

THE DIXIE RANGER

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THE CHOCTAWHATCHEE NATIONAL FOREST

Camp Pinchot Ranger District – we were transferred from the East Bay Ranger District to that of the Camp Pinchot in May 1930. This District was the pride and joy, and the most beautiful of all the districts on the Choctawhatchee. The Administrative site was located on Garniers Bayou, and consisted of an office and four dwellings, all facing the water. This site was formerly the summer headquarters for the Florida National Forest. Beginning around 1914 the Forest Service Office, then located in Pensacola, closed the office and the entire staff moved to Camp Pinchot for the summer months to enjoy the cool breeze, the beach, boating and fire-fishing for flounder, crabs and mullet and other good fishing close by.

The office building stood next to the wharf and consisted of two rooms and a bath. The room next to the bath was used as a bedroom for Forest Service employees in transit.

House Number one, next to the office, was reserved for the Supervisor, I. F. Eldredge. It was the largest of the dwellings, the most beautiful and the best arranged in regard to floor space. This house was special. The story goes that Supervisor Eldredge had two sisters he had to take care of, so he talked the Washington, D.C. office out of enough money to build a two-bedroom house for this occupancy. The rooms were erected 16 feet away from the side of his house. Later on with his own money he joined the two rooms to his house with a 16-foot wall, which was the envy of the staff.

Houses Number 2 and 3 were built on the same floor plan and were four-room dwellings with screened front porches. House Number 4 was for the Ranger.

Life at Camp Pinchot was very pleasant during the summer months. Back of the office stood a one-room building called the "Lucindy House", erected for the use of the Supervisor's maid. The grounds showed evidence that perhaps at one time there had been landscaping done.

After a few years the moving of the headquarters from Pensacola to the administrative site at Camp Pinchot Ranger Station was abandoned. Ranger E. R. McKee moved into the Supervisor's house and from then on this house was occupied by all succeeding Rangers until the Choctawhatchee National Forest was transferred to the War Department.

When we arrived at Camp Pinchot all houses there had running water and electricity. Electricity was 15 cents per kilowatt hour straight, so it was considered quite high. A line had been built as far as Camp Pinchot out of the town of Niceville where the plant was stationed. We were no longer in the Stone Age.

The other three houses, abandoned after the withdrawal of the supervisory summer headquarters, were soon in use. House number 3 and 4 were used by the Southern Experiment Station as they had a number of different experimental plots on the Forest. Eugene V. Gemmer was in charge of these plots and lived in house number 3.

The work on the different districts of the Choctawhatchee was relatively the same. The official workday began at 8:00 A.M. and closed at 5:00 P.M. Monday through Friday, but in case of fire the workday could be 24 hours per day, seven days a week.

Our life at Camp Pinchot was very pleasant. There were several nice small towns close by. There was a lot of social life. Niceville had a movie house, a commercial fish house, boarding house, bakery, and dairy nearby. The country was more open than at East Bay. People were finding more work to do and had an easier life than they had ever known before. Valparaiso was a resort town with a large hotel and beautiful homes. The beaches of Camp Walton (now Fort Walton), Mary Esther and Florosa were building up. Tourist trade was flourishing and a new life was developing for the entire gulf area.

A new purchase unit to be known as the Apalachicola had been announced. We were sure to get it. It grieved us to leave the Camp Pinchot-East Bay area and our dear friends, but we knew we had to go somewhere sooner or later.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was now president. The "Bank Holiday" had about bankrupted the country. The depression was at its worst. With President Roosevelt came the C.W.A., FERA, the C.C.C. and other projects with alphabetical letters to boost the economy. Official cars now raced the highways, conservation camps were going in everywhere to provide work for the young boys to get them off the street. Five such camps were to be stationed on the Apalachicola.

We had heard rumors by the way of the "grapevine" that the Choctawhatchee would be transferred to the War Department if war should break out. We had better get prepared for the inevitable.

In the fall of 1933 we received notice that we would be transferred to the Apalachicola. This did not take effect until the early spring of 1934.

The Apalachicola – In February 1934, due to the pending change of stations, we were granted leave of absence to find new living quarters. We were given a choice of either Apalachicola or Tallahassee, which was about equal distance from Wilma which was to be later our headquarters. We chose Tallahassee. I had gone to school there and had several good friends living

there. We were fortunate to find a house for rent. As we left the highway to go to Wilma we followed an old logging road which was almost impassable to where a C. C. camp had been erected. After introduction to the C. C. camp captain we visited for awhile, retraced our steps back to the highway and then on to Tallahassee. It would be a long time before a Ranger station would be built and it would be necessary for my husband to be there except on weekends when there was not fire danger. The next day the van arrived with our furniture, and my baby and I set up house keeping alone. We had inherited a German police dog by the name of Max who later had to be shot.

The first building to be erected was an office building. One room was for the office, and some of the personnel used the other rooms for sleeping, including my husband.

There were five C.C. camps on the Apalachicola, white and black, but not integrated. There was a lot of work to be done, all from scratch. Roads and bridges had to be built in order to haul in supplies. Towers were built for fire detection. It was a busy time on the forest. What amazed me the most was the thick timber. Reproduction was excellent.

Finally a ranger station was built and Don Morris and wife were the first to live in the new building. Don was then Assistant Ranger.

This concludes the History of the Choctawhatchee National Forest by Ruth B. Schaap.

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Our Christmas Luncheon will be held on November 29th this year. This is the Thursday after Thanksgiving. It will be held at the Petite Auberge restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center on North Druid Hills Road. Lunch will be served at 12 noon and the cost is \$10 per person. Reservations are required and must be phoned in no later than November 27. Please call either Peaches Sherman at 770.253.7480 or the Brays at 770.253.0392. We had excellent attendance at the June luncheon when Max Peterson was the guest speaker. We hope you will join us for the Christmas luncheon. Please post this notice on your calendar now so you will not overlook this time of fun and fellowship. Efforts are being made to have Chief Dale Bosworth meet with us.

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My neighbor works in the operations department in the central office of a large bank. Employees in the field call him when they have problems with their computers. One night he got a call from a woman in one of the branch banks that had this question: "I've got smoke coming from the back of my terminal. Do you guys have a fire downtown?"

Submitted by Ray Hall, Winter Park, FL

A Healing Experience on the James River District

By Jim Wenner

A recent Sunday School lesson from the Book of Acts brought back memories of the James River District, George Washington National Forest, and a story about healing.

Acts 3 tells of Peter and John going to the Temple one afternoon. A beggar, lame from birth, had just been laid beside the Temple gate. As Peter and John passed, he asked them for money. But Peter, a fisherman as poor as a forester, said: "We don't have any money for you. But I'll give you something else! I command you in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk!" And he did. He walked, leaped about and praised God.

Now back to 1956 on the James River District, George Washington NF. The office was upstairs in the Post Office at Covington, VA, and the work center was east of town. John Noyes was Ranger (later to become Massachusetts Extension Forester), Leon Powell was technician and I was assistant ranger, timber forester and new employee (replacing Verland Ohlson who was raised to the elevated rank of GS-6 on the Pedler District long before his ranger career on the White Mountain NF). A secretary and two seasonals, Gomer Holstein and Switzer (as best I can recall) completed the staff. Gomer and Switzer were towermen in season, KV sometimes and other chores when they were not laid off.

Fire season was nearing and we had some extra workers preparing for it. As district safety officer I had just conducted a little training about working safe and first aid. Switzer and Holstein were at the Work Center in charge of sharpening fire tools. As fire rakes were sharpened they were leaned against a cabinet – heads up. (Well, so much for my safe working talk.) As expected, when a worker went into the cabinet for more tools, one of those fire rakes fell, putting a serious gash on the back of his hand. He was treated and taken to the local doctor in town (no 911 then). That doctor happened to be Leon Powell's wife who birthed our first son!

I investigated: "What happened anyway, Switzer? Did you follow the first aid I taught you?" "Sure did," Switzer replied "but he was bleedin' real bad, so before I could put on a tourniquet and bandage, I had to stop the bleedin'." "But the tourniquet," I explained, "was supposed to do that." "Well maybe, but this guy was bleedin' real bad and I really had to stop it" "Switzer, just how'd you do that?" I asked in exasperation. "The same as I always do. I waved my hand back and forth over the cut while sayin 'In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Blood – Stop'". "Come on Switzer, I can't put that in my

accident report." "Well put it in or leave it out as you see fit. It stopped the bleedin' so we could put on a bandage and git him to the doctor."

You see, Switzer was more than a mountain man from up Potts Creek. His daily morning tonic was a bottle of pop. Specifically Dr. Pepper. We had to stop on the way to our field job every morning so Switzer could get his Dr. Pepper. That alone gave him some credibility, being full of the doctor spirit and all that; it was really quite bubbly. He was also a religious man with a reputation. People from all up and down Potts Creek would call him to cure their ailments. These were smart people too, you know, the kind who sewed the long johns on their kids come cold weather in the fall, and cut them off next spring. They would call on Switzer and he would always oblige with those healing words: In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, blood – stop; or cough, come out; or bone, straighten. Whatever.

"But Switzer, you'd be in the Potts Mountain Tower for weeks at a time. How did the folks survive?" "Well, that was a bit hard, I gotta tell you, but we had that crank phone up there. Folks would call and tell me what was achin' and I'd think real hard and say them words and sure enough it usually worked!"

I don't know whether or not Switzer was aware of Acts 3 and Peter's success. But thank you, Lord Jesus, for the reminder of how You worked in our lives 2000 years ago, 45 years ago, and even today.

The following is a response to Jim's article sent to the James River:

Hi Jim, I don't think we have met, but I read with interest your story of Holstein and Switzer on the James River District. I am currently a Timber Sales Administrator on the James RD and have been a technician here since 1970. I was hired when Leon Powell retired. Anyway, Gomer Holstein is still around Covington. I worked with him and his two sons on a Forest Service road construction project back in the late 70s or early 80s. They worked for a road contractor and I was the inspector. I don't think Gomer had any healing powers. I carried his youngest son to the hospital after he got hit in the head by a tree the older son cut and just left the job when the older boy wrecked a hydro-seeder truck that turned over on the contractor's superintendent and crushed him. Gover tried to lift the truck with a backhoe but they couldn't and the superintendent died. Too bad Switzer was not there.

Was the Switzer you mentioned, Fulton Switzer? He was one of the old time Potts Creek originals that comes to mind. Fulton died a short while back and he must have been well into his 90s. I still work with some of his sons, Johnny and Mike who are in the logging business, if you can call their operation a business. Potts Creek hasn't changed since you were here. It's a place time forgot, the names have changed but not the way life goes on here. – Larry Dew

GEORGIA VISITOR CENTER

The Oconee Chapter of the Georgia Division of the Southeastern SAF has created a forestry display at a visitors center on Interstate 85 in northeastern Georgia that boasts an attendance of 1.3 million per year. The visitors center is located near the Georgia-South Carolina border.

Walter Fox, FS retiree, and other SAF members began working on the project soon after the visitor center was built in conjunction with the 1996 Olympic Games in Atlanta. With funding obtained by local State Representative Jannette Jamieson (D-Toccoa) from the Governor's office, the exhibit was started. Fox and Oconee Chapter Past-Chair Gary White spearheaded the project. They enlisted Louie F. Deaton, Georgia's first urban forester, to develop the display. "Louie is a whiz with exhibits; he's been developing them for the Georgia Forestry Commission for 30 years," says Fox. The exhibit features a two-part display that depicts the land features, including forest cover types, and a "product tree" that illustrates the different products that come from forests.

LETTERS FROM OUR MEMBERS

JIM GILPIN, Hendersonville, N.C. – I have looked forward to the day when I could apply for membership in the Southern Forest Service Retirees Association. My retirement officially began on April 1 of this year. You will find enclosed my application and a \$40 check for five years of Association dues.

Marye and I entered into the world of the unemployed/retirement on the same day and will definitely miss working with an outstanding group of dedicated, professional, hard working employees and friends in our respective offices. However, we truly look forward to beginning our new adventure and know that we will enjoy whatever retirement brings us. I take into retirement many good memories of the Forest Service, dedicated co-workers, and significant accomplishments. I wish the next generation of Forest Service employees the very best of luck in what promises to be a very challenging future.

The only definitive plan Marye and I have for the next couple of years is to visit family, friends, and new places as much as possible. Beyond that, we hope that we have the opportunity to host visitors here in the beautiful mountains of North Carolina.

SHIRLEY HERBERT, Murrayville, GA – When I got the last newsletter, I read it, then put it next to my computer so I could send you a check. It got lost in the pile of stuff I had to do, and finally worked my way down to it.

Things are fine with me and mine. Got to go to my grandson's graduation at Georgia Tech. Cannot believe we will have an engineer in the family.

Got an e-mail from Johnnie Adams. She is still with the Forest Service. Good to hear from her, since I rarely hear from anyone connected with the Forest Service.

GERALD V. WARD, Mountain View, AR – Thoroughly enjoy reading The Dixie Ranger and to hear about the status of several friends each copy mailed out. Several have passed away it seems each time I receive a copy. Others are still on the go even at an advanced age which is good. I still see old friends from time to time while they are on the Sylamore RD. Most of the people I worked with on the Sylamore have retired too. Memories are many and most are good to recall.

I was sorry to hear of Lewis J. Smith's death. I had much respect for him. He was my first Ranger. He not only worked hard but expected the other employees on the Sylamore to put in a day's work too. We had to leave the Work Center by 7:30 a.m. and had better not be back before quitting time unless there was an emergency. Uncle Sam's money was something sacred, almost, with him and had better not be wasted. I recall when taking Property Inventory one time that I drove a dump truck because no other vehicle was available. He informed me later that a dump truck was several cents more costly to drive than a pickup per mile and this was not to happen again. I can assure you it didn't again on my part.

Thanks for the good work you do getting The Dixie Ranger out. I know it's a chore to do this and you are to be commended.

HOWARD BURNETT, Deale, MD – Charlie Huppuch's story about the rattlesnake and the Army Rangers reminded me of a similar instance. Dealing with the Ranger Camp on the Chestatee District was an interesting and informative activity that generally wasn't available elsewhere in the Forest Service. When I was there in 1956 to 1958, the Rangers had a Lt. Colonel, a Major, a Captain, and a Lieutenant, plus a cadre of non-coms that were really the life of the operation. Most of the non-coms were tough ole sergeants who specialized in one form of mayhem or another, and they loved to "train" new Army Officer Candidates. The highlight of their year was when the current West Point graduates came to camp.

But, back to Charlie and the snake. One old sergeant lamented to me that he spent weekends and off time scouring the mountains to catch a few rattlesnakes so he could demonstrate to the ranger candidates how to kill, clean, and cook the critters. He said "I spend days catching the snakes, keep and feed them, then show those guys how to prepare them, pack them in clay and bake them, and those miserable so-and-so's won't eat a damn bite!"

On another occasion, those old sergeants saved the Forest Service some bucks. A volkswagon-size rock rolled into a road, and that was a challenge they were pleased to tackle. They packed it with Lord knows how much C4 explosive, and

blew it to smithereens! That rock was gravel. They loved it, as they didn't get many chances to make a really big "Boom".

I don't know that anyone ever recorded the relationship between the Army Rangers and the Forest Service, but that would make a great Forest History project for somebody. I'm sure anyone who ever worked on the Chestatee (Chattahoochee NF) has stories to relate.

MIKE SPARKS, Snellville, GA – I recently retired after 34 ½ years with the USFS. During my career, I had the opportunity to work for many great folks who instilled in me a work ethic and gave me invaluable guidance and mentoring. One of those individuals is retired Forest Supervisor of the Ouachita NF, Alvis Z. Owen (A.Z. to those who were close to him). I always called him "Mr. Owen" out of respect for him.

This story about Mr. Owen was told to me by Jim Abercrombie (Ret). It may be a bit embellished but you'll get the idea – it's generally accurate. The story occurs during a time when there was a great deal of disagreement among Mr. Owen's management team on the Ouachita. The Staff Officers couldn't agree about various management issues and some of the Rangers were "up-in-arms" about various programs and budgets...it was a time of great strife. Teamwork was practically non-existent. So, Mr. Owen called all his management team together for a meeting to try to bring an end to the disharmony. As the room gradually filled, there was a loud din as various conversations took place simultaneously.

But when Mr. Owen stepped up to the podium, there was instant silence because although some folks didn't agree with Mr. Owen, they all had one thing in common...they all respected his position and rank (or said another way, they were scared to death of him). Now those of us who knew AZ knew some of his background. He had worked for General Patton in The Big War as a tank commander (or so it was told to me) and he was just as formidable a Forest Supervisor as he was a tank commander. So, as a hush fell over the room, Alvis began to speak. He always spoke with authority and never, never beat around the bush. He got right to the point of the meeting...(this may not be the exact quote but the reader will get the idea of his intent):

"I called this meeting because I want to resolve some disagreements among some of you. I understand some of you don't like the way this Forest is being managed. Well, let me tell you that I liken this great Forest to a ship and as the commander of this ship, I determine where it goes and when it arrives at port and when it sails. Now if you don't like the direction my ship is sailing, YOU CAN \$#@! WELL GET OFF OF MY SHIP".

You could have heard the proverbial pin drop when he finished. The meeting progressed for the rest of the day and everyone went home with one difference – all the dissention and griping ceased and the management of the Ouachita NF continued undaunted for some time under AZ's leadership.

I could tell many other tales of working for Mr. Owen, like the night he was walking fireline on the Page Fire in 1973 (or was it 1974?). He was a Supervisor who spent more time in the field than in the office – a luxury Supervisors of today cannot afford. Anyway, to make a long story short, we had over 200 personnel on the fire, it was several thousand acres and crowning along at least one front and it was about 2 a.m. as I recall. The Page Fire started from a “hotbox” as the KC Southern Train passed the foot of the mountain. I was leading a crew of Corpsmen who had never experienced such a level of excitement and fear so it was hard to maintain order in the ranks, especially when I was just as scared as they were. One of the Corpsmen had a nature call and I told him to go over the hill a short distance away. He was reluctant to get out of sight of the crew but he went over the hill. Just as he returned, AZ walked up, spent a bit of time with us to encourage us and then walked “over the hill”. He had no more cleared our sight when I heard him yelling things I can’t repeat here. He returned and angrily gave us a lesson in fire camp hygiene. I definitely remember those words he said “If you gotta go...go outside the fireline”. In the next issue, I’ll tell you a story about another of my heroes.

BILL LEICHTER, Covington, VA – I see that my dues are about ready to run out so here is an amount to cover the next three years. I enjoy reading the experiences some had while serving. It made me think of my first day with the Forest Service. I got the notice to report to the Glenwood District on a certain day and time. That was the extent of the information provided. That morning I reported to work wearing slacks, short sleeve shirt and dress shoes. I figured since it was the Federal Government there would be a lot of forms to fill out. You see we had been told in school about federal “red tape.” Ranger L. R. Smith looked me up and down, and the first words out of his mouth was “Do you have field clothes?” I had to go change and then he had a technician drop us off at a certain place and told him to pick us up that evening at the Peaks of Otter. He told me I was going to learn the District like he did with one minor difference. He learned it on horse back in 1931 and I was going to learn it by Shanks Mare. He retired the next year but on this day he walked this 22-year-old JF (Junior Forester) into the ground. Thanks for the memories.

WALT ROBILLARD, Atlanta, GA – As usual I am late again. Many thanks for carrying me on the cuff for six months. Sure glad it wasn’t a life insurance policy.

The Forest Service seems like a dream now, but you help to revive the pleasant memories. I really want to forget the bad ones.

The article about the Choctawhatchee National Forest brought back many memories. In 1954 I spent three months surveying all of the old forest for the Dept. of Defense. I ran control and made topographic maps and located many of the section corners.

Many of the names brought back memories of the nights I spent doing star shots

and the days I spent running traverse and levels. In fact, I spent several nights on the old Metts lookout tower "turning angles" for triangulation. I traveled over the entire reservation and at times some of the base people would point out the foundations where the old FS houses were. I would stand there and wonder what was it like then when the FS still had a feeling of pride of belonging to a unique and important group of special people.

Four years later I came with the FS and the memories of Mary Ester, Holly and ValP (Valparaiso), and all those special names stayed with me to remind me of "What it used to be like" and to remind me I was born "thirty years too soon to really know".

By the way, here is my check for two years. I hope you are here to remind me and I hope I am here to once again be reminded "You are late with your dues".

LESLIE M. "LES" OLIPHANT, Asheville, NC – I can't find my stationery, which is not strange since I moved twice in less than 6 months, October 25, 2000, and April 9, 2001. However, I did find this in one of the boxes I've managed to unpack, so I hope it'll do to notify you of my last move. Thank you for staying on. The second move was occasioned by my son, Bob, Asheville, and my daughter, Sue, Florence, SC, convincing me I needed to live closer after I was incarcerated in California hospitals and rehab centers from February 3 to April 9, 2001. I decided I'd rather continue rehab in the nice apartment Bob found for me in Asheville. I'm almost back to independent living and my 3 grandsons have found they actually do have another grandfather.

WILLA CARSWELL, Canton, NC – I saw 2 "00's" on my newsletter. Here's "2001" check. Have been in touch with Pete and Betty Hanlon, Charlie Biddix, Joan Cook. Louise Buchner, June and Joanne Hutchison and Nancy Pope this weekend. Nancy's son Stephen passed away on Thursday.

We have started our annual canning season – 87 cans of various jams and jellies, pickled beans and greens. We managed to spend some time at our place on Hiwassee Lake at Murphy. We are doing well and hope all our Forest Service friends are doing the same. Enjoy the newsletter and think of you often. You do a great job! *(Word just received that Ed Carswell, 87, died July 31st).*

DADE FOOTE, Atlanta, GA – Saw the double zero's on the address label and realized I was past due, so here's a check to buy me a few more years. Biggest news from this retired bridge engineer is my marriage in March to a long time friend from church. For the Directory, her name is Bebe and we're living at my old address. We're planning on a lot of travel, mainly around the South. I want to show her some of the Forest Service projects I was involved with during my 34 years.

HORACE LANDRITH, Seneca, SC – I enjoy The Dixie Ranger very much. I have retired again after 15 years in the Real Estate Appraisal and Forestry

Consultant business. I sold my business to one of my employees. We also ran a peach orchard for about 12 years and are now into muscadines. Sometime in the future, I wish you could print another member list with their e-mail address. I would enjoy hearing from old friends by e or regular mail. *(I'm planning to do a Directory including e-mail addresses sometime before the end of the year-Betty).*

JUDY NICHOLAS ETEMODI, Tallahassee, FL – Thank you for the “gentle reminder” about dues. When my father (Ivan J. Nicholas) died in April 1992, I continued his subscription to *The Dixie Ranger* because there was always news of people I remember Dad working with or places we had lived. Every issue has an interesting article of someone I knew as a child.

Thank you for what you do. As a “Forest Service” kid, I still enjoy getting *The Ranger*. For those who may remember me, “Nick’s” granddaughter, Lily, married Christopher Polhanus in January. They live here in Tallahassee. I am in the final stages of my dissertation for a Ph.D. degree in Adult Education at Florida State University. My husband, Babak, is a physics professor at Florida A&M University. I work for the Florida Education Standards Commission and am a member of the Tallahassee Trust for Historic Preservation. I’m also the city appointee to the Architectural Review Board for Tallahassee/Leon County, FL.

BILL HESS, Dawsonville, GA - It was sad to hear of Jack Boren’s passing. I worked with Jack on the Kisatchie. He was always a lot of fun, a real gentleman, and willing to help out people, and one heck of a good investigator.

I enjoyed reading Clint Sykes situation with his computer. Clint was the funniest person I ever met. While working on the Cherokee, he was a popular speaker, had always good messages and kept his co-workers laughing all the time. We had a partition between our desks. He would flip the memos over the partition and say here comes airmail – among his many practical jokes.

I have enjoyed the nationwide retirees’ e-mail directory that Chuck Lundeen is handling. It is kept up-to-date and includes about 800 retirees. Anyone interested should contact Chuck Lundeen. His e-mail is lundeen@accutek.com.

Cheryl and I are involved heavily in civic affairs here in Dawsonville – a great town. Also enjoy our house on Lake Lanier. Have fun on your trip to Europe.

BETTY HANLON, Fairview, NC – Mrs. Sharp asked us to let *The Dixie Ranger* know about Frank’s death (see In Memoriam). We are going to miss him – there are so few of us (the old timers) left. He so enjoyed coming to N.C. for the summer. Pete feels that Frank knew so much about the land of the N.C. Forests – more than anyone.

Here are Pete’s dues. We so enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger*.

WALTER FOX, Martin, GA – As always, the Ranger is the first item of business for both Norma and me when it arrives. So, here is my check for a couple of years plus. You'll note that the check is from Fox Forestry, Inc. This is one of the very last checks from my business. After 50 years of practicing forestry, it's time to retire again for good (maybe). However, I'm still a broker for treating (mistreating) kudzu in Georgia and South Carolina.

My major recent activity, of which I'm proud, was the exhibit in the Welcome Center on I-85. There was supposed to be an exhibit installation in the new I-85 Welcome Center prior to the Atlanta Olympics. The Georgia Forestry Commission dropped the ball and did nothing. The Georgia Forestry Association refused to help fund an exhibit. So, the effort was mounted to get a grant from Governor Barnes and away we (Oconee Chapter SAF) went.

Our thanks to you and Bert for the fine job you do. We hope many happy days for you.

JIM WENNER, Hot Springs, AR – As I passed on the sad news of Frank Mayfield's death, I got blank stares. "Frank who?" Then I realized that a whole generation of Foresters has served since Frank was active. And besides, we were in Recreation, a minority in the vast office of BIG TIMBER.

Tom Wallace is an eye doctor in town. Frank referred me to him when I transferred to the Ouachita in 1970. Frank's first wife, Mary Jo, was a Wallace from Mena, AR, where Frank met her. She died in the early 1980's and Frank's second wife, Gene, was a friend from Lawrenceville who's daughter had "adopted" Frank as her Dad. Frank was recuperating from pneumonia, but died of congestive heart failure.

In Region 7, Bill Lucas was resources division chief. Vaughn Hofeldt was recreation branch chief, and I worked under Vaughn as regional recreational planner. In 1965, Region 7 became the token "reorganization" to please the powers that be. Thus in 1966 Vaughn and I transferred to R8 Division of Recreation and Lands headed by Larry Newcomb. Harold Bergman was there at the time. R8 reorganized with Lands standing alone and Recreation and Watershed becoming a new Division, headed by Vaughn Hofeldt. Frank Mayfield was there, or came there to the new division in charge of recreation plans. Don Hughes and I worked for him. Don moved on and Joe Huddick replaced him. Dick Cotrell headed developed sites. Wayne Iverson moved in from CA as regional landscape architect. On the watershed side, John Korb, Al Frederick, Walt Fox, John Courtenay and Doug Shenker were all aboard.

So you see, Frank Mayfield was a quality person working with a "quality crew" (?). Recreation Information Management (RIM), one of the most comprehensive computer programs for its time, other than payroll, was implemented on Frank's watch. So were the Chattooga River Wild River and Mount Rogers Recreation Area. Frank was a team leader who got things done in a quality manner.

Remarks by Chief Bosworth, Society of American Foresters, National Chapter, May 29, 2001

It's a pleasure to join you here today. I feel honored to address the National Capital Chapter of the Society of American Foresters. I am proud to be a forester and proud of the forestry profession.

My View of the Forest Service – I've worked for the Forest Service for 35 years. And I was raised in the Forest Service. My earliest memories include riding with my Dad while he was doing inventory work. So my years with the agency really include all these years of experience. These early years did leave me with the impression that the Forest Service is a good outfit.

As a Forest Service employee, I've had several different positions in the agency with experience in both the field and the Washington Office – as a forester, district ranger, forest supervisor, deputy staff director and regional forester. Given this experience, I hope to bring a grounded background to my work as Chief.

Short-Term Focus on Internal Matters – Employees are doing good work. And they have great skills. We need to remove any restrictions that unnecessarily impede them and provide the encouragement they need to do their work.

In the short-term, I will focus on internal matters. We need to get our act together internally to be an effective public service organization. We need to build stronger and better connections between the field and the national headquarters. We need to better understand how work in the priorities of the Washington Office affect the field. I believe more dollars need to get to the ground. We need to build better connections among State and Private Forestry, Research and Development, the National Forest System, as well as Business Operations, the Chief Financial Officer and International Programs. And we need to give greater attention to our performance accountability as well as our financial accountability.

Early in my career, I remember dreading management reviews and inspections. We've dropped the ball on doing reviews in recent years and are instead letting the General Accounting Office and the Office of Inspector General find the problems for us.

Finally, decisions need to be made at the lowest level that they can. We need to build better relationships with local communities and with states, tribes and others. In my opinion, we've really constrained the decision space of local managers and have seriously impaired their ability to work with communities. This is not about local control. To be effective, we need local input and knowledge. And we need to find local solutions to real issues by working more collaboratively.

So it's fair to say I have a lifetime of being part of the Forest Service culture, traditions, changes and dialogue about managing America's forests and range lands. It's a great honor for me to serve as the 15th Forest Service Chief. I am humbled to be included among those who have previously served as Chief.

Sustainability as the Long-Term Goal – I know the Society of American Foresters is currently reviewing the many facets of “sustainability” and I appreciate this opportunity to share my views. I applaud the steps SAF is taking to advance sustainability within the forestry profession. There is a lot we can do, and it doesn't have to be controversial.

Now I'd like to take a few minutes to suggest an approach for turning a policy of sustainable development into action. I think we need to do three things:

- First, we need to agree on what sustainability is.
- Second, we need to agree on how to measure sustainability.
- Third, we need to agree on how to manage for sustainability.

First, let's talk about what sustainability is. Although there are many definitions, I think we already have general consensus on what it means. Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot put it this way: “the greatest good for the greatest number in the long run.” Then, in 1987, the international Brundtland Commission stated that sustainable development “meets the needs of the present without compromising the ability of further generations to meet their own needs.”

Last year the Forest Service incorporated these ideas into an updated expression of the agency's mission in our new long-term Strategic Plan. The Strategic Plan states “The mission of the USDA Forest Service is to sustain the health, diversity, and productivity of the nation's forests and grasslands to meet the needs of present and future generations.” I think it's fair to say that sustainability ideas have always been part of the mission of the Forest Service, but it's also important to recognize that our knowledge about what it means keeps evolving.

We also recognize that the Forest Service is part of a much larger effort internationally and domestically to foster sustainable forest and resource management. Since the Earth Summit in 1992, the United States and 11 other nations with temperate and boreal forests have agreed to use the Montreal Process Criteria and indicators as a common framework for thinking about sustainable forest management and measuring progress. Nationally, we value the work of the Roundtable on Sustainable Forests to use the Montreal Process Criteria and indicators as a common framework in the United States. Even though there are many challenges to measuring sustainability, we agree the Montreal Process Criteria and Indicators make sense. They are a good starting point. And, in my opinion, there really is nothing better.

So, how do we manage for sustainability in the 21st Century? What is different? Sustainable resource management means connecting environmental, social and economic concerns in dealing with real issues in real places with real people. We are using science to understand management options in more comprehensive ways; and we have laws that help us deal with all three concerns. The institutional parts also have to fit. We need to improve our capability to apply locally what we know, and we must integrate our efforts at different scales.

We cannot hope to achieve sustainability on an isolated piece of land. We need to be concerned about how we affect each other across ownerships and boundaries.

Local Solutions and National Responsibility – Conservation begins and ends on the ground. A whole range of collaboration is possible. We will be judged by what we actually accomplish. Unless people on the ground and in communities manage and use natural resources in sustainable ways, then what we say and do at the national and regional levels means little.

Many of our actions focus on improving local resource conditions and management practices in sustainable ways. For example:

- Through the National Fire Plan, we are integrating programs to protect communities and natural resources from wildland fires and invasive species. Restoration work requires removing small-diameter material. To be sustainable, we must integrate the restoration work with science and technology, business opportunities and community development.
- The roadless rule is being further evaluated by the Department of Agriculture and the courts. I am confident this issue will get resolved with a focus on how to adjust this broad protection measure to address local specific conditions and needs.
- The Administration, with our help, is also reevaluating the National Forest System planning rule to ensure a higher likelihood of implementation success. Our new planning rule will be designed to streamline some of our processes so we can move forward with projects that will be good for the ecosystem and good for communities.

At the national level, I do intend to continue to support sustainability. We are advancing use of the Montreal Process Criteria and indicators as a common framework for measuring progress. For example, we are applying the Criteria and Indicators to local conditions on six national forests to test their usefulness and better understand how to integrate processes across scales. We are working with states (such as Oregon and Maryland) to shape state resource planning using the Montreal framework. And more work is underway at the ecoregional, national and global levels. The key is to integrate our local to global efforts in ways that make sense.

Success in the 21st Century – I believe our actions demonstrate our commitment to sustainable development. Our success – and conservation in the 21st Century – depend on making connections and investments every day across ownerships and boundaries. We are part of a much larger quest to achieve sustainable forest and resource management. Challenges do exist related to recreation demand, watershed conditions, data issues and information tools, collaboration capabilities, and more. However, “sustainability” can be defined, measured and applied. “Sustainability is not just a slogan to the Forest Service.

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A taxi passenger tapped the driver on the shoulder to ask him a question. The driver screamed, nearly lost control of the car, and swerved to miss a bus. The car jumped the curb and drove along the sidewalk running over a fire hydrant. The driver managed to stop centimeters from a store window. For a second everything went quiet in the cab, then the driver said to the passenger, “Excuse me, but don’t ever do that again. You scared the daylights out of me!”. The passenger apologized and said he didn’t realize that a little tap could scare him so much. The driver replied “Sorry, it’s not really your fault. Today is my first day as a cab driver – I’ve been driving hearses for the last 25 years!”

Submitted by Ray Hall, FL

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Grey Towers opened on Saturday, August 11, 2001 (Gifford Pinchot's Birthday) after a two-year closure for major renovations. Grey Towers is located in Milford, PA. Regular tour hours will not resume until September 1, 2001.

Where's There's Smokey, There's a Warm Welcome – The U. S. Forest Service is installing an animatronic Smokey Bear in the lobby of its headquarters building - a \$55,000 Disney-like creation designed to greet visitors. Smokey is the centerpiece of the Yates Building's new Visitor Information Center. The bear will sit with his feet propped up on the edge of a roll-top desk. As visitors enter, he will look up from his mail – he receives so much he has his own ZIP code, 20252, – and addresses guests. His greeting will include his most famous phrase, “Remember, only you can prevent forest fires.” The scene is based on “Smokey's Fan Mail,” a poster created in 1979 by Rudolph Wendelin, the most prominent of Smokey's artist caretakers.

Smokey will direct visitors to a 1920s style log lodge. Inside, a partially touch-interactive exhibit will illustrate how the Forest Service compiled and manages 192 million acres in 155 national forests and 20 grasslands. The exhibit also includes segments on President Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, the service's first chief.

From The Washington Post, June 24, 2001

MORE MEMORY SNIPPETS

By Ed Littlehales

SHIRLEY MCNELLEY – Shirley was born in north Georgia near Turnerville in 1916. In the 20's girls seldom went on to high school. But a teacher recognized her potential and arranged for her to be "boarded out" in Clarkesville to attend the nearest high school. No school busses those days.

Again her potential showed, and she went on to a business school in Gainesville, I think. Hired by the Chattahoochee NF as a file clerk, she soon was moved to Atlanta and progressed through all the secretarial grades to Administrative Assistant and then into program management.

Lucky was the new hire to be assigned to train under Shirley. One of the most notable was Betty McNutt, now Betty Bray, our dedicated and successful editor.

Following retirement, Shirley visited us many times, both in Skaneateles, NY, and in Florida. Our next door neighbor still tells the story of watching Shirley sunbathing on a towel in our backyard. He watched a 2-foot black snake approach her, crawl over the blanket over her bare back and off into the grass. Expecting an hysterical outburst, he said she just raised her head, opened one eye to watch the snake slither off into the grass, put her head back down and back to her snooze.

Shirley really did not like boats – except the big ships she and Betty Croke often cruised on. We convinced her to go out in the Gulf in our 19-footer for fishing. She also had never fished. Well, Shirley caught the first, the biggest and the most that day. The local fishing editor happened by the boat ramp as we returned, and ran a feature story about the first time fisherwoman aboard the OLD FORESTER. Never could keep her out of the boat after that.

A mocking bird bugged her early mornings here in Venice with incessant calls at 5 A.M. She said, "I read the book, but never thought I'd like to kill one". And as her cancer progressed, the long path up to the car at Skaneateles got a bit much. So I built her a little resting bench half way. Mocking birds and that bench are permanent reminders. She was a good friend and we still miss her.

ED CLIFF – He was a quiet Chief – always with that curved pipe clenched in his teeth. An R-2 I&E journalist often demonstrated Ed's I&E style. He set the scene at a Society of American Foresters convention exhibit hall. As someone approached, Ed would remove the pipe with his right hand, switch it to his left hand, stick out his right hand and say "Hello, I'm Ed Cliff." In reverse order, the pipe went back to his right hand and back again between the teeth as he resumed his study of the exhibit.

DAN TODD – How he could dance as he set up his tripod camera to get just the right angle! Dan was sent out to get some waterfall pictures and Phil Archibald and I went along for photography training. We got to Bald River Falls in mid-morning, and I started snapping pictures – probably also trying to imitate Dan's little dance behind the lens. It was late afternoon before Dan even took his lens cap off. The sun shone at just the right angle to highlight the spray from the falls. My photos were dull and useless. Dan's were winners, published many times.

HENRY SIPE – Henry was the last pick up for our carpool consisting of Red Strange, Tom Hunt, Al Frederich, Al Logan and Alvis Owen. Henry was a true gentleman, and we always had to clean up our act when he came aboard. With only six-passenger cars, we could only hope that at least one of us would be in travel status.

LARRY NEWCOMB – The annual ARF and Forest Supervisors meeting had dragged on all week at the Snowbird Lodge on Lake Santeela in North Carolina. Each supervisor was scheduled for a one on one meeting with Regional Forester Otto Lindh right through Saturday and Sunday. Larry, waiting with little joy for his personal tete-a-tete, asked if I could find a Forest Service manual. When asked why, he replied, "Cause I want to find a way to take annual leave on Saturday."

BILL CALLENDER – He had exceptional powers of concentration. With a problem bothering him, would walk right into my office, around the desk and out again – never seeing or speaking to me. And, of course, with his shirttail always hanging out.

RICHARD E. MCARDLE – Several fine Chiefs preceded him and several followed. But he will always be the THE CHIEF in my book. Having met you once, he remembered YOUR name AND your wife and children's names. When Edna gave birth to our daughter, Barbara, in 1949, Dorothy McArdle was her first visitor at George Washington University Hospital. We were bottom of the totem pole peons in the Washington Office and she was an Assistant Chief's wife! A gracious lady and a true friend.

JOE RIEBOLD – Joe was the Supervisor of the National Forests in Florida. Returning home from a short vacation in Florida, we got bored in the motel, so I called Joe on the phone. His response "What are you doing here? You are not due here for two more weeks!" He finally invited us over. We hadn't been in their home more than ten minutes when a discussion ensued about the meaning of a word. All four of us wound up on the living room rug – each with an unabridged dictionary – testing each other with the meaning or pronouncement of a word. As I remember, Joe bested us all.



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Jim Gilpin (Marye) – 223 Park Lane, Hendersonville, NC 28791
Phone: 828.891.2335. E-mail: jimandmarye@aol.com

Glenn T. McConnell (Linda) – 858 Bert Creek Road, Robbinsville,
NC 28771 Phone: 828.479.6220. E-mail:
glennmc@graham.main.nc.us

Please make the following changes in your Directory. Underscoring indicates change.

Bill Irby – 696 Douglas Avenue, Gilbert, AZ 85233.

Leslie M. "Les" Oliphant – Evergreen Ridge Apartments, C-104, Asheville, NC 28805-2150, Phone: 828.296.0838.

Please add the following e-mail addresses to your Directory:

Phyllis Burnett – PhylBurn@aol.com

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Richard "Dick" Hoffmann – dhoffmann@mindspring.com

Charles Huppuch – edhuppuch@aol.com

Horace W. Landrith – shirlfarm@statecom.net

Michael Sparks – michael.sparks@worldnet.att.net

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Subject: Aging

- Eventually you reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.
- The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.
- How old would you be if you didn't know how old you are?
- One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young. One must wait until evening to see how splendid the day has been.

Submitted by Shirley Herbert, GA

IN MEMORIAM

Nelson Taylor – 87, died June 26 in Mt. Pleasant, SC. Mr. Taylor was born in Groton, MA, on November 10, 1910. He served in the Army Air Corps with the 8th Air Force during WW II. He attended the University of Vermont and graduated from the University of Florida with a BS degree in Forestry. Mr. Taylor retired from the Wambaw District. His wife, Harriett, died in 1991. Mr. Taylor is survived by one brother, two sisters and several nieces and nephews.

Frank Sharp – 90, died May 30 at his home in Venice, FL. He was a native of Lock Haven, PA, and a graduate of Pennsylvania State University, School of Forestry. He retired in 1979 from the National Forests in North Carolina after over 30 years with the Forest Service. He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Brigitte, three sons, two daughters, six grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Philip L. "Phil" Thornton – 75, of Shrader Hollow, VA., died May 16 at Roanoke Memorial Hospital in Roanoke, VA. He was born April 11, 1926 in Elmira, NY. Mr. Thornton graduated with a master's degree in Forestry from the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse, NY, in 1950. He had a 30-year career with the Forest Service, serving the last nine years as Deputy Chief. Survivors include his wife, Patsy Ann, a son and a daughter.

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"Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself"

By Joel Nitz

Flash fuels call for aggressive and realistic planning within the capabilities of firefighting personnel and their equipment. The Conecuh had from 15 to 20 or so forest workers, several technicians and 3 or 4 foresters. Our primary method of suppressing a fire was to use one or both of our tractor-plow units to help establish a fire line and follow up with drip torches and flaps. As called for, we did a lot of backfiring.

The Conecuh was so remote from the other districts that we could not depend on them for backup. We were pretty well on our own during any kind of fire danger. On the west flank of our district lay a large tract of unmanaged land, with characteristics similar to the Conecuh. An individual by the name of N....owned this land. His son, about 25-30 years old, was put in charge of converting this land for timber and wildlife purposes. The former open land was fenced, roads were punched out, wildlife ponds and food plots were established throughout the area. The objective was to create a private wildlife hunting area to the exclusion

of former local users. I was quite impressed to see what was going on and the money spent for this project.

This activity, however, had its down-side. It didn't go well with the "natives" who had free use of this land for hunting, grazing, firewood and other unauthorized activities such as setting fires for improving forage or for turkey hunting. This son and I got along fairly well, seeing that we were neighbors and had similar problems.

During a prolonged very bad fire season, young N...had his hands full trying to keep the incendiary fires to a minimum. But his manpower and equipment needs exceeded his ability to contain and extinguish the many fires. The State furnished what manpower and equipment they could but that too, was inadequate.

We, on the Conecuh were on needles and pins waiting for jumpovers from N...'s fires. N...asked us for assistance to suppress his many fires. But all federal, state and private land managers were facing extreme fire conditions and I turned him down. He proceeded to tell me that his father knew the Chief and that his father could and might buy the Conecuh from the Forest Service! I told him that I could not jeopardize our district in favor of saving his timber.

I thought that was the end of that. But about 8:00 p.m. I got a telephone call from Spence Palmer who was Fire Staff in the SO. He wanted to know all about our situation and I brought him up to date. Then he told me that he had received a call from the Chief's Office directing us to give N...assistance! I ate roasted crow when I turned over one of our tractor plow units and crew to N... My action to keep our equipment to protect National Forest land was a judgment call which I felt was justified. I felt we had been on the brink of disaster from which the good Lord rescued us.

"Thou shalt STILL love thy neighbor as thyself!" Joel H. Nitz, Conecuh District Ranger 1956-1963.

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New Directory – a new Directory will be printed and mailed before the end of the year. Those whose names still have double zero's after the name on the mailing label will not appear in the Directory unless dues are paid for 2001. If your phone number's area code has changed, please let me know. I would like to mail the Directory the first week of December. You may e-mail changes to your address or phone number to me at Bdybray@aol.com Included in the Directory will be e-mail addresses for all who have furnished me that information. *Betty*



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Note: Please record the Christmas Luncheon date on calendar.
Reservations are required. Please see page 3 for information.

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