 1917. He owned a pair of mules in his early years, was a logger, and a good religious man. His wife was post mistress and she treasured having the first refrigerator in Epperson. He was hired as my guide and helper, GS-2. We did "cover" the District, met, visited with all the people. We were known in every country store. The locals knew our purpose and we always had time for a "Coca-Cola" and sharing news.

These and quiet moments in the woods I cherished. On my days alone on timber sale recon and sales layout, I swear I could hear the trees growing, especially in stands of yellow poplar in the deep coves. The Southern Appalachians with their mix of hardwoods, pines, and the many multiples available, by types, slopes and classes offered the greatest biological diversity I ever experienced in my Forest Service career. And I prepared many a sales prescription, hugged many a tree with a diameter tape, added a paint stop for its removal or cultural treatment, laid out a few miles of road for harvesting what we marked for sale, got to see it cut and removed, and fought a few fires to keep it green. I think I left a better forest and gave Mother Nature a helping hand that enhanced her present beauty.

I believe there are other foresters that might feel the same. I hope there are still some field-going personnel today who have the same appreciation of their management, protection, service and care of the forests and the people they should know and serve. After 50 years, that's my question to folks floating down the Hiwassee River below Reliance, Tennessee **"How Are My Trees Growing?"**

* * *

Always Room for a Cup of Coffee

When things in your life seem almost too much to handle, when 24 hours in a day are not enough, remember the mayonnaise jar...and the coffee...

A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly, he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill

it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was.

So the professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with an unanimous "yes." The professor then produced two cups of coffee from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar, effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed.

"Now," said the professor, as the laughter subsided, "I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The golf balls are the important things - your God, family, your children, your health, your friends, and your favorite passions - things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house, and your car. The sand is everything else - the small stuff.

"If you put the sand into the jar first," he continued, "there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important. Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your wife/husband out to dinner. Maybe even play another

18. There's always time to clean the house and fix the disposal. Take care of the golf balls first, the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand."

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the coffee represented.

The professor smiled. "I'm glad you asked. It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of cups of coffee with a friend." *Submitted by Bert Bray*

IN MEMORIAM

Anna Jean Myers Allen, 79, of Apison, died June 30 at her residence. She retired from the U. S. Forest Service after 25 years. She is survived by two daughters and sons-in-law, 6 grandchildren and one great-granddaughter. Employees on the Cherokee and NFs in Alabama may remember Mrs. Allen.

Hilda Whitacre Brandewie, 73, died August 10 in Tallahassee, FL. Hilda started her Forest Service career in the Forest Supervisor's Office in Tallahassee and later worked for the Southeastern Forest Experiment Station at Olustee and as Ranger Clerk on the Osceola RD at Lake City, FL. She is survived by her husband, Bob, two sons and a daughter; five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Franklin Harrison Case, 73, died June 2, at his home in Tallahassee. Mr. Case served nine years in the National Guard and almost 30 years with the Forest Service. He is survived by his wife, Vera; two daughters and one son, all of Tallahassee.

Peter J. Hanlon, 98, Chambersburg, PA., died July 3, after a brief respiratory illness. Mr. Hanlon and his wife, Betty, moved to Chambersburg from Fairview, NC, in 2002. After 36 years with the Forest Service, Mr. Hanlon retired in 1970, serving his final 10 years as Supervisor of the NFs in North Carolina. He began his career in the mid-1930's on the Allegheny National Forest in PA. He also served on the Monogahela NF in West VA, the George Washington NF in VA, and for the regional forester in Upper Darby, PA. Mr. Hanlon was the youngest of eight children and the first to graduate from college. He graduated in 1929 from the College of Forestry at Syracuse University. He is survived by his devoted wife Betty; two sons - Jim of Chambersburg and Tom of Baton Rouge, LA; five grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. Mrs. Hanlon continues to live at Providence Place in Chambersburg.

Horace C. (Rik) Eriksson, 92, died July 15 from injuries suffered in an automobile accident. Mr. Eriksson was a graduate of the University of Connecticut in 1933. He retired from the Forest Service as Deputy Regional Forester in Atlanta, GA., in 1971. Mr. Eriksson, during his career, worked on the Nantahala NF, was Supervisor of the Ouachita National Forest, Regional Office, R-2, and then returned to R-8. He is survived by his sons, Richard, James, and John; one stepson, two stepdaughters; 14 grandchildren, 18 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

John G. Keck, 72, died June 3 in Beaumont, Texas, after an extended illness. Mr. Keck served on two Ranger Districts and in the

Supervisor's office in Tallahassee, FL, the last assignments in fire control. Mr. Keck is survived by two daughters; one son; three granddaughters and one grandson.

Jackson D. Large, died July 13 in Greeley, CO. Mr. Large played a major role in getting the trade unions involved in the Job Corps program. Those programs are the life blood of the work program phase today. Mr. Large is survived by his wife Hazel and 9 children.

William P. LeGrande, 90, of Blairsville, GA., died July 14. Mr. LeGrande was born in Concord, NC and moved to Blairsville in 1983 from Moncks Corner, SC. He is survived by a daughter, Patricia G. Collins of Hamilton, GA.; three grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

James Robert Sanders, 74, of Silver Springs, FL, died August 13. Mr. Sanders was a native of Ocala. He worked on the Lake George District. He is survived by his wife, Louise, one daughter, three sons, eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Cleo Treadway, Haleyville, AL, died September 11. Mr. Treadway is survived by his wife Lois and two daughters. Mr. Treadway worked on the Bankhead National Forest, the old Black Warrior District, for 35 years. * * *

RETIREMENT - James S. Watson, District Ranger on the Caddo Ranger District for the past 20 years, retired October 1, 2004. Jim has served the Forest Service for 38 ½ years. His service time included the Ozark NF, Sumter National Forest in S.C., the St. Francis NF, AR, and the Ouachita.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Ivan S. Cupp, (Ann), 3301 Ridgewood Drive, Edmond, OK 73013. Phone: 405.341.0167
E-mail: sofcupp@sbcglobal.net

Changes to the Directory. New addresses for the following:

Ruth KaGeorge - 2304 Northlake Ct., Atlanta 30345. Phone: 770.908.1475. E-mail: RuthKageorge@Bellsouth.net

Dade Foote, -56 Arbor Way, Newnan, GA 30265. Phone: 770.683.7403. E-mail: thefootes@summergrove.net

Carl Ostrom, - 1951 N. Emerald Dr., Prescott, AZ 86301

Don Strode - 160 Kendal Dr. #1019, Lexington, VA 24450

Tom Tibbs, - 627 Oak Lane, Marion, VA 24354. E-mail: gtibbs6@earthlink.net

Please add these e-mail addresses to your Directory:

Bob and Barbara Erickson - BBErick@comcast.net Phone: 970.282.9019

Joann Webb - Smokeyjo12@comcast.net

JOHN McGUIRE AWARD

The Oak Sustainability Group on the Ozark St. Francis NF was presented the John McGuire Award.

Seventeen people were included in the group recognized by the National Association of Forest Service Retirees for exemplary work by actions they took to suppress oak mortality and restore damaged

ecosystems by a catastrophic outbreak of red oak borers.

The award was recently established by NAFSR to honor a renowned former FS Chief and to recognize outstanding accomplishments by currently active FS employees, individuals, groups or units who are overcoming obstacles and doing great work in furthering the statutory FS mission. It was presented jointly by Dave Jolly and Chief Dale Bosworth at the President's "Partnering for Healthy Forests" conference in Little Rock, AR, on June 7, 2004. Len Bollman, the group leader, and Forest Supervisor Charlie Richmond expressed deep appreciation that "our retirees are going to such an extent to recognize our work."

The Award Committee encourages additional nominations that can be submitted by retirees and/or FS employees through regional representatives. Ralph Mumme represents Region 8.

The Christmas Card

By Margaret Stephens,
Retiree, RO, Atlanta

I have a list of folks I know - all written in a book.
And every year at Christmas time I go and take a look.
And that is when I realize - these names are just a part, not of the book they're written in, but of my very heart.
For each name stands for someone whose path touched mine and then -
Left a part of friendship I want to touch again.
And while you may not be aware of any special link, just meeting you has shaped my life much more than you think.
So never think my Christmas Greetings are just a mere routine,

Of names upon a Christmas list forgotten in between.

For when I send a Christmas card that is addressed to you, it's cause you're on that list of folks that I'm indebted to.

For I am but a total of the many folks I've met. And you are one of those I've met and never will forget. And whether I have known you for many years or few, in some way you have had a part in shaping things I do.

And every year when Christmas comes I realize anew, the biggest gift that life can give is meeting folks like you.

And may the Joy of Christmas that eternally endures, leave its richest blessings in the hearts of you and yours. (*Used with permission-the Editors*).

* * *

Many Thanks to Bobby Kitchens -

The June luncheon featured Bobby Kitchens, talking to us about "Incident Command Teams" (ICTs). Historically, firefighting was the inspiration for them, beginning in the early 1900's, but in the 1980's teams began to respond to many other emergencies. With the teams' interagency makeup, any of several agencies may take a lead role. Kitchens has served in several capacities, including Incident Commander and Operations Chief. He continues involvement following his retirement.

Bobby emphasized the role of ICT's in response to the Columbia disaster, where Texas Forest Service and USDA Forest Service played major roles and received public recognition. Other incidents mentioned included 9/11, and Avian Flu outbreaks. Bobby has as of this summer worked all four hurricanes, most under FEMA sponsorship.

REUNION - Portland, OR, September 4-9, 2005

The Pacific Northwest Forest Service Retiree Association invites you to come visit the Northwest in 2005 for a gathering of Forest Service retirees and friends. Come renew friendships, celebrate the "Outfit's" 100th birthday, see some of the scenery, eat some fresh salmon, try some pretty decent wine and just have fun. So forget the umbrella, come early and stay late.

The reunion is from September 4 to 9, 2005, at the double Tree Hotel, Jantzen Beach in north Portland on the bank of the Columbia River, across from Vancouver, WA. The hotel is an AAA triple diamond, has plenty of parking, and is easy to reach from Interstate 5 and a short distance from Portland International Airport.

Want to be on the list for a registration package to be mailed to you? Clip this form and send it to: Liz Kraiter, Registrar, 2337 Miller Court, Woodburn, OR 97071. Questions? Call Liz at 503.981.4200 or email: lkraiter@easystreet.com

Name _____
Address _____ State _____ Zip _____
Email _____

Membership Drive for National
Museum of Forest Service History

Grey Reynolds, President of the National Museum of Forest Service History, is asking for your support to preserve Forest Service legacy by becoming a member of the Museum. In 2005, the Forest Service will celebrate its 100th anniversary. Forest Service events are planned to celebrate this proud history.

He writes: "This is an ideal time to become involved. We are rapidly losing artifacts, archives and other parts of our history and traditions. The Museum's mission is to work with the Forest Service to collect, protect and interpret our rich history. The Museum is a private non-profit corporation. Our program is national in scope. Our goal is to build a museum and national headquarters, provide conservation education through the internet and honor people who have contributed to the mission of the Forest Service.

"Won't you please join our effort to protect and further our history for our generation and future generations? We really need your help and support now by mailing your membership application and check to the Museum today."

Please check your membership level below:

- ☐ Individual 1 Yr., \$30 ☐ Contributing 1 Yr., \$150
☐ Family 1 Yr., \$55 ☐ Sustaining 1 Yr., \$300
☐ Life, \$1000

☐ Additional Gift of \$ _____ **R804**

Extra contributions are 100% tax deductible.

Fill out your desired level of membership and any contribution you wish to make, and send with your check or money order to:

*National Museum of Forest Service History
P.O. Box 2772
Missoula, MT 59808*

Name: _____ Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____
Phone: _____ and Email: _____

Southern Forest Service
Retirees Association
70 Wilkes Court
Newnan, GA 30263-6124

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Postage Paid
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Newnan, GA

A reminder: Phone in Luncheon reservation by November 30. See page 4.

As we go to press, word has been received that Roy Bond, a former R-8 Regional Forester, died in Albuquerque, NM on Oct. 8. He is survived by wife Thelma and four children. Mr. Bond retired in 1979.

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Published in March, July, and November. Dues are \$10 per year, payable in January. Mailing address: SFSRA 70 Wilkes Court, Newnan, GA 30264-6124. After January 1: 128 Wind Trace, Alex City, AL 35010-8772.