



# THE DIXIE RANGER

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## CAREER ENHANCING EPISODES By Roger W. Dennington

Everyone who has worked in the National Forest System (NFS) at the Ranger District (RD) level for any time at all has at least 10,000 stories. Most are pleasant and memorable – a few are not. Junior Foresters quickly learn via word-of-mouth (it is not in the FSM) that if they mess up – **really mess up** – they could well end up in State and Private Forestry (S&PF). I spent the last fourteen years of my career in S&PF. Oops! Here are a couple of my stories and I am sticking to them.

In 1971 Chief Ed Cliff was talking retirement. He was proud of the fact that he had visited all of the forests in the NFS during his illustrious career. His staff wouldn't let such a boast go unchallenged. Had he been on the St. Francis NF? It had only been a NF for eleven years and was the smallest in the System. After further consideration, the Chief concluded that he had not and that a visit should be scheduled soon. My boss, Forest Supervisor Larry Henson, called me and asked me to arrange the details for a quick Sunday morning visit in October. The St. Francis' fleet consisted of three pickups, a one-ton stake body, and a dump truck. I chose my POV – a dark blue '70 Delta 88 Olds to be the "official ground transportation." The FS plane arrived at the Helena (Arkansas – this is

an R-8 story) airport at 8:00 P.M. on a dark rainy Saturday night before the Sunday morning tour. There was no lighting on the airport tarmac. It was pitch dark except for the faint interior lights of the plane shining through the open cabin door. I helped the passengers carry their luggage to the car as they deplaned. When I raised the trunk lid, I heard a loud kapok. "What was that?", I asked. "Oh, it was just my camera. I shouldn't have placed it on the dark trunk", replied Deputy Regional Forester Max Peterson. The camera was banged up pretty bad. Dinner conversation that night centered around the merits and details of the pending "Eastern Wilderness" legislation.

The next morning Max and Wayne Cloward returned to Atlanta while the Chief, Larry, his deputy David Jolly and I "toured" the St. Francis. After showing the Chief a key tract we had recently purchased where the St. Francis River enters the Mississippi River, we proceeded to travel to the top of Crowley's Ridge. The road was dirt – not gravel. It was on a twelve percent grade or better and it was wet. Had it been only Larry, Dave and myself, I would have backed up with a good running start and made it up to the top in the Olds. But with the Chief as a passenger it didn't seem like a good time to be hot-dogging. About three

quarters of the way to the top, the wheels started spinning. The only recourse was to back down and go an alternate route. A squirrel hunter had started up the hill behind us. He stopped when he saw us backing down and he too started backing down. He slid into the ditch. The road was too narrow for us to pass by his pickup and we couldn't go up. So the Chief, Larry, and Dave and I got into the ditch and pushed the pickup back onto the road. The Chief's next stop after the St. Francis was to be Hawaii. The St. Francis tour was terminated at that point. The Chief could now claim he had been on all the forests in the NFS and he had no little Arkansas mud on his shoes as confirmation!

Fast forward to 1976. I am now in Mississippi on the Chickasawhay RD. Regional Forester Max Peterson, my boss Forest Supervisor Frank Finison and an entourage starting in Gulfport are making a visit to about five of the NFs in Mississippi districts. After a briefing in the office, the group loaded up and headed to the field. Max asked to ride with me to get the lowdown from the local guy, I assume. He sits in the front with a "to-go-cup" of coffee and the SO staff driver. I am in the rear. As we approach our exit on I-59, I advised the driver to exit here. He must not have heard or understood. When I repeated the request, he hit the brakes. Apparently the driver was unaccustomed to the rental car's power brakes because the tires squealed and smoked as he swerved onto the exit ramp. Were it not for seatbelts, Max would have ended up in the floorboard. The coffee cup and contents did. When we loaded back up after the first field stop, Max got into another vehicle leaving me and the driver for the remainder of the trip to only speculate why.

**Postscript:** In 1981, I transferred into the R-8 Cooperative Forestry Unit of S&PF. All of my snafus had finally caught up with me!

Truthfully, I applied to a vacancy announcement. It was the most timely and best move I ever made. By 1981, the handwriting on the wall was coming into focus - NFS management was heading south. Increasingly accomplishments were being measured by the number of reports, assessments prepared, and tons of paper used and less by miles, acres, and MBF. Professional personnel were becoming office bound. The fun of working on the NF was on the decline.

Timing could not have been better. As production of the 194-million-acre NFS declined, the 140 million acres of non-industrial, privately owned forestland in the South would have to take up much of the slack. Working cooperatively with many partners in the S&PF arena to increase the productivity of these lands was both challenging and exciting.

Through the years I worked for a ton of outstanding bosses. These coupled with a proud and focused agency made for a career experience that would be the envy of most working men and women. Looking back with a borrowed line from the late Bob Hope - **"thanks for the memories"** - twenty years of NFS and the fourteen years of S&PF memories. It was the best of both worlds.

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SAY WHAT?

A man was telling his neighbor, "I just bought a new hearing aid. It cost me four thousand dollars, but it's state of the art." "Really," answered the neighbor. "What kind is it?" "Twelve thirty."

A man was driving down the freeway and his car phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "Herman, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on the Interstate. Please be careful!"

"It's not just one car," said Herman.  
"It's hundreds of them!"



## CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON DECEMBER 11

Our end of the year luncheon will be December 11 at the Petite Auberge restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center on North Druid Hills Road. We meet at 11:30 a.m. for fellowship and lunch is served at 12 noon. The price of the meal is \$13 and reservations are required. Please make your reservation with either the Brays at 770.253.0392 or Nancy Sorrells at 770.469.5799 no later than December 9.

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## Smithsonian Folklife Festival

Each summer the Smithsonian's Center for Folklife and Cultural Heritage puts on a festival on the National Mall in Washington, D. C.

The Forest Service and the Smithsonian Institute are working jointly on a project to document/share the culture/skills and traditions of the Forest Service to commemorate the Forest Service's 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 2005.

The Folklife Festival is like a living museum. It is an exhibition of living cultural heritage, and the largest cultural event in the U. S. capital, attracting about 1 million visitors each year. It provides an amazing opportunity to share the culture, history, and contributions of the Forest Service and the people we have touched over the past 100 years.

Chief Bosworth said the Forest Service venue in 2005 will be a catalyst

for discussions with the American people about their relationship to our nation's forests and grasslands, and the role FS employees play in managing these critically important lands. Do you think you, or do you know of someone who would be able to help tell the FS story by demonstrating a skill, telling a story, relating the history of the Forest Service, expressing our goals and how we achieve them or letting the public know who we are, where we are, and where we are going?

Stephen Swimmer, Sylamore Ranger District, Ozark-St. Francis NFs, AFMO, has been assigned Fire, but says it could be anything relating to the Forest Service.

Jim McConnell, retired, Atlanta, has several interviews lined up, but could use all the help he can get. Can you give both Stephen or Jim some ideas and help?

Listed below are interviewers for the South:

Jim McConnell, 770.923.1681,  
[elanjim@bellsouth.net](mailto:elanjim@bellsouth.net)

Stephen Swimmer, 870.269.3228  
(wk), [srswimmer@fs.fed.us](mailto:srswimmer@fs.fed.us) or  
[s\\_swimmer@msn.com](mailto:s_swimmer@msn.com)

Gerald Helton, RO, Atlanta,  
404.347.1028, [ghelton@fs.fed.us](mailto:ghelton@fs.fed.us)

John Schelhas, Southern Station,  
Tuskegee Univ., 334.727.8131,  
[jschelhas@fs.fed.us](mailto:jschelhas@fs.fed.us)

Arlena Argon-Husbands, Davy  
Crockett NF, 936.655.2299,  
[aarongon@fs.fed.us](mailto:aarongon@fs.fed.us)

Connie Lee, Ozark-St. Francis NF,  
479.968.2354, [crlee@fs.fed.us](mailto:crlee@fs.fed.us)

For those of you living in other parts of the country, please contact the people listed below and they can put you in contact with someone near you:

Linda Feldman, WO,  
202.205.5658, [lfeldman@fs.fed.us](mailto:lfeldman@fs.fed.us)

Sarah Iverson, WO,  
202.205.1696, [siverson@fs.fed.us](mailto:siverson@fs.fed.us)

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*Only in America...do banks leave both doors open and then chain the pens to the counters.*



## LETTERS FROM OUR MEMBERS

**Ed Ellenberg**, Fairfield Glade, TN - Three things happened recently that resulted in this epistle: 1) my dues are due, 2) Marge and I visited Elinor and Duff Holbrook, and 3) Jim Wenner's great truths about growing old.

When sending in dues, it is also almost mandatory to send a letter to show you are really still alive. I'd be happy to send dues for ten years but then I wouldn't have any incentive to write for that period.

When we visited the Holbrooks, Duff told me about his winning an award for developing a system for harvesting pine pulpwood plantations that is being used all over the Southeastern United States. What?? A Wildlife biologist developing a timber harvesting program? This reminds me of the Cherokee NF in the '60's.

Great Truths #5: "It's frustrating when you know all the answers but nobody bothers to ask the questions." The question is: "What was the best Forest Staff in the history of R8?" That should generate some discussion, but, of course, the answer is the Cherokee NF in the early '60's.

The Staff was headed by Gil Stradt, the "no nonsense" Supervisor who made the Forest run for the "greatest good for the greatest number." Then there was Duff Holbrook who knew the most efficient way to manage the wildlife habitat, when needed, was through timber management. And Bill McConnell, the TM Staff, who knew the importance of

meeting timber management objectives yet understood the importance of other resources and went out of his way to coordinate his activities. Richard Lowndes, the Forest Engineer, preferred to build roads to the best engineering principles, but rearranged them when necessary to better "lay on the ground" and meet other resource needs. Then there was the Recreational and Watershed Staff (yours truly) who really didn't know that much about anything, but learned a hell of a lot from the rest of the staff. Finally, Pat Int-Hout and later John Chaffin, Fire Staff and Asst. Supervisor, who tied the whole thing together and were the grease that made it run.

When the environmental extremists began to attack the FS in the '70's and said that timber management ruled and nothing else counted, they didn't know the Cherokee of the '60's.

This is the answer to my questions and end of this epistle.

**Vietta Beal**, Tuscaloosa, AL - Imagine my surprise when I opened the June 2003 issue of *The Dixie Ranger* and saw the tribute to my husband, John Beal, written by James McConnell. I want to thank him for it. I, too, remember the twin sisters, Miss Mattie and Miss Molly. They were a joy to know, and once you met them, you would never forget them.

Our days at the Bentley-Pollock Ranger Station were some of the best. We stayed there almost 5 years before moving on to the Oakmulgee National Forest in Alabama.

John served almost 40 years with the U. S. Forest Service. He was truly a "Dixie Ranger." It's been almost 50 years since we were in Louisiana.

A special thanks to *The Dixie Ranger* staff for making this publication possible.

**Don Ashworth**, Loganville, GA - Here is my check for three more years subscription to *The Dixie Ranger*. In the

last issue I noticed a review of a fictional account about a fire wherein the hotshots were involved. I had a fire crew on the Golden Ridge fire in about 1972 on the Wenatchie NF. I have written an account of my experiences on that fire and temper it with fictional characters and some other things. I have not sent it to a publisher yet for three reasons: 1) I have at least two chapters to do before it is complete; 2) I have another book which I consider finished, but not published yet; 3) and the time from first draft and submission to a publisher is long and painstaking. Actually, I am going through an agent, not straight to a publisher. This is important because publishers are not keen on working with new authors.

For those of you interested in writing, it is a real challenge. I have had my book edited twice and the publisher wants to do still more. The cost is not cheap. The first edit cost me time and patience as I was guided by a professional. The second edit cost me roughly \$300. A third edit will cost another \$400 to \$500. The problem is that you are competing in a very rough field. The individual who goes to school to become a writer is ahead of you. The avenues to getting published are long and complex. And thirdly, the cost can discourage you.

The first book I wrote runs approximately 200 pages and is about a forester looking for another forester who has failed to show up at the Ranger Station. Others are also looking for him, but no one has had any success. Most of my story includes many of my personal experiences as a forester in the Forest Service. There are humorous parts and serious parts. The book starts off with an encounter with a naked old jay bird who I actually confronted in the woods in Virginia. He and his wife ran around a filthy old shack totally without any clothes on. The story ends up with the FBI, U. S. Marine Corps and drug traffickers knocking heads. Many of these

incidents come right from first hand experiences. Others are figments of my imagination. All in all, it was fun and I truly hope to get it published. The guy who last looked at it is in Boston, and he is real interested in printing it. But he wants too much money and I don't know where it will end.

If any of you readers have clues as to getting published, please let me know. The second book is longer than the first and is much more involved with a major class E fire and the various techniques used to fight one. I have attempted to show the differences between fire fighting in the Southeast and the Northwestern United States.

**Bill Bodie**, Lexington, SC - Here's a check for dues to keep me around for a few more years. I enjoy each *Dixie Ranger*, and can't believe that I'm already in my eleventh year of retirement.

Obituaries are the only sad part of the *Ranger*, and I see more and more names of those with whom I worked. Robin Shaddox mentioned several from the Ozark, and James Cole mentioned the Gibsons from the Bankhead, in their letters in the last issue. That issue also contained the name of Lew Grosenbaugh. Lew was a faithful attendee at our NFs in FL retiree functions, and had attended the annual picnic the week before his death. Since the last issue, we've lost Alvis Owen, the best boss I ever had. His excellent qualities as a supervisor, and his tremendous sense of humor were transcended only by the exceptional quality of his character as a human being. I worked for Alvis as a DR on the Ozark, then transferred to the Osceola where his brother, sister-in-law, and later his nephew, worked for me.

The passing of these "FS legends" points out the value of the historical records Jim McConnell is compiling through his interviews. Volumes and volumes of FS history (during the "good ole' days", no less) are being buried

with these legends of the past. We all owe Jim a round of thanks for this time-consuming work. So - from me, thanks, Jim, for that portion that you are capturing and sharing with us.

**Jim Sabin**, Tucker, GA - Thought I'd better get this check out right away before I forget to pay my dues. Perhaps with six great grandchildren, I can be forgiven if I am forgetful.

We've had a couple of "never thought that would happen" events. Alice and I have lived in the same house for 32 years. That's one. The other is that my elder duties as head of Administration and Personnel Ministry includes job descriptions and performance evaluations - I really never thought I'd be doing that again. That's two. The third might be that we're celebrating our 55<sup>th</sup> anniversary this year. I hesitate - someone might say they agree because they didn't think Alice could put up with me that long.

Really enjoy the newsletter and the letters from all the F.S. folks around the country.

**Jack Godden**, Fax Point, WI - Sorry to read of B. W. Chumney's death. I'm wondering if any of the Cherokee old-timers will be writing a "Tribute" to him. During my stay (1954-1956) on the Hiwassee, he was our Dispatcher for the north half of the Hiwassee from Tellico Office (Farrell Stanley for south half of District from Oswald Dome Lookout on the Ocoee.) Not having the rank and privilege of having a mobile radio unit (my wheels were a ¼ ton jeep, and use of an SX "portable" radio, (13 #'s of box, dials and 10' of antenna wire) so my messages were usually relayed from Joe Floyd from Buck Bald Lookout, or Farrell Stanley from Oswald Dome. After the fire, I'd be on the phone getting info from him for preparing the "929's - Individual Fire Reports. (Through this system I had doubts about the authenticity of all the fire data ever gathered from the hundreds

of thousands of "929's" used by Research. Considering my typing ability and the use of the old Underwoods, our passing grade was how many were returned from the S.O. resource clerks).

My last contact with Chumney was by telephone on a Sunday in the mid-1990's. He straightened me out on the Ellis Brothers, one grandson now a lawyer, and status of Hilman Hargis' family. Hilman was our Forestry Tech on the District. He lost an eye to woods injury and died early of cancer. His wife was then still living on their farm on the road to Tellico. His two sons had gone on to college - one I think Chumney said became a Doctor, the other a chemist. It was most gratifying to hear this news. He did remember my name and could relate to my past experiences and names, places we had in common. I missed another opportunity for a personal visit with him; the 45 minutes by telephone had to suffice as my best reward to refresh some great memories.

My knowledge of Lewis R. Grosenbaugh's good work was his "Method of Plotless Cruising" I was allowed to use for determining basal area "by prism" of the pulpwood size stands for possible cuts. We used this method for thinning some of the stands on Starr Mountain in 1955-56 - had good success!

With reference to my story on Tom Hunt, it was bottles of J.W.DANT Tom would swap for jars of shine. (Jack Daniels was too expensive for our salaries in those days). If it raises any comments I could provide a few more answers to your readers, even if they don't remember me.

Keep up your good work - continuing efforts to pass on some of the news of the past.

**Cliff Faulkner**, Lake Placid, FL - In the June issue I saw several mentions of CCC. In the fall of 2003, the National Association of CCC Alumni will hold a reunion at the Highlands Hammock State Park, Sebring, FL. The date is Oct

29 - Nov. 1 Bob Pasquill, Forest Archeologist and Forest Historian for the NFs in Alabama will be a featured speaker. Many alumni from FL attended last year's reunion.

There is a CCC museum at Highlands Hammock, and the visit to the Park affords a good look at Fauna and Flora in Florida's semi-tropical wetland - gators, gopher tortoises, creek otters, white tail deer and miscellaneous species of birds. On a recent tour we were privileged to see a barred owl up close, in broad daylight. Various art and crafts booths sell to attendees.

Lake Placid is fourteen miles south of Sebring. The town has approximately 40 outdoor murals. Among them are various Florida scenes and a portrait of Melville Dewey, designer of the Dewey Decimal System and one of the founding fathers of the current town of Lake Placid. One of the murals depicts a bank robbery that occurred approximately seventy years ago. The individual who summoned the marshal was a pre-teen who still lives in the town. He's now in his eighties. He also happens to be a member of the local CCC Alumni group. Another mural shows a gum naval stores operation. Langdale Industries one time had a part in local naval stores work. Two ladies in town were daughters of a man who came from Valdosta, GA, to work as a Langdale representative.

Lake Placid is known as The Caladium Capital of the World. The Caladium fields are a few miles east of Lake Placid on Highway 621. This is a "must see" location during the growing season and the fields should still be fairly attractive.

**Howard Burnett**, Deale, MD - Martha and I took a sight-seeing drive this Spring through the mid-South, and enjoyed visiting places we had never been or had not seen for many, many years. We got as far west as Oklahoma City, where we sadly pondered the

meaning of the Murrah Building Memorial, before turning south into Texas and then back east again.

We managed to visit a few old State and Private friends known to many of our fellow retirees. Bruce and Diane Miles in College Station, Texas, are doing well, with Bruce staying very busy with Habitat for Humanity projects and as a docent coordinator for the George Bush Presidential Library. Bruce has battled through a melanoma problem, but is doing fine now.

In DeRidder, Louisiana, Don and Bobbi McFatter are likewise doing well, with Don managing to get in three or four (or more?) rounds of golf each week. He is close enough to the golf course that he just rides his golf cart from the house; somewhat of a masterpiece of retirement planning, I think.

While in Oklahoma City, on a whim, I looked in the phone book and found Al Engstrom's name, so gave him a call. He was pleased to hear from us, and would be pleased to hear from anyone else, too. Al is 90 now, and in somewhat fragile health, but still maintains his own home, with help. Maxine passed away some time ago.

We used a lot of older roads, and were struck by the many, many small towns that have had their business districts dried up by the Interstate system. Small town after small town that used to have such pretty little town centers, or town squares, now are showplaces for plywood window covers. Sad! But all in all, we feel good about what America's roots look like. We recommend getting out and poking into whatever interests you as you find it along the way. We spent 16 days at it, and are ready to go back again!

I'm relating this story as it happened to us. DO NOT DRIVE IN WET WEATHER WITH THE CRUISE CONTROL ON!! In our case, with Martha driving, we were able to turn off the ignition and pull over on the shoulder to stop, but let me assure you, it is a scary moment

when your motor revs way up, and the car in front of you is closer and closer, in a hurry. So, friends, please read and heed!

I never knew this fact and it is a good one of which to be aware. A 36-year-old female had an accident that totaled her car. A resident of Kilgore, Texas, she was traveling between Gladewater and Kilgore. It was raining, though not excessive, when her car suddenly began to hydroplane and literally flew through the air. She was not seriously injured, but very stunned at the sudden occurrence!

When she explained to the highway patrolman what had happened, he told her something that every driver should know - never drive in the rain with your cruise control on. She had thought she was being cautious by setting the cruise control and maintaining a safe consistent speed in the rain. But the highway patrolman told her that if the cruise control is on and your car begins to hydroplane - when your tires lose contact with the pavement - your car will accelerate to a higher rate of speed and you take off like an airplane.

She told the patrolman that was exactly what had occurred. We all know you have little or no control over a car when it begins to hydroplane. You are at the mercy of the Good Lord. The highway patrol estimated her car was actually traveling through the air 10 to 15 miles per hour faster than the speed set on the cruise control. The patrolman said this warning should be listed on the driver's seat sun-visor - never use the cruise control when the pavement is wet or icy - along with the airbag warning.

We tell our teenagers to set the cruise control and drive a safe speed, but we don't tell them to use the cruise control only when the pavement is dry.

The only person the accident victim found who knew this (besides the patrolman), was a man who had had a

similar accident, totaled his car and sustained severe injuries.

**Robert (Bob) Potter**, Mocksville, NC - Here's my check for 3 more years of *The Dixie Ranger*. Although retired 21 years from the Forest Service, I still recognize a few names and some stories. I especially enjoyed Jim Wenner's "Great truths about life that little children have learned", etc. Also, I found Rik Eriksson's reflections very interesting.

Thank you for your continuing dedication to the *Ranger*.

**J. Dean McAlister**, Pineville, LA - Here are my dues for three more years. You folks do such a wonderful job keeping this organization going. I sure enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger*. When you get discouraged trying to put this publication together, just look back at all the testimonials from members that say how much they enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger*.

The notes and letters from members are welcome news. I would like to see more notes from former employees (friends) of the Cherokee, George Washington, Kisatchie and National Forests in Texas.

**John Cathey**, Greenwood, SC - I see by the date on my latest *Dixie Ranger* that I have overlooked paying dues. Seems a lot of us forget these days. Maybe this will bring me up to date. All is well with the "Big John Cathey" family. Doesn't seem like 9 years since I retired. These 9 years have brought one new son-in-law, one new daughter-in-law and 3 grandsons. Time sure does pass fast when you are having fun.

I had the privilege of visiting with Duke and Shirley Barr recently and found them in relatively good health. Duke is still trout fishing and telling big hunting and fishing stories.

The South Carolina retiree group met in early May and had a good visit and fellowship. Twenty-four people

were in attendance. The group meets twice a year for food and fellowship.

I enjoyed the Mike Sparks' stories about the old Piney RD. That's where I started as a JF way back in '62 and stayed until '67. I could tell a lot of stories of the years I spent on the Piney, all good years.

**Nick & Mary Ann Nicholas**, Acworth, GA - Like our good friend, Joe Bennett, we noticed it is time for us to "re-up" on our *Dixie Ranger* subscription! Enclosed is a check for two more years.

Nick and I spent 20 days in the Great Northwest and about 13 of those days in Glacier National Park and other points of interest in NW Montana. Nick had been there before but it was my first trip. Awesome doesn't begin to describe the "Road to the Sun" highway! Sure glad we were there in June as they have closed the West entrance to Glacier due to fires.

Our son, Hurston Allen Nicholas, was named Supervisor of the Shawnee National Forest, Harrisburg, Illinois, and you can imagine how proud we are!

We enjoy reading the articles that are in *The Dixie Ranger* and appreciate all the work you folks do. Thanks



#### Welcome New Members

**Glen H. Beaver**, 117 Goldfield Road, Murphy, NC 28906. Phone 828.837.4874

**Jim Naylor**, 344 Mary's Drive, Woodbine, GA 31569. Phone: 912.729.1979. E-mail: jimnaylor@tds.net

#### IN MEMORIAM

**Wayne J. Cloward**, 83, of Stone Mountain, GA., died April 23. He was born in Monroe, Utah. He went to Utah State University, but interrupted his schooling to serve in the Army Air

Corps. After World War II, he graduated from Utah State with a degree in Range and Wildlife Management. He began his career as a temporary employee in 1941 and retired in 1973. He served in Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Colorado and Georgia. He married his high school sweetheart and after his retirement, they spent 20 years traveling the world. They settled in Malaga, Spain and lived there for 12 years until Arva's health failed and they returned to Atlanta where Arva died in 1993. Wayne was preceded in death by wife, Arva, sons Jeff and Cameron, and daughter Katherine Cloward-Gesch. He is survived by his second wife, Jody, and son and daughter-in-law, Kip and Elaine, and seven grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

**Jane D. Prather**, 86, died October 10, in Griffin, GA. Interment was in Marietta, GA.

**Lewis R. Grosenbaugh**, Gainesville, FL, died suddenly of cardiac arrest on April 22. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College and Yale University School of Forestry and Environmental Studies. He began his Forest Service career in 1936 on the Ouachita NF, and in 1938 was transferred to the Ozark St. Francis. He served in the U. S. Navy from 1941 to 1946 and was assigned to the Florida NFs upon his return in 1946. He transferred to Research in late 1946 to the Southern Forest Experiment Station in New Orleans, LA. In 1960 he was transferred to Berkeley, CA, to start the Forest Service's first pioneering research unit, which was transferred to Atlanta, GA, in 1968. He retired from the Forest Service in June 1974. After moving to Gainesville in 1977, he became an Adjunct Professor at the University of Florida. He is survived by his wife, Wilma.

**Alvis A. Owen**, 89, of Hot Springs, AR, died May 17, in McKinney, Texas. Mr. Owen was born June 28, 1913 in

Buckhorn, Miss. He served in the Army in World War II. He graduated from the University of Georgia and retired from the Ouachita National Forest as Forest Supervisor. Survivors include two daughters of McKinney, TX, and four brothers, all of Florida, and four grandchildren.

**Thomas C. Croker**, 91, Brewton, AL, died April 26. He was a member of the first graduating class in forestry from NC State University. He participated in the establishment of the Escambia Experimental Forest, near Brewton, AL, in 1947. He headed up research at this location since 1950 and retired in 1974.

**Leon Powell**, 89, died July 21. He served on the James River District, George Washington NF. He retired from the Forest Service after a career of 39 years. After retirement, he served as professor in the forestry program at Dabney S. Lancaster Community College, in Covington, VA. He is survived by his wife Dr. Unity Powell, a daughter, Dr. Peggy Powell Rollins and her family, and an adopted daughter, the Rev. Susan Carlson of Covington.

**Paul H. Russell**, 95, Decatur, GA., died October 11. He was a graduate of Penn State University in the first forestry class. His career in the Forest Service spanned 38 years from 1934 to 1972. He served on 8 National Forests in the Southeast. He is survived by two daughters, Mary Jeanne Phillips and Elizabeth Smiley and her husband, Dr. James Smiley, one son, Richard D. Russell and his wife Carolyn, nine grandchildren, and seven great grandchildren.

**Eliot W. Zimmerman**, 94, died June 17. Mr. Zimmerman worked for the Forest Service for more than 30 years and retired in 1969 as Director of State and Private Fire Control.

**LOOKING AHEAD** – Just a reminder that the 2005 National Forest Service Reunion is September 5-9, 2005, in Portland, Oregon.

There have been some discussions recently about Region 8 retirees offering to host the 2010 national reunion. There are many things that would need some serious consideration before we could commit to such a big undertaking. Several things come to mind:

- Do we have, or could we get, the financial resources to pull it off?
- Are there enough folks willing to work hard so that, if we decide to do it, that we could do a good job?
- Where would be a good location to host this reunion?

These are just a few of the more important items to consider. There would be many more! There is plenty of time to make a decision and we are submitting this to you now to allow time for discussions and feedback. This will be a topic of discussion at our December luncheon. But we also want to hear from you folks in the association who do not attend the luncheons and are not in the Atlanta area. Give us your ideas and thoughts. You may send any comments to Dave Jolly, [pjolly@webshoppe.net](mailto:pjolly@webshoppe.net), or write to Dave at 128 Wind Trace, Alex City, AL, 35010-8772 or call him at 256.329.5246.

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A word about the Directory. We're limited to the number of pages for a newsletter. They have to be in multiples of 4 – so I did not have room for a cover sheet for the Directory. To me it's more important to have room for articles, letters, obits, etc., than a cover sheet. So enjoy your Directory and hang on to this copy of *The Dixie Ranger*.  
Betty