



# THE DIXIE RANGER

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## *Triumph over Tragedy*

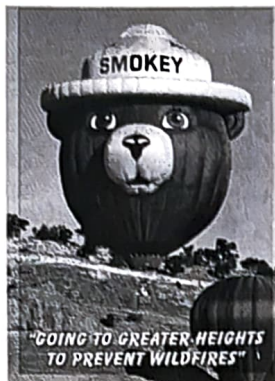
On Sunday, October 10, 2004, in the final hours of the Albuquerque Balloon Fiesta, pilot Bill Chapel and two young passengers, 10-year old Aaron Whitacre of Tucson, AZ, and 14-year old Troy Wells of Rio Rancho, NM, found themselves in a life or death drama as the Smokey Bear balloon they had been flying in waved in the wind like some grotesque flag atop KQOB Radio's 670' tall broadcast tower.

As winds whipped at the balloon's envelope, thousands watched at Balloon Fiesta Park and even more tuned to live TV coverage as the 69-year old Chapel and his two young friends climbed down the tower step-by-step to waiting rescue workers.

The story made news around the world. Here are excerpts from an article in *BALLOONING* magazine in which pilot Bill Chapel tells the story in his own words...

Sunday, October 10, 2004, was the final day of the annual Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta. This was my 27<sup>th</sup> consecutive year at the Fiesta. I had flown Smokey four of the eight days so far, and Jim Russell had flown one other day. Flights had been pleasureable, and weather, for the days we flew, had been good. The traditional "box" for Albuquerque had been in effect and subtle breezes gave us good-variable directions of flight

One of the ways I select my passengers is to determine who (from our crew members) has been out the most, worked the hardest, and not flown recently. Two children of the Whitacre family were jumping up and down, eager to go,



and I almost took them both; but at the last minute I decided to only take the 10-year-old boy (Aaron) and not his 4-year-old sister Amanda. Instead, I picked a 14-year-old boy (Troy) who had crewed with other friends most of the week. I briefed my two first timers about

safety procedures, pointing out the rope handles around the basket, where the fire extinguisher was, and cautioned them to watch for power lines and other balloons. The launch director gave us a thumb's up. Winds were gentle from the north. As we flew south, gaining altitude, we entered the southerly flow part of our "box" and began flying north, back across the launch site. The two boys were enjoying their first flight. We continued north over the Sandia Indian Reservation, where I pointed out the casino, previous landing sites, and a story or two about previous flights.

I decided to descend to check the breezes, as I had noticed other balloons drifting westward. Indeed we did too. Slowly we drifted across the Rio Grande River at about 300 feet above ground level (AGL). We were over Corrales, New Mexico, now, which is a quaint, "artsy craftsy" neighborhood community along the west edge of the Rio Grande River. I thought perhaps we could land in one of those narrow fields and change passengers. As we descended to 100-150 feet AGL to pick a spot, the breezes had picked up and were stronger than before out of the north. As we turned south, the little pastures were too narrow for Smokey to land comfortably inside the fences—besides a couple of the smaller balloons beat us to them. So we "popped" up and began drifting southeast back toward the launch site. I told the boys "nothing



wrong with a nice grassy launch site" for a landing!

At this point, we were crossing the Rio Grande again when a sudden strong gust of wind from the east (probably a shear) violently changed our direction of flight to due west toward a 700 foot tall tower. We were at about 300 feet AGL when this occurred, five smaller 100-200 foot tall radio towers were immediately below me. I knew we were in trouble at this point.

The gust or shear blew the cap off my head and out of the basket. My first thought was to descend and "rip out" but guy lines of the other towers, homes, trailers, streets and traffic lay below. So I hit the burners! I told the boys to hang on—that we had to get above the 700 foot tower!

The last time I looked at my instruments, we were climbing at about 700 feet a minute but the top of the tower was still above us! As we cleared the guy wires, I found some relief because I feared we might be severed from the envelope allowing a perilous fall to the ground. Aaron cried out, "We're going to hit the tower—we're going to die!" I said, "Like hell we are," and grabbed him and Troy and told them to get down. I wrapped my arms around them and when we hit the last 30 to 40 feet of the tower, Smokey screamed as he collapsed around the tower, the basket and we were swinging to and fro against the tower. I reached out and hugged the tower for fear it might break free. I settled the boys down and ordered them to climb over me and out of the basket onto the tower and then inside the triangular structure on to the ladder.

Troy bravely went first, and then helped me coax Aaron out. They descended a little, waiting for me. As I recall, I had to try two times to squeeze between the bars of the tower and to also get inside. There was very little more said between us on our way down—they would call up to me or I would call down. The wind was tearing my beloved Smokey to pieces. Had I messed up, what else could I have done? Thank God we were still alive. No, I thought we had to get out of the basket, and couldn't risk

the lives of a rescuing helicopter, besides the basket might separate from the envelope. As I climbed down the tower, I wondered will this be the end of our Smokey program? What will my peers think? Why me? "God I'm tired, but my legs are okay. Take a breath," I thought. So, I looked out at the other tower; seems like it was just as tall as the last time I looked! All the people down below were still tiny—was I ever going to get down? What about the boys? "Hey guys, how are you doing?" "We are fine, how about you?" "Okay," I said, "keep going!" They were out running me, but I didn't care! How the hell could I have let this happen? Shut up and get off this tower, I thought. God, the wind was tearing the balloon apart. That was the worst sound I had ever heard—the tower was not going to break off—it hadn't yet—I didn't think it would—boy it was rattling—those guy wires were doing their job. My cell phone rang—better answer it. "Hello, yes, I'm okay; I'm climbing down the tower!! I've got to go now, I'll talk to you later." The rescuers were with Aaron and Troy—Oh God, they were okay! I hope their parents were down there; wonder what they were thinking? A rescuer came up after me? "How are you doing?," he asked. "Tired!" I said. "Here put this harness on," he said. "Okay, but I'm okay, I can make it now, let me..." "No put this on." He tugged, I tugged and 15 minutes later, we got it on. Didn't fit, but what the hell, I was too tired to resist. It was nice not to have to climb down the last 80-90 feet after all, because they had a huge bucket hoist to help us get down the last few feet.

The cheers were gratifying, the hugs comforting, and the tears, well there were tears and the boys were waiting for me with their parents and my precious crew and many friends and strangers too. God, it was good to get down! We were safe at last.

*Editor's note: Bill Chapel is a retired, second-generation, FS employee. He is a highly respected pilot who has been flying balloons since 1978. A new Smokey Bear Balloon has been ordered. To learn more about the fund-raising for the replacement of the ever-popular Smokey Bear Balloon go to: [www.smokeybearballoon.com](http://www.smokeybearballoon.com)*



web site or write: *Friends of the Smokey Bear Balloon, Inc.* 5912 Jones Pl., NW, Albuquerque, NM 87120 — Phone & Fax: 505-839-7153.

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### **Amount of Land Covered by Forest in U.S. is Growing**

Despite a booming population and urban sprawl, the United States has gained 10 million acres of forests since 1990. That's enough trees to cover all the land in New Jersey twice. The increase, however, is spotty and probably temporary. Growth is mainly in the Northeast and Rocky Mountain states, while wooded acres dwindled in the South, Midwest and Pacific Coast. "We're continually growing more than we're cutting," said Brad Smith, an authority on the nation's trees at Forest Service headquarters in Arlington, VA. "People think urban sprawl is eating all the forest — we can't say that."

Over the past 50 years, according to the Forest Service, 24 states added woodland — seven of them more than a million acres each. NY, OH and PA were the biggest gainers. TX, FL and CA lost the most. To be sure, the newly planted timber isn't the same as pristine old-growth forests, but the United States is a rare bright spot in a world that's rapidly losing its forests. Worldwide, 235 million acres of trees vanished in the last decade, as much as all the land in CA, PA, OH, MN, and NC combined.

When European settlers began to colonize America in the early 1600s, forests covered more than a billion acres — about half the territory that would become the United States — said Douglas MacCleery, a Forest Service historian. Colonists cut down trees for fuel and farmland, and a long, slow decline of forests began. It hit bottom in 1920, when 735 million acres of woodlands were left. By that time, 370 million acres of trees — one sixth of the nation's land — had been taken over by farms, cities, homes and industry.

Large, efficient farms in the West replaced small holdings in the East. Farm machinery took over from horses and mules, which needed a quarter of the cropland for their own food. Abandoned pastures reverted to forests. Heat and power came from coal, oil and gas instead of wood. In addition, wildfires, which used to consume as many as 50 million acres a year, have declined to less than 5 million acres per year, thanks to new technologies and better fire control. Government policies of the 1950s, '80s and '90s also have helped.

"Over the past 50 years, net growth has consistently exceeded removals in the United States," said Smith, the tree expert. As a result, the land area covered by forests has risen slightly, from 735 million to 749 million acres. Trees now occupy one-third of the nation's territory. *Excerpted from the ARIZONA DAILY STAR, Sunday, February 27, 2005*

Winston and Wanda

### **Mr. Smith Goes to Court** *a friendly face*

Winston Smith listens to as much testimony about murders, rapes and molestation as some Gwinnett County attorneys. The

difference is he doesn't have to. The 68-year-old Loganville retiree has made a hobby out of watching criminal cases in Gwinnett Superior Court. He's done it for about a year and half.

On just about any weekday, Smith can be spotted sitting in the back of a courtroom. The gray-haired gentleman listens with his arms folded over his stomach. His facial expression is soft and accepting, like a kind uncle whose opinion you trust. Court staff have come to count on seeing his friendly face in what is usually an unhappy crowd. They say they like it





that someone in the community is paying attention.

Six years ago, Smith retired from the U.S. Forest Service in Atlanta, where he'd served for 42 years. A year and a half later, he suffered the first of three strokes. His doctor ruled out most physical activity. No gardening, no fixing up the house — and be careful even mowing the grass, he was told. For driving, he'd have to count on his wife, Wanda. So the former outdoor recreation specialist decided to find an indoor pastime, something to keep his mind active and his body rested.

He served on a jury about 10 years ago and liked the way defense attorneys and prosecutors "questioned everything and everybody." Court watching would be interesting for him, he thought. "It's a good hobby," Smith says. "When my condition got to where it was, there was not much I could do but at least I can sit there and enjoy it." Explaining why can sometimes prove difficult, because of the strokes he has survived. "I lost a lot of my speech and sometimes it's hard to think of a word," he said. "It's there, but I can't find it."

Wanda drives her husband of 45 years to the courthouse. They like to eat a biscuit and sausage on the way before she drops him off at 9 a.m. Smith checks in with the Gwinnett sheriff's deputies posted on each floor to see what's on the court calendar. Not just any case will do, he says. "I can remember two times when it was so bad that they said, 'You're wasting your time,' he recalled. "So I told Wanda to come get me. There wasn't anything interesting."

Gwinnett Sheriff's Deputy Eddie Mack, who has worked at the Gwinnett Justice and Administration Center in Lawrenceville since it opened in 1988, calls the former Dixie Youth World Series umpire a "great guy." We like him. It's nice to see a friendly face, especially in court," he said. "And I think it's important for the people to keep up with what's going on in their community."

Smith will go with the case that catches his eye — a robbery, a murder, a vehicular homicide. The case sometimes doesn't matter as much as which Superior Court judge is presiding. He has his favorites. "I love my judges," Smith says. "I've been there long enough that they let me know that they know I'm there. They kind of just nod their head or look at you and grin."

Judge Billy Ray is "one of my better ones," Smith says. He likes "the lady," Judge Debra Turner, whom he calls "tough, but really, really nice." He sent her a Christmas card last year. Judge Michael Clark is "a real super guy." "He's very friendly. He doesn't really get on anybody, but he's firm," Smith said.

Clark said the first few times he saw Smith in his courtroom he wondered if the elderly man was "scouting." Clark thought Smith was someone who had an upcoming case in his courtroom and was trying to see what he was like. But then "Mr. Smith" introduced himself and Clark grew accustomed to his presence. "I think it would be good if more people came to court — not all the time because it'd be crowded — but for a week or two," Clark said. "It would be an education for them."

Turner admits she sometimes wonders what Smith might be thinking of her work. "I worry. I'm thinking, 'Am I doing OK? What's he saying? Am I doing all right?'" Turner said, chuckling. "But he seems wonderful. He's just a lovely person." She liked hearing that the court observer thinks she's fair. "We take a lot of abuse in the press," Turner said. "With this recent Terry Schiavo stuff and the courts getting beaten to a pulp, it's very nice to hear that there might be somebody out there that thinks we're doing a good job."

Smith said the most interesting case he's followed was that of Erik Cooper, a former Gwinnett foster parent who in March was found not guilty of molesting six boys in his care. "I had no love for him, but I made my own decision that he had not bothered those kids," Smith said. Smith got emotional in March when two teens were sentenced to life in prison for the 2002



murder of Parkview High School student Austin Bryant Roebuck even though neither fired the gun that killed him. "When those two kids got life, all their parents were there and the first thing they did was take those kids to jail. They're guilty, but it's still touchy," he said. "It's hard in cases when you're dealing with young people. I'm really emotional. I get teary-eyed," he said.

Smith has been following the Barton Corbin murder case closely, along with Wanda. They're considering going out of the county if there's a change in venue. "I'm going to follow that if I can get in. It's going to be crowded," Winston Smith said. "She doesn't enjoy it like I do, but she'd probably go with me if we had to go somewhere else."

Smith is not crazy about the courthouse cafeteria food. Wanda says he's a real "meat and potatoes man," so often he won't eat all day, except for a few cookies to hold him until dinner. His day ends when Wanda picks him up about 4:30 p.m. Then they'll go baby-sit one of their nine grandchildren.

If a verdict is imminent, he'll wait for it, but not if the trial has been emotional. He knows he has to go easy on his heart. Says Smith: "If it's touchy, I'll just leave and have someone call me later and tell me what happened."

*The above article was written by Tasgola Karla Bruner, The Atlanta Journal Constitution*

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### **Penny Pinching**

*by Joel Nitz*

Very few people realize that my wife, Irene, worked as an employee of the USFS. Here is documentary proof that Irene was on the Government payroll.

In the summer of 1949, I was hired as a Lookout (person) on Siegler Mountain located on the Warland Ranger District, Kootenai National Forest, Montana, Region 1. Irene was my companion and partner only until fire

conditions increased. We were then required to 'man' the tower on a full-time basis. My job classification was SP-4 (?). What about EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK? It was I, of course, who carried out Irene's duties. (She stayed home in the 12 x 12 cabin at the top of the tower and baked cookies!)

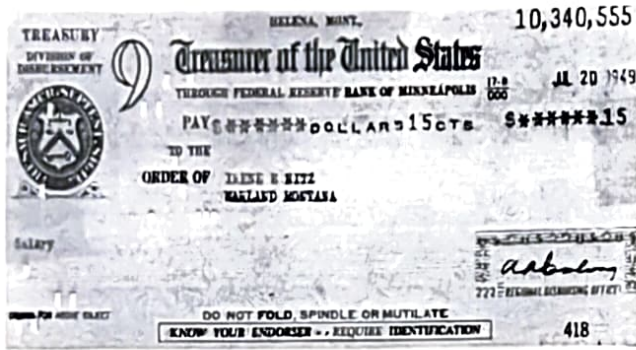
My Ranger, bless his soul, had other tricks up his sleeves to save money at our expense. Most of the Lookouts in this part of the country were given an allowance and had the option to purchase their own groceries. But not us! The District maintained a cache for rations, much of which came as leftovers from WWII. (Army surplus.) The food items included dried beans, Argentina corned beef, a case of soap, sugar, flour, condiments and a number of canned fruits and vegetables.

To make things more interesting, many of the cans had lost their labels; others were rusty. At the end of the fire season, the Ranger collected whatever was left from our rations and stored them in the cache for the next year. How much soap could we possibly use while living on a dry mountain top? We had to tote every drop of water by hiking down about 3/4 mile to our spring. I carried a 5-gallon back pack and two gallons in my hands. Irene, a real trooper, also carried two gallons of water. I think that we made this trek every two or three days.

As resourceful as Irene was (is), it was a challenge for her to prepare menus. By shaking some of the unlabeled canned goods, you could venture a guess of its contents. How about opening 3 cans of fruit before opening a rusty can of spinach! The Ranger did bring along a 5-pound ham when we began our tour of duty on the tower. That didn't last very long so we requested some more meat. I could tolerate the beef for a while, but Irene couldn't manage it. (She was PG.) What the Ranger sent with the horse packer was 12 dozens of wieners. (How many wieners could you eat before they got moldy?) Well, we tried our best before they spoiled and we had to bury them.



Rather than getting an allowance for food, as most other Lookouts did, our salaries were withheld at the rate of \$0.60 per meal each, for a total of \$3.60 per day or \$108.00 per month. Since both of us were on the payroll, the accounting office decided to lump our deductions from Irene's paycheck. At the end of the season, Irene's final pay check was for \$0.15. UNCASHED. (See copy.)



Times have changed, and so have we. The Kootenai River was dammed and the Warland Ranger District was flooded. Most of our co-workers are gone but not forgotten.

P.S. If this story sounds familiar, it's because it relates somewhat to the adventure we experienced on the Fourth of July, 1949.

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If you jog in a jogging suit, lounge in lounging pajamas and smoke in a smoling jacket, WHY would anyone want to wear a windbreaker?

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## **"TALES FROM THE PINEY"**

### **CHAPTER II**

*by Mike Sparks*

There was a time in my youth, when I, like most folks, was naive about the ways of the world. So it was, in the summer of my 19th year, when I was working between semesters as a temporary employee on the Piney Ranger District of the Ozark NF.

As I told you in an earlier tale, the Piney Ranger District is no more. It was dissolved and

merged with adjacent Districts in the 70's, in keeping with the need for more efficient administration and reducing overhead costs.

I grew up in Russellville, where the Piney District Office was located as well as the Forest Supervisors' Office. The Ranger was Bill Bodie, whom I knew through association with the restaurant where my father worked. The "forest guys" would take their coffee break in the restaurant because their office was nearby. So, I came to know these men, these Rangers, which I hoped to become someday.

In addition to the Ranger, Bill Bodie, there was the assistant ranger, "Big John" Cathey, a bull of a man who enjoyed life. Then, there was Bob Riser, a young forester, fresh from serving his country with a stint in the Army. He also enjoyed life. So, with these three guys, there was hardly any opportunity missed to have fun, sometimes at the expense of others, namely me.

I was a freshman in college, but I recall one instance when my naivete got me into trouble. I cannot, for the sake of the readers, (this being a family-oriented newsletter) tell all the details but suffice it to say, John Cathey was teasing with one of the waitresses in the restaurant. To most, she was known as "Big Red" because of her hair color, but as "Sweet Sue" to others. No current ratings, by any of the performing arts, are low enough to cover the language that could emanate from Sweet Sue's lips. Big John made my face turn crimson with embarrassment when he tried to set me up with a date with this lady...me, who had never had a date in his life up to that point. This lady was at least 10 years my senior and was well known for her flirtatious ways, and wanted to advance my knowledge of the opposite sex far beyond where it should be, given my tender age at that time. But to make matters worse, John continued his banter and made a comment to her which made not only me but the Ranger and everyone else want to hide under the table. In those days, Big John was not as well known for his diplomacy and tact as later in his career. I immediately exited the restaurant, trying to hide my shame. It became widely known that on a later occasion, Big John



caused Ranger Bodie and Bob Riser to actually go beneath the table in embarrassment over a similar event with Riser as "the goat".

My naivete was well known at that point and was to haunt me for many years. A couple of summers later, I was working with the Piney timber marking crew, two wonderful characters known as Mickey Cochran and Doyne Curtis.

The marking crew consisted of only these two men so they took turns being the timber marking crew foreman. Being a summer student and temporary employee, they also took turns telling me what to do and how to do it, with accuracy never being a criteria they considered heavily. I learned a lot from those two.

Mickey was what I always referred to as an ole "mountain boomer". He had lived most of his life in the Ozark Mountains north of Dover up in some deserted hollow. He was in his mid 50's that Summer when I was helping mark timber. Now Mickey was a confirmed bachelor, never even talking about women, unlike most of the guys on the field going crews. But one day, he let us know that he was getting married. Seems he had found a widow woman who met his standards, even though she did have five kids, so Mickey got an instant family.

He got married on a Friday night and came to work Monday morning. My, my, how Doyne and I teased him about not being able to follow his marking strip and keep up with the two of us.

In those days, if you worked on a field crew, your compensated time did not begin until you reached the woods so the time spent traveling to the job site was "donated". We worked 8 solid hours in the woods with an hour for lunch, we had a whole hour to enjoy at our leisure. Doyne and I swapped tales, although I had few to tell due to my short lifespan. Mickey, on the other hand, believed in taking advantage of a rest period so he slept. Doyne and I would bet cokes on how close to starting time Mickey would wake up. Generally, he awoke within 5 minutes of time to resume working. Now when Mickey slept, he slept hard. After a big lunch,

he would stretch, yawn and reach into his pocket for his "Tube Rose Snuff" can. He would pull out his lower lip like a drawer and fill it "plumb full" of the brown powder and then lay down and sleep. To this day, I'll never understand how he could fill his mouth with snuff, sleep and snore with his mouth open and not spill a drop on his chin. When he woke, he would put two fingers to his lips and leave a brown stain on the ground about five feet long. I've never seen anything quite like that since. The Ranger told me that Mickey could sit through an entire safety meeting, or even a full half-day session of fire school without spitting. Then, when he first walked outside and spat, he'd kill every living green plant within 30 feet of the door.

Mickey told of once being bitten on the ankle by a rattlesnake. He didn't wear boots but rather low quarter "brogans" with no socks. I asked if he went to the doctor and he said "Nope! I just spit some snuff juice on my handkerchief, put some crik (creek) moss on it, and made a poltice and placed it on the bite". He said it was "swolled up" the next morning but he came to work and never thought or said anything else about it. The Ozark Mountains grew "real" men and yes, the rattlesnake got sick and died immediately after biting him.

Another lovable character from the Piney was Leman Huffman. Leman was the "straw boss" for the TSI crew and jack-of-all-trades. We had a problem on the Piney with feral hogs (I told you about them in another story from Louisiana entitled "Booger in the Woods"). Anyway, I was assigned to help Leman trap wild hogs. Now Leman was a man of small stature and he didn't relish the idea of "rasslin" a wild boar. But, because the Ranger told him to, we ventured forth and set the traps which were made from 2 inch wide oak boards. Now I happened to be on another job but this was told to me by Leman. He drove to one of the trap sites and inside the trap was a large sow (that's a female hog for you city folks). But Leman noticed something different about the scene as he drove up. Going in and out between the boards were several tiny piglets and the mother hog was definitely unhappy. Leman plotted about how to get her



into the cage on the back of the truck and finally decided on a strategy. I think Willy Freeman was with him that day. Anyway, to make a long story short, they didn't get the sow and piglets in the trap but rather, the sow got loose and ran them up a couple of persimmon trees for a while until she left with her piglets. After that Lemon didn't want to trap hogs. To make matters worse for him, he and I happened upon one trap one day that had been shot multiple times with a high powered rifle. A crudely written sign was placed on the trap warning us not to trap hogs anymore "or else". Lemon and I left the woods and didn't go back to that trap for a while.

One Summer, I worked on the Boston Mountain District of the Ozark NF. Here, my naivete really got me into big time trouble.

I was attending Arkansas Tech and was finishing my freshman year when I got a call from Pat Thomas, Range and Wildlife Staff Officer of the Ozark-St Francis National Forests. My plant taxonomy professor, Dr Moore, had recommended me to Pat for a job on the Boston Mountain Ranger District. Seems Pat wanted to determine the cattle grazing resource on the District and it was my job to determine how much forage was available so off I went. I was given a Forest Service truck and a forest worker named Cless (Cless) Serratt to assist me. Our job was to map the areas most likely to provide viable grazing and inventory the species of plants and amounts of forage available.

Cless and I became good friends that Summer. Like Mickey Cochran, Cless lived "up the holler" and seldom came to town. He, too, was a mountain boomer. But that didn't keep him from playing a good one on me. Near the end of our job in late August, we had surveyed a couple of plots that were near an old farm place.

In early settlement days, folks didn't have fancy fence building material...they used what was available from the land. In this case, it was a rock fence about 4 feet high. Seems that when the ground is plowed, the farmer had to move the rocks out of the way so he started piling them in a row and made a "fencerow". As the

winter came, the freezing and thawing action pushed more rocks to the surface of the plowed field, so each year, the fence grew in height and length. Such was the case on this farm site. A rock wall went all the way around the pasture site to keep the cattle away from the crops.

One of our survey plots fell near one of these rock fences. As I was conducting my work, Cless pointed to the wall and there were two small, furry animals running along the top. They were black with white stripes on their back...you guessed it! They were skunks but unlike the ones I had seen, these were smaller. They appeared to be babies but that was a false assumption on my part.

I told Cless they might make good pets so, unlike today when we're frightened of diseases, I made my way over to them. They ran into a crevice between two rocks with their tails hanging out. I put on my leather gloves but before I touched the critters, I asked Cless..."Do these baby skunks have scent glands?"

"Nawwww", Cless replied, chuckling under his breath.

So, you guessed it...I reached for the tails to pull the critters out of the crevice and I immediately got four barrells of scent "flung" at me. Now the first thing that happens when you get sprayed by a skunk is, YOU GO BLIND. Then, almost instantaneously, you get violently ill and lose your lunch. I found myself rolling on the ground trying to rub the scent off, like an old hound dog rubbing on something foul.

Meantime, Cless was slapping his knees and laughing. Finally, he had mercy on me and led me down to the "crik" where I was able to wash and get some of the scent off and once again see the world through clear eyes. Cless also paid a price for his prank because he had to ride in the truck with me to go home.

I got "hoorahed" at the work center but my troubles had not yet begun. That Summer, I had rented a room from an older lady for \$5 a week (can you believe it?) When I arrived home, she



was sitting in the swing on the front porch. I tried to rush into the house and avoid her scrutiny but I was not fast enough. She sensed the aroma of "eau de polecat" and immediately told me not to go into the house. She directed me to the back porch where she handed me a bar of homemade lye soap and a scrub brush.

"There's the water hose", she said. So, I went to work trying to rid myself of the malignant odor. But, it was to no avail. The scent persisted. After several scrubbings and my skin nearly raw, Mrs. Montgomery finally let me into the house for supper. She made me bury my clothing which I later recovered because they were expensive. That day, I learned the difference between a baby skunk and a full grown civet cat, at least that's what Cless called them.

Cless invited me to his house for supper one night after that, I suspect, to make amends for the foul trick he had played on me. When we arrived at his house, I didn't know what to expect because Cless had been somewhat embarrassed to take me to his home because he didn't have any "fancy vittles". As I walked upon the front porch, his wife greeted us and invited us to the supper table. (Supper was the evening meal....dinner was the noon meal and that's the way it's supposed to be!) There, on the table, was the finest supper spread one could ever imagine, better than could be found in the finest restaurant one had ever visited. There were big slices of cured ham from Cless' smokehouse. Fresh vegetables included corn on the cob, boiled new potatoes, "snap" beans, and slices of "tomaters" the size of a saucer. In addition, there was fresh milk from the springhouse, homemade butter and hot corn bread from the oven. I had not been treated to such a fine culinary delight in my entire life. So, that night, Cless made amends for the trick he played on me.

These characters, even though they never knew it, helped shape me for my career and my life. I owe all of them a great debt of gratitude. But...I never seemed to rid myself of the naivete as it

plagued me throughout my career but then those are stories for another time.

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## LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

**WALT SMITH, North Carolina** - Sorry I'm so late sending in my money. It seems last year I kept hospitals and doctors busy. I had a heart attack with 7 bypasses. Later they installed a pacemaker to take care of the heart stopping..Later I had an operation for Carpal Tunnel. After this I had my right knee replaced. Other than these things, everything is going well...although last Sunday half of my tree in the front yard broke off and landed in my yard. It should make good fire wood.

**DAVE & AUDREY SCOTT, Oregon** - Enclosed check for \$30 should cover '04, '05, & '06. I'll try to do better in the future. Good to see you folks taking on the chore of producing the newsletter. Sure you don't want to produce one for R-6 also - we are losing our editor after the reunion. Hope to see you at the reunion.

**JIM MORPHEW, Arkansas** - Here is a check for a couple of years. I see that they are due this year. I just hope they aren't "past due". If I owe more, send me an e-mail and I will catch up. Thanks for taking over the job as editor. Based on all the letters that you print, apparently all the former Forest Service personnel enjoy *The Dixie Ranger* as much as I do.

We have been retired for about twelve years now, and are having the time of our life. Karroll and I bought some of that old land that Dave and I used to squirrel and crow hunt on a few years ago. We built a new home and are thoroughly enjoying living in the woods. Our family has been most richly blessed. Thanks again for your work.

**MARY MAHER, Georgia** - Just finished reading your inaugural edition of *The Dixie Ranger* - I really enjoyed it and liked the new format - I note I must be behind in my dues. Here's \$20 to bring me up to date again. Thanks so much for



providing us with the information that does matter so much to us.

**CLARENCE KING, Florida** - Here are dues for three years. Sorry we overlooked '04! Mary and I have slowed down some, but still enjoy traveling and visiting the great grandchildren. Keep up the good work, really look forward to *The Dixie Ranger*.

**DON & ANN THORNTON, South Carolina** - Here is enough to pay for a year or so. Sorry to be late, but at 80 we do well to even respond. Thanks.

**PATRICIA HAYNE, Alabama** - Sorry we are late with our 2005 dues - We enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger* so much and appreciate all the work you put forth to make "The Ranger" so interesting.

**LARRY & DJ FLEMING, North Carolina** - Enclosed are my dues for SRFSRA for three years. I enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger* and look forward to every issue. I've been retired three years now and would have retired long before had I known how nice retirement life could be!!

DJ and I moved to Charlotte in the summer of 2002 to be closer to family. Our daughter and her family live here so we get to see the grandchildren much more than we would if we had stayed in Atlanta. We certainly don't miss the traffic. DJ is still working full-time and I have a part-time job scanning medical records 3-4 hours each Tuesday and Thursday. Mondays and Wednesdays are golf days and Friday is my day off!!! My part-time job pays the greens fees. Life is good. Again, I look forward to reading the next issue of *The Dixie Ranger*.

**DON ENG, South Carolina** - Jean and I are doing well. Dave Rosdahl is trying to keep me healthy by working together in our Natural Resources Consulting business. Our Francis Marion & Sumpter NF retirees meet twice a year in April and October. We usually have about 40 retirees and spouses attending. Our

special thanks to all of you that keep our SRFSRA active and sending *The Dixie Ranger*.

**ED EDGETTE, Arkansas** - After seeing the requests for snake stories I felt the need to make these comments. The most unusual snake bite case in the history of mankind happened on the Raven District of the Sam Houston in the late fifties. Since it involves a vital organ I don't think the details are suitable material for the readers of *The Dixie Ranger*. I know there are still individuals around that have knowledge of this event. It was a reportable accident so it became pretty much general knowledge throughout the region shortly after it happened. Hope you can read this. I don't have a typist around here anymore.

**WILLA CARSWELL, North Carolina** - Attached is check for 2004. Wish you the best in your new assignment!

**JIM WENNER, Arkansas** - Enclosed is a check for \$30 for 3 years dues for *The Dixie Ranger*. Thanks.

**NATHAN & GLENNA BYRD, Tennessee** - I admire you two for taking on the job of putting out *The Dixie Ranger*. Many of us enjoy it tremendously. I have to admit increasingly I see names I don't recognize. Guess it is a sure sign I am getting much older. Enclosed is a check for dues for three years and thanks for your good work.

Without the *DR* I would not have known about Rik Erickson's death as well as that of Pete Hanlon who I admired very much. Bill LeGrande was a legend to many I have known. We love it here in East Tennessee but miss the Atlanta FS crowd. While there recently, on business and pleasure, I made it to the Matthews Cafeteria FS retiree's breakfast in Tucker and saw several old friends. It saddened us to learn of some strokes, broken limbs, etc., but it happens to all of us in time I guess. Thanks again for the good work.

**DON & WILMA BLACKBURN, Virginia** - It's a good thing ya'll keep records enabling delinquent members to be identified. Enclosed dues



payment will catch me up and get me ahead. Life is beautiful here in southwestern Virginia, just busier than I ever thought retirement would be. Always glad to get *The Dixie Ranger*, best thing going to help keep abreast of Forest Service retirees.

**PETE AVERS, Georgia** - Here is a check for dues. I guess I owe for '04 so this is for 2 more years. My son and I are still doing soil surveys in the Metro Atlanta area - eleven years now! Keep thinking I might retire but seem to be too busy. Nancy helps with phones and business end and with paperwork.

We spend part of the year in Michigan where we have a small farm growing sweet corn, pumpkins, etc. Also get out to do some fishing and boating. We see old FS co-workers occasionally. Harland and Ann Welch stopped by our Michigan place last summer and we went boating - cold day in July. I appreciate you and Dave doing the newsletter etc.

**JACQUELINE MOUNT, Georgia** - Here is my check for \$20 for dues for 2004 and 2005. Thank you.

**BILL IRBY, Arizona** - Here are my dues for the next couple of years. Am sorry that I'm a wee bit behind. My memory, for some reason or other, doesn't seem to be as good as it once was. One of the disadvantages of growing older is that I recognize fewer and fewer names mentioned in *The Dixie Ranger*. However, I still deem it worthwhile to keep abreast of the activities, programs, and personnel dedicated to the conservation of our natural resources. *The Dixie Ranger* does that for me!

**BILL BUSTIN, Mississippi** - Enclosed find my dues for 2006 and 2007. You will note I still type on an old Underwood and do make mistakes. I do have a \$1200 desk top but some of us old folks have problems with them! "Them computers think they are so smart".

My hat's off to Betty and Bert for their many years of dedication to *The Dixie Ranger* and the many other things they have done. I know you

will do wonders also. I have so many memories of the names I see in *The Dixie Ranger*. Also, the stories told therein.

Although I had the best job the FS had to offer at the time (my opinion) I felt it best to resign in 1979 after 13 years as a District Ranger. This gave me about 23 years with the service in Mississippi, Georgia, Arkansas and Alabama that I will never forget along with the many friends made along the way. Those were wonderful, happy, and experience gratifying days I will cherish. THERE ARE NO BETTER PEOPLE IN THE WORLD THAN FOREST SERVICE PEOPLE.

Let's cherish our history and allow new blood (those young people) to carry the torch we "lit" many years ago. I just hope they don't get tied up with the "red rope" and forget what the color GREEN means.

Time moves on and a big hello to all of you! God only gave us "Three Score and 10" and my years are nearly there. I've moved back to Brandon, Mississippi near where I started with the FS.

**BILL BALMER, Georgia** - I thought I'd sent this in some time ago but my wife forgot to remind me. It's tough when your wife's memory goes.

**DOUG SHENKYR, Maryland** - Sorry I'm late again. This will catch me up for a bit. We will be in Hackensack, MN, again for the summer. We are planning to put the MN home on the market this year. The long trip and keeping up two homes is getting too much in my old age. Good luck to you and Dave in your new endeavor.

**EDWARD COLLINS, Florida** - Since I am still around I want to pay for 2 more years. I truly enjoy *The Dixie Ranger* news.

**FRANK PALMER, South Carolina** - Enclosed is a check for \$30. Please apply this to my dues. I enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger*, brings back memories. I worked from the forties to the seventies - in my opinion, the best time of the U.S.F.S.



**JOHN AND KAY SCHULTE, Georgia** - Sorry we are late - it got away from us!! Enclosed is check. Our records indicate we were paid through '04 and owe starting '05 - so check covers us through '10 — at our age, that is an ambitious assumption!

**JIM THORSEN, Florida** - Well, I finally joined the "retired" ranks with 36 years, 7 months, 2 days. This time really went by fast, but enjoyable. I had a wonderful career and my time in Florida was wonderful. In fact, it's so good, I plan to stay in Eustis, Florida. Enclosed are my dues for the next five years. Hope to see some of you some day. Enjoy!!!!

**WILLIAM HICE, Virginia** - Sorry that I overlooked sending my fees. Will try to do better in the future.

**A. P. MUSTIAN, JR , North Carolina** - Mike Sparks' story, Booger in The Woods, brought to mind several Winn Ranger District incidents or stories from over 50 years ago. I had the privilege and enjoyable experience of being Assistant Ranger back then to George M. Tannehill, Jr. "Mr George" was in himself a legend, tall, ramrod straight, and immaculately dressed, usually in a starched shirt and "pinks." Whether in the office, fighting fires, marking timber, or check cruising, he appeared impervious to the briars, smut, or mud the rest of us appeared to have been drug through. Aware that old age seldom improves one's memory and that tales oft told may be just that, I will risk a few.

Soon after I went to the Winn in late 1951, I was in the office one morning when George opened the mail. After reading one missile from the S.O., he handed it to me with the statement, "Look at this. I'm not sure I want all this!" It was the position description for upgrading the District to GS-11.

Although a native of Louisiana, raised in Urania, a graduate of LSU, and generally well liked and respected by the locals, Ranger Tannehill had his problems with some of them. On one occasion, a rather hefty and brusque individual

came in the office one day carrying a chip on his shoulder. He started out berating George about a special use permit or something that had not been handled as he thought it should have been. Normally of a rather mild manner, George just listened to the guy rant. The less George said, the more the visitor said, and the louder he got. To his surprise and no little consternation, George reportedly stood up and suddenly decked the guy - end of discussion and office visit! As the story goes, George promptly called the Supervisor and said, "I just resigned," and explained what had happened. The Supervisor, Hugh Redding responded with, "Now George, don't be hasty. Wait and see what happens." Nothing more was heard of the incident.

On another occasion during an inspection the AO was giving George a hard time about his diaries. The information recorded each day was not sufficient to document correctly how his time and mileage were being charged, so claimed the AO at great length. Having heard enough, George picked up the diaries in question, tore them in two, threw them in the waste basket, and said, "Let's go get some coffee."

The Winn was not as hot then as other Districts on the Kisatchie such as the Leesville (then the Vernon and the Kisatchie) and the Evangeline. However, an increase in the hardwood control and other TSI activities generated animosity among some of the hunters and other users which was expressed by an increase in man-caused fires and threats against the Ranger which resulted in the involvement of the FBI. After a series of sets along a certain school bus route, George and the Special Agent assigned to the problem, visited the school to discuss the matter with the principal and the school bus driver. Again, as the story went, George was taking a lot of static from both the principal and the bus driver. Evidently, the Special Agent, an apparently unimposing, neatly dressed person, was not saying anything, just listening, until the bus driver let his mouth overload his derriere by some threatening remarks to George. Suddenly, with his gun poling the bus driver in his belly, the Agent inquired of him, "Who the hell do you think you are talking to?" The result was an 180



degree change of attitude and a newly found spirit of cooperation by both the principal and the bus driver. Needless to say, fires along that bus route ceased

One other incident, I believe worth relating, occurred on the south end of the District when I was inspecting a 202-C tie-timber sale. A middle-age man and his son, a young man of about 20 years were hacking post oak ties. As I walked up to them, I saw that the son was standing barefooted on the log he was hacking. How many ties he had hacked in his life, I do not know, but he was into the second side of the one on which he was wielding that broadax and still possessed all ten toes. Obviously, OSHA was yet to come.

The foregoing may all have been told ere this by others who worked on the Winn with Ranger Tannehill, so use at your discretion. Lauren Hillman, now Ranger on the Croatan, wrote a biographical treatise about George years ago. Whether it was ever published, I do not know.

Thanks for taking over the Dixie Ranger!

**DUFF HOLBROOK, South Carolina** - Thanks for bearing with me. Here's some dues. I enclosed this picture of various USFS folks that someone might have fun naming. (see next page.) The place was the Wild Turkey Project on the Francis Marion in the late 1950's. The guests on the front row were wildlife directors from the western states the WO wanted to see the Wild Turkey Project. Saw plenty of turkeys, had plenty of wild hog BBQ and cold beer. Very successful. Among the group: Joe Riebold, Cliff Comfort, Rob Erwin, Art Grumbine, Archer Smith, and Lloyd Swift. Also Frank Nelson and Eddie Finley (he found the beer money and started the SC Wildlife magazine).

Miss Eleanor and I are doing OK. She's still young and pretty and is my regular fishing companion - but I might have to change that cause she catches all the fish! (See pix.)



Duff and Miss Eleanor

I've had two tough strokes and a heart attack (3 bypasses). My neighbor claims they rewired my heart with 220 because I still manage to hunt and fish regularly. I also work as a consultant for timber sales, prescribed burning, and wild turkey and duck habitat. I'll be 82 in June - does that keep me up with Jack Kirby? Thanks for not overlooking me. Have fun.

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**Touche'**

A college student challenged a senior citizen, saying it was impossible for their generation to understand his. "You grew up in a different world," the student said. "Today we have television, jet planes, space travel, nuclear energy, computers..."

Taking advantage of a pause in the student's litany, the geezer said, "You're right. We didn't have those things when we were young; so we invented them! What are you doing for the next generation??"

(I love old people! They do have a lot to offer!!!)

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#### **Retiree Get-Togethers**

If you would like your local retirees gatherings listed in *The Dixie Ranger*, please send us the date, time and where you meet. We will list these in a "Mark Your







## Drugs

Yesterday, someone at the lawn and garden store read that a methamphetamine lab had been found in an old farm house in the area and asked me, "Why didn't we have a drug problem when you and I were growing up?"

It just so happened that I had saved something that had been sent to me a few weeks ago. So, I printed off a copy and took it to him the next day. I smiled when I handed it to him and said, "I did have a drug problem when I was a kid growing up on the farm in southeast Guilford County."

Here's what the sheet said:

- I had a drug problem when I was young;
- I was drug to church on Sunday morning.
- I was drug to church for weddings and funerals.
- I was drug to family reunions and community socials no matter what I'd rather be doing.
- I was drug by my ears when I was disrespectful to adults and teachers.
- I was also drug to the woodshed when I disobeyed my parents or if I didn't put forth my best effort in everything that was asked of me.
- I was drug out to pull weeds in mom's garden and flower beds, mow the lawn, pick up my clothes and keep myself clean.
- Those drugs are still in my veins; and they affect my behavior in everything I do, say, and think. They are stronger than cocaine, crack or heroin; and if today's children had this kind of drug problem, America might be a better place today.

the internet

## IN MEMORIUM

**Robert C. Aldrich**, 82, died on June 16, 2005, from complications from a fall. He was a 40-year resident of Walnut Creek. Bob was a WWII Army veteran and served as a captain in the infantry in the European Theater. His career in the USFS extended over 35 years. He was responsible for developing techniques and equipment for using photographs and remote sensing to inventory natural resources and detect and monitor changes in natural

ecosystems. During his 25-year retirement, Bob loved traveling the world with Betty, sketching and watercolor painting, tending to his garden and home and being with his family. Throughout his life he was active in his church and community. His wonderful sense of humor and quiet dignity will be missed by all who knew him. Bob is survived by Betty his wife of 55 years; daughters, Elaine and Leslie, brother, Richard, and six grandchildren.

**Dave Bramlett** - no information available.

**Robert Townshend Colona**, 75, died on April 20, 2005, in Roanoke, VA. He served in the U.S. Army and was retired from the USFS. Robert is survived by Helen his wife of 50 years; two sons, Keith and Ronald; daughter, Lisa and her husband David Covert; and two sisters, Jean Gorman and Winona Hogge.

**Jerry L. Edwards**, 66, died June 22, 2005 in Marietta, GA. A native of Casper, Wyoming, he was a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt with the U.S. Army in the Combat Engineer Division. He was a rock climber and was credited in many rock climbing manuals with first ascent. A graduate of the University of Wyoming, with a degree in Mechanical Engineering, Jerry retired after 37 years of service with the USFS. A world traveler with his engineering expertise, he holds a number of patents with his occupation. He received one of the Points of Light given by former President George W. Bush, Sr., He was a master woodcarver and, after retirement, taught classes in the art. His greatest accomplishment in life was his family. He is survived by his wife, Diana; two daughters, Kimberly Silverthorn and Korole Crawford; son, Sgt. Major Todd Edwards; brother, Robert Edwards; eleven grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

**Hazel Faircloth Fenley**, 97, died on April 9, 2005, in Lufkin, Texas. She was born in Manning, TX, which was an early sawmill town no longer in existence. Hazel retired from the USFS in Lufkin, TX, where she worked in the Supervisor's Office for many years. She is survived by a number of nieces and nephews.



**Paul Lay**, died on March 29, 2005. No other information is available.

**Evelyn L. Gashwiler**, 80, died on March 17, 2005 in Kirksville, Missouri. She worked as a secretary for the Army Air Force in Asheville, NC, and later for the USFS, before becoming a stay-at-home mom to raise her two children. Evelyn is survived by her husband, Robert who retired in 1980 as Director, Wildlife & Range in R-8; son, Robert, Jr.; daughter, Susan and her husband, David Novinger; two grandchildren; two sisters; and several nieces and nephews.

**Walter T. Lewiecki**, 90, of Atlanta, GA, died March 21, 2005, after a very good life. He is loved and survived by his son, Michael; daughters, Kathryn Crosson and Marian Lewiecki; brother, Edward; sister, Eleanor Poulin; and many other relatives and friends.

**Bruce Meinders** died on June 4, 2005. His Forest Service career included assignments in Regions 1, 2, 5, 8, and the WO; and in Saudi Arabia for USAID. Bruce retired in 1989 as the Director of Engineering for Region 8. After retirement, he did consulting work for The World Bank in central Mexico and volunteered for several project fires in Regions 5, 6 and 1. After having picked up the pieces of Hurricane Ivan late last September in Elberta, AL, Bruce and Sharon relocated to Sun Lakes, AZ, in January of this year. Quoting his good friend, Bob Bowers, "Bruce was a good man, with a heart of gold, great wit, and he loved the open water. I will miss him!" He is survived by his wife Sharon, two sons, a daughter and two grandchildren.

**Edwin Earl "Mike" Michael, Sr.**, 80, of Clayton, GA, formerly of Atlanta, died May 12, 2005. Mike was the husband of Loraine Michael, USFS retiree who worked in the Southeastern Area, State & Private Forestry. He was a WWII Veteran after which he spent a career in law enforcement. After retirement, he lived at Lake Burton in Clayton. In addition to Loraine, he is survived by three children: Sandy Gassaway, Edwin Earl Michael, Jr., and Patricia

Tyson; four grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

**Leslie Marion Oliphant**, 80, of East Asheville, died March 28, 2005. He was retired with 22 years of service with the USFS.

**William Henley III**, 79, of Russellville, Arkansas, died on July 9, 2005. He served in World War II in the 104<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment under General Patton in the European Theater. He was awarded the Silver Star for bravery by capturing an enemy machine gun nest and a Purple Heart during the Battle of the Bulge. Bill started his career as a forester in 1950 in Glenwood, AR. His career continued in CO, ID, SC, FL, and MS. He retired in 1981 and in 1996 was named the Arkansas Wildlife Federation Volunteer of the Year. Bill was also active in his church and community. He is survived by this wife of 44 years, Barbara; two sons, Steven and Jay; and two grandsons.

**Robert (Bob) Pearl**, 81, died in June in Orleans, MA. He served, in the 1950s, on the YLT; as a Ranger in Mississippi; timber staff in Texas; timber staff in R-3 and retired from the timber staff in the WO. No family information is available.

### **Pete Hanlon and Ephe Oliver Remembered**

It was a beautiful summer afternoon on the Greenbrier District of the Monongahela. The CCC "boys" were having a grand reunion at old Camp Thornwood. I had been invited down to say a few words and enjoy the celebration. I was delighted to attend as I thought those reunions were quite special. I think the year was around 1989, but I can't recall for certain. I was enjoying listening to the great stories the "boys" were telling as they reminisced when I happened to glance around and saw Pete Hanlon getting out of a car. As I recall, his son had driven him up from Asheville. I couldn't believe my eyes! What in the world was Pete doing there? It was soon evident that he knew a lot of the people and they certainly knew him. As I was to find out shortly, Pete had been the Forest Service Work Superintendent at Camp Thornwood.



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was simply a phenomenal day being with those men. Unfortunately, I doubt that those two old friends ever met again. To me they were people to admire, greatly admire.

As Supervisor on the Monongahela it was not at all unusual to hear, well Ephe would have been out in the field more, well Ephe would have kicked his butt across the office and told him not to let the screen door hit him in the ass, well Ephe this and Ephe that. It was impossible to get out of his shadow, which was fine by me.

Ephe and his wonderful wife, Ginny, were faithful members of the Monongahela retirees group the whole time I was on the Forest. On a number of occasions he would give us his wonderful rendition of "A Loggers Lover" – an old beer drinking song he had learned in college. It was great.

I am proud to have been associated with both of these great men. They wore the green proudly and did it honor.

*Jim Page*

*(Technical assistance provided by Monongahela Retiree, Harry Mahoney)*

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### **If Noah lived in the United States today...**

The Lord spoke to Noah and said, "In one year, I am going to make it rain and cover the whole earth with water until all flesh is destroyed. But I want you to save the righteous people and two of every kind of living thing on earth. Therefore, I am commanding you to build an Ark." In a flash of lightning, God delivered the specifications for an Ark. In fear and trembling, Noah took the plans and agreed to build the ark. "Remember," said the Lord, "You must complete the Ark and bring everything aboard in one year." Exactly one year later, fierce storm clouds covered the earth and all the seas of the earth went into a tumult. The Lord saw that Noah was sitting in his front yard weeping. "Noah," he shouted. "Where is the Ark?" "Lord please forgive me," cried Noah. "I did my best, but there were big problems."

"First, I had to get a permit for construction, and your plans did not meet the codes. I had to hire an engineering firm and redraw the plans. Then I got into a fight with OSHA over whether or not the Ark needed a sprinkler system and approved flotation devices."

"Then my neighbor objected, claiming I was violating zoning ordinances by building the Ark in my front

yard, so I had to get a variance from the city planning commission. Then, I had problems getting enough wood for the Ark, because there was a ban on cutting trees to protect the Spotted Owl. I finally convinced the U. S. Forest Service that I really needed the wood to save the owls. However, the Fish and Wildlife Service won't let me catch any owls. So, no owls."

"The carpenters formed a union and went on strike. I had to negotiate a settlement with the National Labor Relations Board before anyone would pick up a saw or hammer. Now, I have 16 carpenters and, still, no owls."

When I started rounding up the other animals, an animal rights group sued me. They objected to me taking only two of each kind aboard. Just when I got the suit dismissed the EPA notified me that I could not complete the Ark without filing an environmental impact statement on your proposed flood. They didn't take very kindly to the idea that they had no jurisdiction over the conduct of the Creator of the Universe. Then, the Army Corps of Engineers demanded a map of the proposed new flood plain. I sent them a globe."

Right now, I'm trying to resolve a complaint filed with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that I am practicing discrimination by not taking godless, unbelieving people aboard."

"The IRS has seized my assets, claiming that I'm building the Ark in preparation to flee the country to avoid paying taxes. I just got a notice from the state that I owe them some kind of user tax and failed to register the Ark as a 'recreational water craft'."

"And finally, the ACLU got the courts to issue an injunction against further construction, saying that since God is flooding the earth, it's a religious event, and, therefore unconstitutional. I don't think I can finish the Ark for another five or six years."

Noah waited. The sky began to clear, the sun began to shine, and the seas began to calm. A rainbow arched across the sky. Noah looked up hopefully. "You mean you're not going to destroy the earth, Lord?" "No," he said sadly. "I don't have to. The government already has."

*from the internet*



## NATIONAL MUSEUM OF FOREST SERVICE HISTORY CAPITAL CAMPAIGN

It is appropriate that we're beginning this important capital fund-raising campaign as we mark the Forest Service's centennial. We are beginning the campaign with Museum members now to raise funds needed to complete the engineering design of the museum site infrastructure — sewer, water, and roads.

It is a real pleasure for me to announce that Bob Model, president and long-time member of the Boone and Crockett Club has agreed to serve with former Chief Max Peterson as co-chair for the National Museum Capital Campaign. Both have a long history of supporting Forest Service resource management programs. Model and Peterson will formally announce the Capital Campaign strategy during the Museum annual meeting in Portland, Oregon, at 8:00 p.m., Tuesday, September 6, 2005, at the Red Lion Hotel on the River, where the Forest Service Reunion 2005 will be headquartered. Bob Model has a long history of supporting resource conservation.

Forest Service Chief Dale Bosworth recently approved a \$500,000 grant for the Museum building fund giving a major boost to the Capital Campaign fund. Special thanks to the Chief for his support of the museum.

The Capital Campaign goal is to raise approximately \$3 million. The money will be used to plan and complete the Museum building for protection and preservation of Forest Service historical materials and to display historical artifacts, papers, etc. for viewing by the public to aid in understanding the Forest Service's role in conservation and management of natural resources in the United States.

I urge members and friends of the Museum to make your donations and pledges. Pledges can be spread out in payments for up to three years. Donations in any amount will be appreciated, and I hope the Forest Service employees, retirees, and partners will help us meet and exceed the campaign goal. A large number of donations will demonstrate wide public support for the Museum to the U.S. Congress. The Museum is a 501C (3) tax-exempt organization, so all gifts are tax deductible.

### Gray Reynolds

President, National Museum  
of Forest Service History

E-mail: [nationalforest@montana.com](mailto:nationalforest@montana.com)

Web Site: [www.nmfs-history.net](http://www.nmfs-history.net)

*Editor's note: Gray Reynolds retired as Deputy Chief for the National Forest System and is one of several dedicated retirees volunteering their time to make the Museum a success.*

### Web-Sites to Explore

National Museum: [www.nmfs-history.net](http://www.nmfs-history.net)

FolkLife Festival: [www.folklife.si.edu/reunion](http://www.folklife.si.edu/reunion) 2005

WO Centennial: [www.fs.fed.us/centennial](http://www.fs.fed.us/centennial)

Smokey Bear Balloon: [smokeybearballoon.com](http://smokeybearballoon.com)

2005 Reunion: [www.oldsmokeys.org](http://www.oldsmokeys.org)



## Museum Membership Application

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

Name: Mr. Mrs. Dr. \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

E-Mail: \_\_\_\_\_      New      Renewal

### Membership Categories Annual Dues

Individual.....\$30 or more  
Family.....\$55 or more  
Contributing...\$150 or more  
Sustaining.....\$300 or more  
Corporate.....\$500 or more  
Life.....\$1000 or more

Profession\*: \_\_\_\_\_

Age\*: \_\_\_\_\_

Income Range\*: \_\_\_\_\_/year

Education Level\*: \_\_\_\_\_

\*These are optional

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To celebrate a New Century of Service and pay tribute to decades of dedication given by Forest Service employees now retired, the Inter-mountain Region and the National Museum of Forest Service History are sponsoring a heritage cookbook. This cookbook features recipes for Dutch oven meals, open-fire cooking and other methods used in the early days of the Forest Service, along with photos documenting these activities of the past. The book (192 pages) is filled with photos and history.

"More than just a cookbook, this publication features incredible photos, anecdotes and recipes highlighting a century of Forest Service heritage." *Gray Reynolds*

"The finest food comes from the Forest Service Family and all these recipes look wonderful. I can't wait to try them but I suspect my favorite will still be my mom's." *Dale Bosworth, Chief, USFS*

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New Century of Service  
Forest Service 1905 - 2005

### 100 YEARS OF FOREST SERVICE CAMP COOKING

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_

\$10.00 per cookbook (\$2.50 per book if mailing is needed.)

Total Enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_ for # \_\_\_\_\_ Make check or money order payable to **NMFSH**

Books are immediately available.

Send orders to: National Museum of Forest Service History, P.O. 2772, Missoula, MT 59806



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[djollysr@bellsouth.net](mailto:djollysr@bellsouth.net)

Your mailing label shows the year through which your dues are paid. For example, if your label shows (05) your dues are paid through 12/31/05. We apologize for the error in the last newsletter - it should have read "a red mark indicates you owe 2005 dues" - not 2004.

Yearly dues (\$10) and changes to your mailing address (please include nine-digit zip codes), telephone numbers and/or e-mail addresses should be sent to:

SRFSRA. Peggy Jolly  
128 Wind Trace  
Alexander City, AL 35010-8772

Any items for publication in the newsletter should also be sent to the above address or to:

[djollysr@bellsouth.net](mailto:djollysr@bellsouth.net)

## CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON - DECEMBER 8, 2005

Our Christmas luncheon will be at the Petite Auberge Restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center on North Druid hills Road. We gather at 11:30 a.m. for fellowship, and lunch is served at 12:00 noon. **The cost of our lunch has not increased! It's still \$13.00 per person.** Looks like another apology is in order — **We goofed!** Hope you will remember that we, too, are subject to senior moments!! Reservations are required by December 5th and can be made by calling Nancy Sorrells at (770)469-5799 or Joyce Keith at (770)277-5841 - leave a message on their answering machine if you do not reach one of them. We look forward to seeing everyone, so please join us. It's always a very festive event an a fun way to stay in touch with our fellow retirees,



Southern Forest Service  
Retirees Association  
Alexander City, AL 35010-8772

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**REMINDER** - Luncheon reservations need to be called in by December 5<sup>th</sup> !!! Post the date on your calendar.

**REUNION 2005  
Portland, Oregon  
September 4 - 9, 2005**

For Reunion information, including a list of those registered go to: [www.oldSmokeys.org](http://www.oldSmokeys.org)

Published in March, July and November. Dues are \$10 per year, payable in January. Mailing address: Southern Region Forest Service Retirees Association, 128 Wind Trace, Alexander City, AL 35010-8772