



NORTHERN ROCKY MOUNTAIN RETIREE ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

SPRING 2020

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Forest Service Retirees:

This will be my last Presidents letter for the Association. I will be stepping down and providing an opportunity for some new energy to come and keep this organization going strong into the future.

First, I want to thank a number of people who have helped me a great deal. I want to thank Tom Schenarts for giving me the opportunity to be President while he continued to do most of the work. Tom is also stepping down from his secretary job at this time and I really want to thank him for everything. I also want to thank Ray McLaughlin for his 18+ years as treasurer. I think if we can find someone to fill his shoes, he is ready to hand over the books. Ray took over the job so long ago we had actual books to keep. And he has them ready to turn over. I also want to thank Vicky Maclean for the great job she does getting the newsletter out. It is our best conduit to keeping in touch with retirees across the region.

At our last meeting on March 3, 2020 we had a very good turnout of folks including a short presentation by Ralph Rau, current Director of Fire and Aviation for R1. It is always interesting to hear what the current situation is for today's employees.

As I looked around the room there were only two women among us. Inez Johnston and Vicky Maclean and my thought was, we need to do better in getting more of our women retirees to attend our gatherings. I am hopeful that our new slate of officers will spend

some time to try to get a better representation of our retiree group.

And for anyone who has not actively attended the meetings just let me know if you want to get more involved and perhaps, I can help.

I have enjoyed my short tenure as your president and I intend to stay involved with the association and continue to do some volunteer work on the National Forest. I spend some time every year doing some kind of project through the National Smokejumper Association TRAMPS program and that will continue as long as I am able.



Barry Hicks at Moose Creek Ranger Station with grandchildren

I really do value my time in the Forest Service but I can tell you that retirement offers some great opportunities as well. Since I retired, I have become an Ordained Minister (internet) and between weddings and funerals seems like I am busier than ever. Now I know there are some snickers going on right now about whether that is true or not but it is true. And for some reason the funeral circuit is getting busier. I might mention that I have not done a wedding for anyone over 70 yet but I would certainly entertain the idea. Keep me in mind. I work cheap.

In closing, our association is a great place to just stay in touch, and gather current FS information, see old friends and meet new ones. Doesn't take much time so please join us.

Barry Hicks,
outgoing President



MEMBERSHIPS for the Northern Rocky Mountain Retiree Association are \$15 a year. Please encourage fellow retirees to join. A membership form can be found at the end of this newsletter or by contacting your Newsletter editor by phone or text at 406-459-6731 or by email at agillabs@mcn.net.

LIFE IN THE FOREST SERVICE

by Richard Bacon

Life in the US Forest service is about hard work, having fun, experiences, and learning how to tell a lot of stories. As a second-generation Forest Service employee, I have lived in 13 States and 25 locations. Some of my best stories come from growing up in the outfit.

At the age of 5 or 6 my dad was ranger on the Coppersville District on the Lassen National Forest. My sister and I were the only kids on the district. The crew renamed the creek when my sister and I showed up. On one side of the culvert the sign said Richie creek, on the other side it said Cathy creek. My mother used to pack me a lunch and I would head up in the woods to play. My dad and I were hunting deer on the hill behind our house, and he shot a little buck. He told me to sit on the deer and wait for him while he went to get the truck. Another hunter showed up and found me on the deer. He could not believe that I had been left alone in the woods. He picked me up and took me down to the Ranger Station. He chewed my father out when he found that I belonged to him.

There were a lot of bears around the station. People at the office would call my mother to tell her that they had just seen a bear. My mother would go out to run them

off. A bear had recently killed a little girl in a sheep camp near the station, so my dad became concerned. My dad went out on the porch to run a bear one morning and it stood up and refused to leave. Dad got my mother out of bed and told her to go to the bathroom window and shine the flash light in the bear's eyes. My dad went to the porch with his 32-40 and took a shot at the bear. The bear ran off. He joked with my mother about going out back to see if he shot the bear, and then headed for work the next day. He became concerned with the possibility that he may have wounded the bear so he called my mother to tell her to stay in the house until he got back. He and one of his workers walked up behind the house and found the dead bear less than 100 yards from the house. An old out house building was used to make a smoker and we had two- or three-years' worth of bear jerky. The jerky was made available to people who came over to the house for poker night.

My dad became the Forest Supervisor on the Allegany National Forest in 1955 and I got participate in more forest activities. The Forest Service was responsible for fisheries on the forest. Residents of Warren PA were

frustrated with a trout decline in the stream that flowed through town. The forest fisheries biologist told the residents that the stream was being taken over by brown trout and they were harder to catch. He invited the people to come out and watch as he shocked the stream. I got to help and we were able to show the people a lot of brown trout. In the old days kids could ride in a government vehicle. I got to join my dad when he took a women's group out to see the forest. We stopped at a lookout tower and my dad turned to me and said, "Richard would you take the ladies up the tower and show them how things work". Oh, did I feel important.

My oldest son is working as a third generation Forest Service employee so he has been keeping me up to speed on some current stories.

Richard graduated from Louisiana Tech with a degree in Forestry. This resulted in a change from forestry technician to a junior Forester in 1969. He worked in four regions and the Washington office. He was ranger on the North Fork District, on the Salmon National Forest and Fire Director in R9 and R1. He retired in 1997 from the position of Deputy Regional Forester in R1. He lives in Corvallis, MT.

FORMER WILDERNESS RANGER HONORED

Connie Saylor Johnson, a teacher, wilderness ranger and guide who disappeared from hunting camp in 2018 was posthumously given a national wilderness award from the Forest Service.

The award cited Johnson for educating the public about wilderness during her 13 years as a wilderness ranger and 11 years as a full-time volunteer during her retirement years. The Connie G Myers Wilderness Education Leadership Award was presented in December during a ceremony in Washington D.C.

Saylor Johnson, from Nez Perce Idaho, disappeared from a hunting camp where she was working as a cook in the Selway -Bitterroot Wilderness in October 2018. An extensive search by local, state and federal agencies failed to find her. Her dog, Ace, returned to the Moose Creek Ranger Station three weeks later.

Nez Perce-Clearwater supervisor, Cheryl Probert said "Saylor Johnson loved the wilderness, hard work, good people and just about any mule. Connie was a force in life and she remains a force of life in death. She is out there protecting the wilderness she loves through the people she has touched and trained forever"

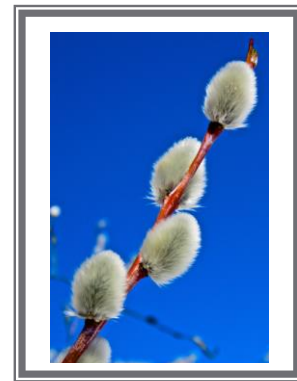


Photo by retiree Kjell "Chuck" Petersen

MURDER – OTHER DUTIES AS ASSIGNED

By Jerry Stern

Don Hammer owned a post yard on the edge of town (Lincoln, MT). Two men (one about 40 and the other 20) came through town and stopped at the post yard to rob Don. After the post yard they continued on a crime spree to Augusta where they were finally captured. Don was missing!

During interrogation the 20-year-old confessed to tying Don to a tree and leaving him. That night we had a big snow dump which made it difficult to search. The local deputy was not trained to organize a search party, so Cecil Garland and I did. We assigned a vehicle with two men to the roads around Lincoln, but didn't find Don. The 20-year-old then changed his story and said they

took Don to the vicinity of Rogers Pass and killed him. The fresh snow there was about knee deep. Garland and I then organized the search. We laid out a grid pattern in the area where Don was supposed to be. The searchers waded side by side in the snow and on one pattern uncovered Don's head. He was shot in the head

with a 22-caliber gun. The two men are still incarcerated as far as I know.

Jerry was the ranger in Lincoln in the 1960s. He lives in Sagle, Idaho.



THE LOCHSA-POWELL RANGER DISTRICT IS LOOKING FOR FOREST SERVICE RETIREES TO VOLUNTEER AT LOCHSA HISTORICAL RANGER STATION

By Cindy Schacher, Archaeologist

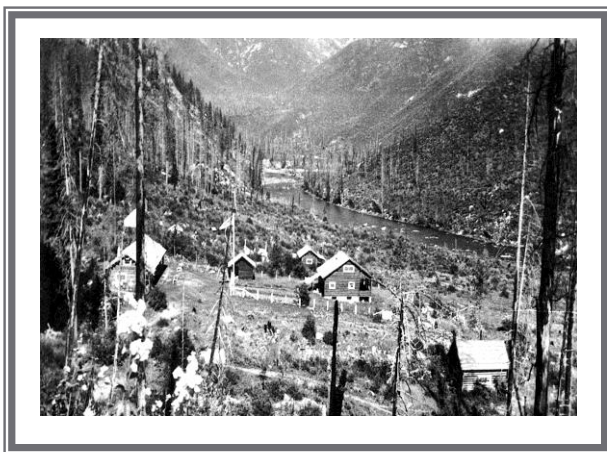
Do you have a week available in the summer to volunteer and partake in the beauty of the Lochsa River area? Do you enjoy sharing your knowledge and visiting with the public? We are looking for Forest Service retirees to volunteer at the Lochsa Historical Ranger Station along Highway 12 and the Lochsa River. The 1930s era ranger station is listed on the National Register of Historic Places and maintained to reflect what life was like during the early days of the Forest Service. Volunteer hosts stay in a cozy cabin with a bathroom, shower, kitchen and bed. As it has always been, there is no electricity at the remote site.

Retirees are a perfect match for these volunteer

positions. Volunteer hosts greet visitors, answer questions and encourage tours of the multiple log structures containing historic period furniture, tools, dishes, tack and other items used historically.



Volunteers Mel Fowlkes and Hart Paulat



positions with their Forest Service knowledge and expertise.

Volunteers are also responsible to keep the facilities clean. The ranger station is open seasonally to visitors from Memorial Day to Labor Day, Monday through Sunday, and hours are 9 am to 5 pm. We could not operate the station without the continuing commitment, service and dedication of volunteers who provide such a wonderful experience for our National Forest visitors.

You can learn more about the historic station by viewing our walking-tour brochure

https://www.fs.usda.gov/Internet/FSE_DOCUMENTS/fseprd502944.pdf

If you are interested in hosting for a one week period, please contact cindy.schacher@usda.gov or call (208) 926-6412. You may also call the Lochsa Ranger District office at (208) 926-4274.

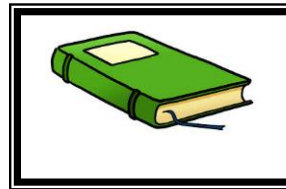


BOOK REVIEWS

By Vicky Maclean

Shining Mountains – Shining Spirits, A Journey of Seasons by **C. Kjell Petersen**. This is a recently published, beautiful coffee table book with close to 400 photos. About half of the photos are from Glacier Park and the remainder of from Northwest Montana including Big Mountain ski area where the author spends time skiing. The stunning photos are accompanied by bits of text which include quotes from Muir and others.

Chuck, as he is known to his Forest Service connections, worked in fire on the St Joe, Colville and Clearwater National Forests. He lives in Kalispell and has been a lookout at Firefighter Lookout on the Flathead Forest for the past six years. His book is available through his website www.Kjellilama406.com.



Green Underwear and **The Badge With a Tree** are two novels by **Stan Tixier**. These books follow the life and work of Forest Service Ranger Larry

Weaver and his family as he works with permittees, forest fires, timber controversies and local citizens. Retirees will find this all very familiar and true to life.

Stan worked throughout the southwest and retired from his position as the Regional Forester in Ogden Utah in 1991. Stan passed away in 2017. His books can be found on line at Amazon.

Newsletters are scheduled to go out in early April and in mid-October. So, if you have announcements that need to be included please have them to the editor by early March and mid-September. Stories, articles, photos and artwork are welcome any time and I try to keep a bit of a back log so I never have to get into the mode of twisting arms in a last-minute panic. I try to have a mix of historical information, your stories from the “good old days” as well as some articles on what retirees are doing now. Electronic format is preferred. Longer stories will be saved for a future volume of “Early Days in the Forest Service.” I welcome any other suggestions. Info on any retirees who have passed away are welcome too as I do not get any newspapers that would have that info. Send stories and info to Vicky MacLean at agillabs@mcn.net or P.O. Box 608, Ronan MT 59864 Thank You.

TOOLS - USING WHAT WE HAVE

By Diane L. Johnson

I felt my horse pause for a second and then resume his very fast walk. The rancher riding behind me said, “Hey What’s going on? That’s the third time he has stopped

and dropped one little apple of poop.” I steeled myself for his reaction to my explanation. “Well,” I answered,

“He is new to this part of the Forest and he is making sure we can find our way home.”

He said something about horse poop in general and resumed his bored silence. Art was a rancher with a permit to graze cattle on the Helena National Forest. His responsibilities were keeping fences and water tanks in good repair and managing his cattle to use grass according to the Forest Service grazing plan.

I work in the Range Department of the U.S. Forest Service. My job is to check fences, water tanks, grass and weeds. I also keep an eye on the riparian zones and use of the vegetation by wildlife. I usually ride my horse, Chance, when I have a field tour with a rancher. Chance is an Arabian and can walk fast in the mountains. He is sure footed, loves to climb hills and work hard. If it was not for a few embarrassing habits it would be a joy to ride him in the company of others. I bought him to be an endurance horse and he is very good at that. He also packs, (reluctantly) can do barrel racing and pole bending, and has worked as a cow horse. He’s a terrible cow horse but he is just a little better than an ATV.

Art and I rode up a steep hillside to a little bench. We, (I) decided to measure the cattle grazing use on the open ridge. Chance stood still as a rock while I took a couple of pictures. I got off and started my transect. First, I recorded a UTM point on my Global Positioning System in my little iPAQ notebook. Then I chose a point in the distance, in this case a tree, to walk toward. Next, I measured the amount of grass the cattle had eaten every second time my left foot hit the ground. When I had recorded 25 of them, I looked up. Chance had grazed around to the end of the transect and was waiting for me. I took my camera out of the saddle bags and took a final photo back over the area I had just measured, remounted and was ready to go.

I looked over to see if Art had noticed Chance’s brilliant ability to stay out of the way and still meet me at the end of the transect. Art was looking over the edge of a cliff smoking a cigarette, and took no notice of me whatsoever.

Art was riding a sensible little Quarter Horse mare. She was red with two white hind socks and a narrow blaze. She did not think much of Chance and pinned her ears and snaked her head every time he looked her way.

“Well,” I said brightly, “The elk haven’t used much grass in the high country this spring, the cattle will be able to stay their full allotted time in this pasture.” “That’s because the elk are in my hayfield eating alfalfa.” He said. I tried again, “So cattle prices are up according to the radio this morning.” “I contracted my calves two months ago when they were 20 cents lower.” was his reply.

I decided there were no safe subjects for us to discuss so I rode along in silence, except for the soft plop sound every hundred yards or so when Chance left another horse apple.

We came to a Y in the trail and Chance left a poop close to the Y both before and after the intersection.

Art finally asked, “What do you feed him that lets him drop just one little apple at regular intervals? How can he control it like that? Can he keep it up all day?” “He gets grass pasture at night, a quart of grain with extra vitamins and minerals in the mornings, and a few alfalfa pellets for treats. I don’t know how he controls it but he can keep it up all day.”



Diane riding the range on the Townsend District

Suddenly Chance let out an explosive snort and jumped sideways. Arts horse bolted by us and it took him a little while to bring her back into control.

I was hoping it was a grizzly bear or a moose that spooked Chance but looking around all I saw was a spruce grouse. “What spooked the horses?” I asked. “Your horse spooked my horse.” he answered.

We had made 9 transects and had traveled several miles so I suggested a lunch break.

“I dropped my sandwich when your horse spooked,” he replied. I offered him half of my protein bar but he did not want any. I was beginning to wonder if this day could be any more dismal when a thunder storm rolled over the mountain and rain started pouring down before I could get my slicker on. Fortunately for Art he had donned his slicker after the hullabaloo with his horse.

I shrugged into my slicker, already damp, got back on Chance and we continued up the trail to see a newly installed water tank in the upper end of a large grassland, miles from the road. I was really getting annoyed with Art. I had looked forward to a day with someone else to go along. I usually work alone so when someone accompanies me it is a treat. But today I was working with a person who felt the day was a waste of his precious time.

Suddenly I noticed Chance was lashing his tail from side to side and that when he looked back at me his lips were pressed tightly against his teeth, two sure signs that a horse is angry. Unfortunately, Chance is a mirror of my emotions. If I get mad, he acts out. I tried to calm down and relax, think beautiful thoughts. No good. Chance pulled out the big guns. When Art and his horse came just a little too close, Chance blasted them with gas. He looked around to make sure it was a hit, and pranced up the trail, head high and banner tail waving. Art asked again, “What do you feed that horse, geez, let me lead.”

I reluctantly let him lead. His little mare poked along and Chance was going mad with frustration at the slow pace. I would hold him back for a while, then let him

walk fast and catch up. Then hold back again. It was kind of a reverse inch worm system. Finally, we reached the top of the grassland where the new tank was located. The new system was on the edge of a high grassy park, just inside the timber. It was not obvious from the trail, therefore less likely to be shot full of holes.

My irritation dissolved. The system had an enclosure around the spring about half an acre in size. The fence was tight and secure. No cattle would be able to access the spring. The headbox that collected the water was placed so maximum flow went to the first tank. The first tank was a 10 ft. round fiberglass model. It held about 1100 gallons of water. The float valve was protected with a bear proof cage made of rebar and chicken wire. I could see that birds and bats would be able to swoop down for water in relative safety and if they did fall in, they would be able to use the cage to get out. Even the trickiest bear would not be able to get to the float through the cage. The second tank was about 60 feet below the first tank. It was a 10ft. X 3ft. rectangular fiberglass tank. It would hold 430 gallons of water. The float cage was smaller than on the round tank but would still deter bears from playing with (breaking) the float. A small wildlife ladder went up the side of the tank adjacent to the pipe. The tanks had been helicoptered in during mop-up activities after a small wildfire the year before. Art had packed in the fence posts and wire with his horses. Art might be a quiet man but he was a marvelous engineer.

“Wow.” I said. “Very nicely done. The cattle can trail in through the timber from the 500-acre park to the west to use this tank in addition to the tank providing water for this park.” “Yeah,” he answered, “the water storage alone will be a big help. The cows will be able to get their drink and go back to grazing instead of standing around the spring waiting for a puddle to fill.”

Oh, I thought, two whole sentences. This guy is getting positively chatty. I got off and took pictures of the system from every angle for our Infra (infrastructure) records, made a few notes, took a UTM and we were done for the day.

It was still raining; the clouds were low over the mountains and it looked like the storm would last into the night. Art said, "I could call my wife from that ridge to the west and have her meet us about 3 miles from here, then I could take you to your truck."

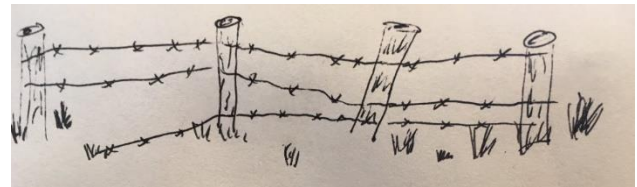
We were only about 6 miles from the trailhead where my truck and trailer were parked. If I went with Art, we would ride for 3 miles and be in the truck for another 10 miles to get to where I was parked. "Thanks for the offer," I said, "but Chance and I can go back by the trail."

"You're sure?" "It's pretty wet out here." "I'm nice and dry inside my slicker, Chance and I will be fine."

We parted company and Chance tossed his head, broke into his fastest walk and we headed back for the trailer. On the way out I noticed the fresh rainy smell of the grass and the wonderful scent of the pines and fir. Wildflowers filled all the parks. At the edge of the timber I saw a cow elk and her tiny calf. I thought of the wonderful tools I had. An endurance horse that could easily walk 4 miles an hour, a handheld computer

to do all the math, a GPS system to make accurate maps of my transects, an awesome camera to record this beautiful day, and a poop trail to guide me home. It just doesn't get any better than that.

Diane grew up in logging camps all over the west as her father was a forester for Potlatch Forest Industries. She graduated from Broadwater Highschool in Townsend MT. After getting married and raising three sons she started on the Townsend District of the Helena National in 1980 planting trees. She later worked as a forestry tech and a range tech. Diane retired in 2012, but went right back to work on the district for three summers. Diane lives on a little ranchette she and her late husband established near Toston. She shares her place with several horses, dogs and a cat. She is a writer and an artist.



BUILDING THE NEIHART ROAD, 1916

By Vicky MacLean

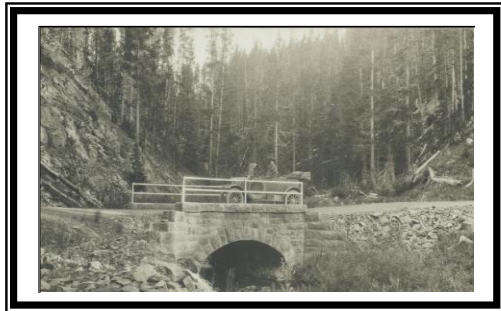
A large collection of road building photos was found at the National Archives in Seattle while your newsletter editor, who is easily distracted, was researching ranger stations. These documented the construction of the Neihart Road in Montana. The Neihart Road, now part of Highway 89, bisects what was then the Jefferson National Forest, now part of the Lewis and Clark National Forest in the Little Belt Mountains.

The Federal Aid Road Act of 1916 was signed by President Woodrow Wilson in a ceremony attended by members of the American Automobile Association and various farm organizations. According to Wikipedia "The happiness, comfort and prosperity of rural life, and the development of the city, are alike conserved by the construction of public highways." Farmers needed decent roads to get their crops to market, the introduction of Rural Free Delivery by the Postal

Service and the growing popularity of the automobile spurred on road building and road improvements. It was also determined by the Supreme Court in 1907 that Congress had the power to construct interstate highways under the constitutional right to regulate interstate commerce.

The act provided federal funding for rural post roads on the condition that they be open to the public at no charge (many early roads were private toll roads) and maintained by the state. Funding went to states based on their geographic area, population and existing road network. Federal funding would be between 30% and 50% of the project cost. To get funding states had to submit plans, surveys and estimates to the U S Secretary of Agriculture. In May of 1916 the Senate approved \$1 million per year for ten years for roads and trails within or partially within the National Forests.

A number of newspaper articles from across Montana provided bits of information about the Neihart road project. 1916 spring issues of the Helena Independent Record, the Anaconda Standard, and the Columbian promoted the building of a road through the Little Belts, on what was then the Jefferson National Forest, which would help the Park to Park Highway (Yellowstone to Glacier). This was to be the first cooperative effort between the Forest Service and Montana counties (Cascade and Meagher counties).



A completed stone bridge

While no details were found to clarify exactly which portion of the road this was, indications are that it was about 8 miles over Kings Hill. In the Anaconda Standard, May 5, 1916 it was noted that the county commissioners authorized the expenditure “sufficient to meet half the cost of the construction of a road across the divide of the Little Belt Mountains between Neihart and White Sulphur Springs”. The Anaconda



An 8-horse road grader on the Neihart project

Standard, March 30, 1916, noted that Forest “Supervisor Scott Leavitt of the National Forest Service has announced that work on the \$46,000 strip of road will be started in May and will be completed in September”. The River Press of Fort Benton noted that on September 23 there was a foot of snow at the road camp which slowed down the crews that were finishing up the project.

Following are some photos of the road work and camp. This road had several stone bridges which remain today though parts of the route have been changed and no longer cross over all of these bridges. The snowy photos presumably were taken during or just after the above-mentioned September snow storm.



Project Headquarters



Engineer Cheatham and Assistant Engineer Thompson

RETIREES WHO VOLUNTEER

By Vicky MacLean

When retirement looms on the horizon some people think of the chance to delve into old, but neglected hobbies, the chance to try something new, to travel, to do nothing. The possibilities are endless. Many retirees

end up volunteering for a cause they are already interested in or for a cause that is totally new to them. Volunteer opportunities abound. Some can take up as much time as your fulltime job did. Others may just

require a few hours here and there and some are of the “call me when needed” variety. There is almost no organization that can’t use some help. Various organizations are always in need of volunteers and the time you give to them are very much essential, appreciated, and brings deep satisfaction and rewards to those who contribute their time.

Cindy Sorg (Swanson) Nesselroad - Community Volunteer

I grew up in Gaithersburg, Maryland and attended the University of Wyoming, studying wildlife biology. My Forest Service career started in 1980 as a co-op education student with the Rocky Mountain Research Station in Fort Collins. The Forest Service sent me for my Master’s degree in economics at the U of Wyoming and for a PhD in natural resource economics at Ohio State. After some time at the RMRS I transferred to the Northern Region office where I was the Watchable Wildlife Coordinator and worked on the viewing guide series with Falcon Press.

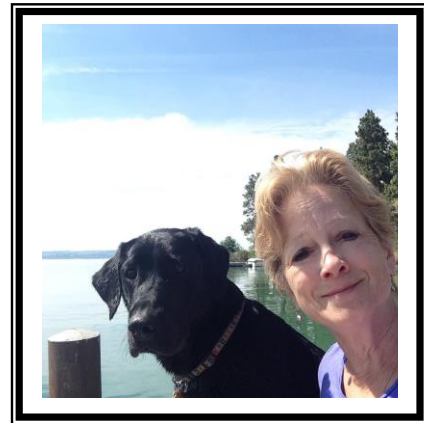
Heading eastward to the WO in 1993 for 5 years I was the wildlife and fish budget coordinator. Then it was back to Region 1 as the wildlife, fish and TES director. I finished my career back at the RMRS as the Human Dimensions Program Director (Economics, social science, and climate change research) I retired in 2014 after 34 years with the Forest Service.

I did some volunteering before I retired and am attracted to organizations that help women and families who have met a bump on the road and need help getting back on track. I am involved with three such organizations in Missoula. I am the Friday night staff at the Ronald MacDonald House. I cook meals, do light cleaning and check in/out families who have a child in intensive care at Community Hospital.

The Missoula YWCA is another recipient of my time. The YWCA’s mission includes helping victims of domestic and sexual violence, homelessness and promoting racial justice. I am on their board of directors and cook once a month for their therapy groups and help out with various projects as they come up. Lastly, my black lab Abbie and I volunteer with

Partners in Home Care as a visiting team to patients in their hospice program.

I am impressed with the amazing organizations in Missoula and in particular with those who help women and families. Seeing the resiliency of those dealing with difficult situations inspires me. Everyone needs a little help occasionally. When I am not volunteering, I enjoy quilting, training my retriever, hiking and visiting my son and daughter. I am married to another FS retiree, Ed Nesselroad.



Cindy and her therapy dog Abbie

Dave Stack - Museum Volunteer

My Forest Service career started in 1963 as a summer seasonal on a California National Forest, in Oregon the following summer. My professional career started in June 1965 as a Forester on the Chequamegon National Forest, Wisconsin. A short 7 weeks later, I was on military leave to the Navy. In January 1969 I returned to the Chequamegon. With stops on the Superior, Monongahela and Lolo before retiring in September 1999.

During my Forest Service career, I was a member of the Lions and Kiwanis service clubs to meet people in the communities and join with club members in projects like sponsorship of Christmas baskets in West Virginia, maintaining a Missoula city park and Highway litter pickup. I served in various positions of the Montana Society of American Foresters ending as State Chair in 2001.

In 2002 I joined the Board of the National Museum of Forest Service History. Soon I was serving as a

volunteer in a dual role as Vice President and Executive Director. My appreciation of the history of forest conservation, the Forest Service and public lands grew over time during my career as I saw the tremendous accomplishments and how conservation has contributed to our country. The museum is filling a vital role of assisting the Forest Service in telling the



Dave Stack

conservation story and collecting artifacts that the agency has been unable to undertake. Without the Museum, much of the history of the Forest Service would be lost.

In 2017 after the Museum hired Lisa Tate as Executive Director, I was able to devote my time to the archive collection; scanning photos, processing and cataloging donations. The Museum has collected artifacts, photographs, maps, correspondence, and published materials since 1990 from Forest Service retirees and their families and the Forest Service. The Museum has now cataloged over 45,000 items including 9,000 objects, 17,000 photographs and films, 7,700 archival records and 11,000 published books and reports.

I respond to about 15 requests monthly from agency personnel, researchers and the general public. This includes recent requests for information from Canada,

Brazil, England and the Netherlands. Over 33,000 archival records are internet accessible.

<https://forestservicemuseum.pastperfectonline.com/>

All Forest Service retirees should be a member of the National Museum of Forest Service to support our mission “To share the rich history and story of America’s Conservation Legacy”. Special membership rates this year is \$20.20. It’s easy to become a member at the museum webpage at:

<https://forestservicemuseum.org/become-a-member/>

Not for the Greater Good, but for My Own Good - Marc Childress

The irony of what I have done over the last 12 years since retiring from the FS does not escape me, neither does it bother me in the least. I used to receive a salary to do certain things but since retirement, I have been paid by just being allowed to do them again without reimbursement, just for the satisfaction of the activities and the work locations.

I now pay someone to cut my firewood with a chainsaw and deliver it by truck for home heating use. This allows me time to ride horseback many miles, stopping regularly to clear blowdown from trails with a cross cut saw so that when I reach my volunteer destination, I



Marc Childress cutting firewood at a backcountry cabin

can spend much of my 3 to 5-week tour cutting firewood with another cross cut saw. That is followed by the work of splitting and stacking the firewood for use at a wilderness guard station (often after skidding

tree length pieces several hundred yards with a horse who is trained to work).

Yesterday I watched from my window at home as a fencing contractor I had hired, worked to replace my yard, corral and pasture fences with milled and treated sawn posts and split rails. The posts were driven by a tractor mounted post pounder and the rails were attached with mechanized drivers. This will allow me to have time to again ride into wilderness country guard stations. There I will most likely repair and replace jack leg and rail fences with locally cut, untreated lodge pole posts which have been felled by a cross cut saw, peeled by hand and skidded into place by a work horse in harness.

After retiring in 2008, my volunteer experiences have included: A week of backcountry work with a Passport in Time project in stabilization and restoration of the Big Hole Peak Lookout on the Plains RD, Lolo NF. I have made six wilderness trail and guard station maintenance trips of from 3 to 5 weeks duration each through the South Fork of the Flathead River drainage on the Spotted Bear RD, Flathead NF in the Bob Marshall Wilderness. I have been able to volunteer out of state as well, making two packing support trips of several weeks each with the Central Utah Project Safety of High Lakes Dam modification project on the Duchesne RD, Ashley NF in the High Uinta Wilderness.

Non-wilderness volunteer projects have included: Participating as a cultural resource field survey crew member for a week in support of a landscape level planning project in the Little Rockies on the Lewis and Clark NF. Another project included spending several months doing historical research and then developing road side interpretative sign dialogue and illustrations for a project currently in progress on the Lincoln RD, Helena NF.

My volunteer project work plan for the 2020 field season will be prepared by my daughter, who is an

archaeologist on the Helena NF, and will include Site Stewardship Monitoring at about 30 locations of historic and cultural interest in the Helena area. I am looking forward to this new experience in new territory.



Backcountry plumber at work

Though I won't be sharing the work with a crew of other "old timers" on this project, I hope to harvest a crop of new stories to share with them when we meet again.

My first job was as a lookout on the Plains RD, Lolo NF in 1969 and my last job was as Resource Assistant on the combined Plains and Thompson Falls RD, Lolo NF until I retired in 2008. I worked on five national forests, all at the District level, and was lucky enough to work for a time in the Absaroka Beartooth, Bob Marshall, Great Bear, Teton and Selway Bitterroot wilderness areas.



Missoula area Retirees meet on the first Tuesday of the month at Jaker's Bar and Grill in Missoula at 11:30. Located at 3515 Brooks. We usually have a speaker from the RO to help keep us up to date on happenings in the Forest Service.



WE REMEMBER



Richard Carlson – Rick, of Plains, MT was born March 15, 1947 in St Anthony, Idaho. He passed away December 10, 2019 at St Patrick's Hospital in Missoula. Rick grew up in Coeur d Alene where he enjoyed hunting and fishing in the Idaho Panhandle forests. He graduated from the University of Idaho with a degree in Zoology. It was there that he met and married Ruth Ann Brood. He started his FS career in Nordman, Idaho as a crew boss for the Kaniksu Hot Shots. They later moved to Troy where he continued his career in fire on the Kootenai. In 1980 he took a job on the Lolo, on the Plains/Thompson Falls districts as the Assistant Fire Management Officer and fuels specialist. Rick devoted 24 year there until his retirement in 2004. He was a fire behaviorist on Type 1 and Type 2 teams.

Rick was a wonderful storyteller. He enjoyed camping and fishing with Ruth Ann, spending time with his children and grandchildren. He is survived by Ruth Ann, his wife of 50 years, daughter Allisa, son Alan, son Patrick and 5 grandchildren. Friends may make memorial contributions to the Plains Community Swimming Pool fund raiser at Committee for Safe Swimming, P.O. Box 1546, Plains, MT 59859.



Mark Romey – of Libby Montana was born in Buffalo NY on May 15, 1948. He died from a stroke while visiting family in Eau Claire, Wisconsin this winter. Mark graduated from school in Buffalo NY then joined the Coast Guard and served four years in Viet Nam. After he was discharged, he attended community college and the University of Montana forestry school. He was married in 1972 and moved to Montana where he started his Forest Service career as a smoke jumper. His professional career started as a forester at Spotted Bear, followed by jobs at the Libby and Hebgan Lake Ranger Districts, then as the forest FMO on the Manistee and as fire staff officer on the Kootenai until he retired in 2005.

Mark loved to travel and had a brave and adventurous life. He is survived by his wife Sandy of Libby, son Jesse from Michigan and daughter Amy from Wisconsin.



Charles Richard Howard, age 90 of Kalispell, MT passed way September 30th, 2019. Charlie was born to William and Mildred Howard in Tampa, Florida in 1929 and grew up in Richmond, Virginia. He was drafted into the Army and served in the Korean War. Upon his return home after the war he attended Virginia Polytech Institute where he studied forestry and wildlife biology. When he graduated, he took his first Forest Service job and headed west to Sandpoint Idaho.

Charlie loved the outdoors and the open expanse of the west. From Sandpoint he moved to Noxon and then Spotted Bear.

Charlie married Sheila Brown and had two children, Paige and Michael. They eventually moved to Libby Montana where he worked for the Kootenai Forest. One of his great passions was firefighting which he did every summer until his retirement in 1992. Charlie was later married to Marilyn Janausch and together they rambled through the country enjoying the sights. They eventually settled in Kalispell to be closer to family.

Charlie is survived by his children, Paige and Michael, his step children Scott and Todd Dotson and four grandchildren.



Carl Robert Lundgren - Rob passed away March 4, 2020 at his home in Walla Walla Washington. Rob was born November 3, 1944 in Farragut, Idaho. He graduated from Medical Lake High School and earned his degree in industrial technology from Washington State University in 1968. After graduation he joined the Air Force and spent time in Vietnam.

Rob spent 31 years with the US Forest Service in Washington and Idaho, 20 years of that time as the Fire Management Officer on the Lochsa district in Kooskia Idaho, retiring in 1997. After retirement he continued to work on fires in the summer as well as running a Dutch oven catering business with his wife, Sue. Rob loved the outdoors and was happiest fishing and camping on the Salmon River. He is remembered for his wry sense of humor and his ability to fix or build anything. Rob is survived by his wife Sue, children Anne and Chris, granddaughter Ada and his brother Jim.

Memorial donations may be made to Walla Walla Community Hospice. Rob would appreciate toasts and cheers in his remembrance at any time. A celebration of life for family and friends will be scheduled at a later date.

Jim McGowan of Missoula passed away January 13th at the age of 68.



Laura Ruth Tinsley passed away March 19, 2020. She was born in Black Diamond Alberta December 30, 1932 to Earl and Alberta Farris. Laura was raised in Kevin MT where her father worked in the oil fields. In 1950 she was married to Gene Tinsley who worked in the oil fields and together they raised 5 children in a house with no indoor plumbing. Later Gene's job as a highway patrolman took them to Lincoln, MT where Laura started her career with the Forest Service in the 1960s. Laura loved her job and helped pave the way for women in the Forest Service. She worked her way up to finance chief on a type 2 team and worked

on many fires in Montana and out of state. Over the course of her career she worked in Lincoln, Helena, Dutch John Utah and Seeley Lake. She retired in Helena and spent time traveling and volunteering at the Military Museum at Fort Harrison. Laura was preceded in death by her parents, husband Gene, son Gary and two grandchildren. She is survived by her children Patricia Schwenke, Anne Jacobson, Mick Tinsley and Mary Knaup as well as 5 grandchildren and 8 great grandchildren. Memorials are suggested to the Montana Hope Project, Gods Love or the Helena Food Share.

Retirees – please help your editor by letting me know who has passed away as I do not get any local newspapers.



Northern Rocky Mountain Retirees Association Information Form

To help us keep our mailing list current, please send us a completed information form when you pay your annual dues. Those with life memberships (no longer available) should submit a form annually so we don't lose track of you. We operate on a calendar year membership so if you get back to us late, we will send you whatever newsletter you have missed. Members we don't hear from annually will be removed from our mailing list. If you have newly retired friends or friends who are not members, please encourage them to join us.

2020 Membership

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Make checks payable to:

Northern Rocky Mountain Retiree Association (or NRMRA)

P.O. Box 3215

Missoula, MT 59806

Dues are \$15 per calendar year (spouses free). Donations to the NRMRA or the National Museum of Forest Service History (NMFHS) are always welcome. The latter will be passed on.

I am a life member or spouse of (no dues payment required): Yes ___

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Annual dues: _____

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Newsletters will be sent by email to reduce printing and mailing costs.

Check here if you would prefer a hard copy: _____

Northern Rocky Mountain Retiree Association

P.O. Box 3215
Missoula, Montana 59806

[Type the recipient name]

[Type the recipient address]



This undated photo from the Flathead Forest archives shows the Trail Creek border crossing station on the North Fork of the Flathead, 22 road miles north of Polebridge, at the location of the present river access site. It was established in 1914 and closed in 1996 due to flooding of the road north of the border. A newer station was built in the 1970s. Both the Canadian and US border stations remain, but are in disrepair.