



NORTHERN ROCKY MOUNTAIN RETIREE ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

SPRING 2023

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Forest Service Retirees:

I begin my report by thanking all the members of NRMRA. Those who are serving as officers and other capacities, know this is about the members and the important contributions you made in your careers to our National Forests and Grasslands.

I also want to thank the officers of NRMRA. Barry Hicks is the Vice President and fills in during my absences, provides support and always brings the public address system to aid members' hearing; Tom & Sue Blunn our Treasurer(s) who keeps

financial records and payments; Vicky MacLean who organizes and edits our wonderful newsletter; and Dave Stack and Fred Cooper who provide Forest Service History Museum updates. I also want to thank Pat Colins and the Museum of Mountain Flying for allowing us to meet in their great facility, surrounded by a collection of unique aviation history (as a US Air Force veteran I especially enjoy being around aircraft).

In summer, we try to meet outdoors at Fort Missoula, and I want to thank them for the use of their beautiful grounds. I also want to thank Tim Stauffer, our USFS Liaison, who has lined up excellent speakers for our meetings. Thirty attended the March meeting and we're looking forward to having even better attendance as we move forward. Regional Forester, Leanne Martin, will be the guest speaker at our May meeting and I hope you'll be able to attend.

Again, thank you for your membership.

Tim Love



March lunch gathering at the Museum of Mountain Flying.

WILFRED WALLACE WHITE

by Fred White and Fred Cooper

Wilfred (WWW) was born July 1877 in Oskaloosa, Iowa, growing up in a Quaker family. He acquired valuable fire experience in the Adirondacks and a BS degree from Cornell University in 1903 and a master's degree in forestry from Michigan State in 1906. He was a Student Assistant in 1903 and '05, earning \$25 per month in North Carolina and Tennessee working in the USDA Bureau of Forestry studying commercial hardwoods and chestnut trees, including extract from chestnuts.

In July 1906, WWW received a permanent appointment as a Forest Assistant in Missoula, Montana receiving \$1,000 per year on the Hell Gate Reserve, under E. A. Sherman. In July 1907, he was appointed as Deputy Forest Supervisor under Elers Koch. He rejected job offers in Nov. 1907 to be the Jefferson NF Forest Supervisor and in March 1908 to be Assistant Chief of Timber Sales in Washington, D.C. In July 1908, he was appointed Forest Supervisor of the Bitterroot NF, a position he continued until 1920 when he became the District Forest Inspector assigned to the Bitterroot, Lolo, and Missoula NF's. This position was very strenuous with many forest fires in 1920, and he was granted LWOP from June 1921 until March 1922 when he was appointed Forest Examiner. In 1930 he became the Regional Training Officer and in 1938, Forest Supervisor of the Helena NF until his retirement in July 1939.

WWW's first major task in Montana, along with Than Wilkerson, and Elers Koch was to mark timber for an Anaconda Copper Mining Co. (ACMC) timber sale in Lick Creek in the Bitterroot Valley. Gifford Pinchot "checked the

job." ACMC had practically a monopoly in the Bitterroot, so the sale was very controversial. The timber was put up for \$4 per thousand, but an Idaho firm bid \$4.02 and since ACMC didn't want another "outfit" in the Bitterroot, ACMC bought out the Idaho firm. In addition, ACMC lost a lawsuit over its illegal cutting of government timber, being forced to pay handsomely for its trespass.

From 1902 to 1905 the Bitterroot Forest Reserve was in a continuous dispute with the ACMC. E. A. Sherman, the Ravalli County Democrat newspaper editor started his FS career as the Bitterroot Supervisor in 1905. Sherman continued with a prominent career, retiring as the Associate Chief of the Forest Service.

In May 1908, WWW was appointed the second Bitterroot Forest Supervisor. In 1909, WWW submitted a "personnel report" for the Bitterroot NF. Several comments in the report were:

- Permanent work force of 13 plus seven (temporary) assistant rangers and guards.
- There are no permanent ranger districts, and each man covers about 130 to 150 thousand acres per man, depending on the season.
- Nathaniel (Than) Wilkerson, the first Supervisor of the Hell Gate NF has served for about ten years transferring from the GLO.
- For several pages, WWW continues reporting on the skills of his employees, their backgrounds, wages, and recommendations for increases in pay,

relationships with members of the community, where they live, ages, etc.

With a shortage of personnel to manage the Forest, WWW made the following statement in his report regarding a ranch applicant applying for a reservoir permit:

“The applicant is given to understand that since he has performed his part, and we have not time to secure the information necessary for issuance of permit, we will likewise not find time to make out a trespass report against him, if he goes ahead without permit.”

WWW retired in 1939 and was a staunch member of the Missoula community, serving on the school board, and membership in several civic organizations. During his career, WWW acquired farmland on Willoughby Creek near Stevensville and three large rental houses in Missoula. He acquired 80 acres of timberland on the South Fork of the Bitterroot River near Darby, which is now a public trailhead, fishing access, and a primitive campground. Before his retirement, he

began collecting willow specimens from Montana, beginning a 30-year study of the genus *Salix* in the state of Montana.

White Mountain and White Lake are locations named for WWW six miles west of Lake Como on the Bitterroot NF. His wife was Sarah Jane Campfield, and they had four children, Ben, Paul, Jack, and Dora. WWW and Sarah were cremated, and their ashes scattered in their beloved Bitterroot Valley. WWW's brother, Leslie Leroy White worked on the Sawtooth and Weiser Forests in Boise, Idaho and attended Penn College, Haverford College, and eventually Cornell University retired as a Montana Assistant State Forester in 1955.

Fred Cooper was a smoke jumper in the 1960s while attending Oregon State University. He retired in 1996 after a 30-year career in human resources in Region 6 and D.C. Fred lives in Missoula.

Fred White is the grandson, of WWW. He worked for the Forest Service for several fire seasons on the Slate Creek Hotshots, Nez Perce NF in 1967 and on the Coeur d'Alene Hotshots in 1968, while attending Washington State University. He retired from Boeing as a materials science engineer in 2003.



Late May or early June 1909, photo from joint meeting of the Lolo and Bitterroot NF near the Lick Creek Timber Sale.



2025 FOREST SERVICE REUNION

Hello, my name is Sonny LaSalle. My wife Judy and I as well as Amanda Wickel, John and Patt Pruitt and Mike and Sue Cummings have volunteered to be in charge of the silent auction at the 2025 National Reunion in Missoula, Montana. Lisa Tate, Executive Director of the National Forest Service Museum is organizing all the volunteers into the various committees needed for the Reunion. If you are interested in being a volunteer, please contact Lisa. There will be much more information about the Reunion shared in the future, but the silent auction volunteers wanted to give you a "heads up" about the many opportunities you have to contribute to the silent auction/raffle.

The silent auction at the Tahoe Reunion displayed the talents and creativity of many of our retirees. The quilt donated by Linda Hughes, wife of John Hughes, brought a little over

\$2,000. There were also beautiful hand turned hardwood bowls that were quite popular. The handmade items from our retirees are often the most popular at the silent auction, like artwork, knives, and other metal work. There are also many other opportunities for items with personal attention such as guided fishing trips, white water rafting, cabin rentals, gourmet meals, and many others.

The details about the silent auction such as transportation, tax deductions and such will be shared later, but some items like quilts take a lot of time so we are alerting you now of the many opportunities you have in the next couple years. For example, Judy is planning to do a quilt that will take time to complete, and she does not like last minute rushes.

If you have any questions, please contact us at lasalmom@montana.com.

Stories and information always needed for the newsletter. Please have them in "word" format so that they can be formatted to fit the newsletter. Photos should be as a separate jpg, not imbedded in your story.

Please submit info by early March for the April issue and early September for the October issue. Pages need to be in multiples of 4 for the printer to fit everything efficiently so it can take lot of juggling to come out all right. Sometimes it means a story gets left out and other times if we are way over it means a longer newsletter that we have to fill up. Thanks.



THE OLD REGIONAL OFFICE IN DOWNTOWN MISSOULA



One of many historic photos of Forest Service employees on the steps of the old Regional Office. This photograph was published in the February 4th, 1917, Missoulian.

The old Missoula Federal Building has recently been transferred to the city/county and will be renovated to house many of their offices. Many Northern Region retirees worked out of this building or attended various meetings or training here at 200 East Broadway.

The foundation for the building was laid in 1911 and the structure was completed in 1913. The original tenants were the US Postal Service and the US Forest Service. An old newspaper clipping documented the opening of the building and mentioned several other federal agencies which were moving in there as well. In 1927 an annex and extension were designed and built to house judicial facilities with the first session of the US District Court being held on December 5, 1929.

Within a decade there was a need for another expansion and in 1937 the second annex was dedicated.

The majority of the postal functions moved out of the building in 1974, but a small post office remains. In 1979 the building was listed on the National Historical Register. After more than a century of occupancy and a prominent place in the downtown scene, the Forest Service moved its offices out of there to Fort Missoula in 2015.

The city/county organization hopes to have its renovations completed and be moved in by 2025.



Who knew that a Forest Service outhouse could be so hazardous!



BOOK REVIEW

by Vicky MacLean

Smokejumper Experiment by Fred Cooper and Mike McMillan. Published August 2022.

A well-researched account of the successful Smokejumper Experiment in 1939 on the Chelan National Forest in Winthrop, Washington. The book includes stories of Forest Service activities leading up to and contributing to the success such as use of air patrols, free falling and use of parachutes for dropping cargo, airplane-parachute invention of 1935 in Region 4, aerial fire control project of 1935-1939 in Region 5, Russian use of smokejumpers, introduction of shoo-fly-airfields in Region 1, and purchase of the first airplane by the Forest Service in 1938. Included are bios of the 16 men who contributed to the smokejumping success along with the first two years of experimental smokejumping operations in 1940 and 1941 in Montana, Idaho, and Washington. An epilog is written by Mike describing the innovation of the "square" Ram-Air parachute that is in use today by the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management. Many photos and references included.

Fred will send the book for \$16 (book and media mailing) by contacting him at frederi920@aol.com or it can be purchased for \$16 from the National Smokejumper Association smokejumper store page at the www.smokejumpers.com website.

WHEN THE LOCHSA AND I WERE YOUNG TOGETHER

By Frank Fowler

It was August 1963 and I had just been assigned as district ranger on the Powell Ranger District, but before I arrived with my wife and son, I was advised to make myself available for a horseback ride into the Selway Bitterroot Primitive Area with Art Johnson, a staff-man from the supervisor's office, and Bob Brandenberger, representing the regional headquarters in Missoula.

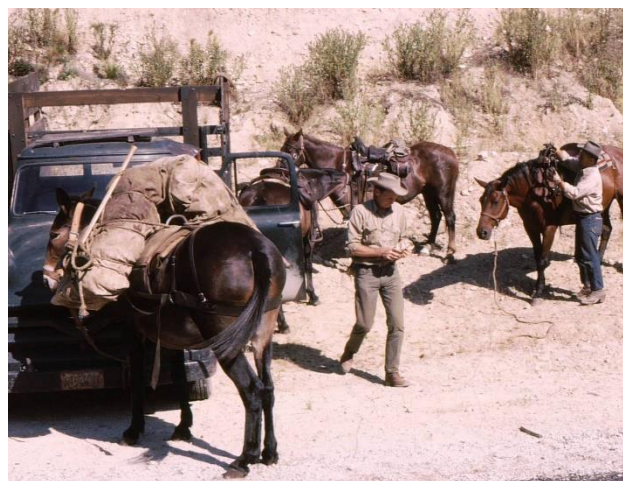
The trip was planned because the Selway Bitterroot Primitive Area was one of several candidates under consideration by Congress for inclusion in a bill which would establish a national wilderness system. Our purpose was to observe the landscape sloping from the edge of the primitive area north to the Lochsa River so we could respond to any questions from Congress. There was considerable debate about whether this face should be within the boundary if such a bill were enacted.

The three of us left Powell with horses and a mule. The mule carried our personal items, oats, fire tools, and three steaks -- crucial by the evening, it turned out. We planned to spend the night at Horse Camp Cabin where cots and a supply of dry and canned food were available. Even though I was uncertain about 18 miles in the saddle, I was eager to go.

The morning was half gone by the time we drove to the trail head at the Mocus Point Pack Bridge. This bridge across the Lochsa River was a cable suspension type with treated timber planking for tread and railings, stout enough to support a pack string even though it swayed and bounced a bit. At first, I wondered if it might be a good idea to blindfold my horse; then, after looking more closely, I thought it might be a better idea to

blindfold me. As it turned out, the height was not spooky, but I worried that the stock might become unsettled because of the unstable surface – and that was a bad place for a rodeo!

Evidently the stock was used to crossing these kinds of bridges and we proceeded without incident. From the pack bridge (2,830') we had to climb to 5,579 feet for the first leg of our journey at Mocus Point Lookout, a distance of four miles. As we started out, I couldn't help but think about how lucky I was to be assigned to the Powell Ranger District: 500,000 acres including about 280,000 acres of Primitive Area. This was contiguous with other districts containing portions of the same Primitive Area bringing the total acreage to 1,300,000 acres. As a smokejumper, I had flown over this landscape several times, so I was familiar with its vastness and beauty. I counted my blessings as we rode towards the lookout because "back-country" was rapidly diminishing, and the use of stock was diminishing too. Many young foresters yearned for this opportunity. On the Powell Ranger District you



"Packing up."

could get a taste of what the forests were like before WWII. This district not only employed two trail maintenance crews, but also a trail construction crew – an activity not financed on most districts. To accomplish this work in the Primitive Area Powell Ranger District used 32 head of mules and horses.

With these thoughts, I must have been riding in the saddle as tall as John Wayne. The combination of the rugged terrain, snorting horses, beautiful vistas, and pleasant weather made it seem surreal. At times I didn't understand why I was chosen to help manage all this. And although I knew most of my attention would focus on the Powell district outside the Primitive Area, it was nonetheless exciting to know that some would be spent in the remote corners of the largest primitive area (at that time) in the "lower 48."

When we reached Mocus Point the lookout was happy to see us because visitors were few, and because he knew we were bringing fresh food and mail. The tower gave spectacular views of the Lochsa Drainage and to the far ridge on which Lewis and Clark traveled on their quest to find the Pacific Ocean. It was also the route over which General Howard chased Chief Joseph to subdue him and his tribe and send them to a reservation. It was awesome to be in the center of so much significant history.

We left soon because we had a long trail-ride before night fall, and it was already afternoon. We now rode along Trail No. 208 on the ridge paralleling the Lochsa River, three to four air miles away. The Lochsa Face contained mature stands of timber that stretched to the river. I had already been told that Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman wanted its natural beauty retained. Even though there was nothing in writing, it was referred to as "the Secretary's Zone" and its pristine status

was considered sacrosanct. So, it appeared the Face would remain natural whether it was included in the wilderness bill or not. Wilderness advocates, of course, would press for inclusion because they saw it as more lasting than Freeman's casual edict. Another effect of non-inclusion would be that the land in the "Secretary's Zone" would not automatically be withdrawn from the land base that is used to calculate the annual allowable cut of timber on the Powell District – forcing heavier cutting on areas open to logging. This concerned me.

The trail led us over Flytrap Butte (6,338') and then to a trail junction near Indian Meadows. We took the lefthand fork because we wanted to stay on the ridge and avoid dropping down to the Lochsa. Neither Art nor Bob had ridden in this country, but they had studied the map and knew that within the next three miles we would come to a crucial trail junction. Forking to the right, we would be on the final seven miles stretch to Horse Camp – all downhill. We looked forward to getting out of the saddle and having a fine steak dinner and a good night's rest on a cot.

Occasionally we could see the Lochsa Highway far below, but usually it was shielded by rolling terrain and heavy stands of timber. In fact, there was little evidence of development in any direction, primarily because this part of Idaho had been so topographically challenging that it remained pristine while most other areas with high timber resources were developed. The Lochsa Highway had just been completed (1962) and now there was direct travel between Lewiston, Idaho and Missoula, Montana, allowing trucks to haul Montana grain to the barges on the Columbia River System. It also provided access for increased recreation use and timber harvesting.



Powell Ranger Station in the mid-1930s.

You might think that three foresters could find a trail junction even if they had not been over the terrain before. We missed it; however, there was an extenuating circumstance. We were looking for a constructed sign, but it had been destroyed by a bear. So, we had passed the junction and were no longer on the proper route. It was all new and enjoyable, but we finally realized we had started to climb instead of descending. After checking our map, we guessed that we were headed for Fish Lake and decided to retrace our steps.

We carefully searched as we backtracked and finally found the obscured junction. By now the sun had dropped so low, we likely couldn't cover the seven miles to Horse Camp before dark without speeding up, so we did. The jarring caused by rapid downhill riding was more than my backside could take, and I frequently dismounted and lead my horse. Each time it took me several steps to get over the sensation that I was walking on my knees.

It became obvious that we were not going to make Horse Camp before dark, so we looked for a spot with water and grass for the stock. We soon arrived at Long Lake, a beautiful body of water with lots of tall grass in a surrounding meadow. While Art built a fire, Bob and I pulled the saddles and halter-tied the horses to large pieces of wood. Thus, we could periodically move

their "anchors," allowing them access to more grass. The mule would stay with the horses, not so much because he was trained to do so, but because it was his nature to stay close to them.



Art Johnson scouting out the trail.

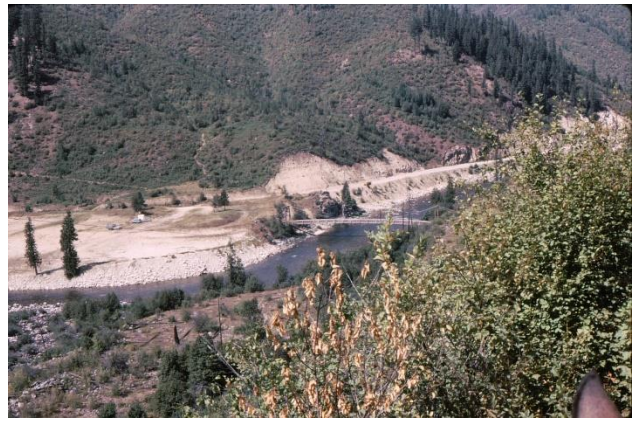
All we had to eat was large steaks. Since we had no utensils, we roasted them on the shovel we had brought along. The meat was delicious. We sat on our sleeping bags, leaning back on our saddles, and licking our fingers. Bob had brought a bottle of Jim Beam. There were no glasses. I had no idea how much I sipped. It couldn't have been much because I could hardly swallow the stuff, it burned so badly. I was not a big fan of liquor and had never drunk it straight. We sipped and talked into the night and took turns moving the stock. Although not pitch-black, it was dark enough that the uneven ground caused me to stumble a bit when I took my turn.

Finally, we tied the stock up short to trees and went to bed. The stars were out in full spectacle, and it was humbling to lay there and gawk. I was amazed at how they seemed to be swirling in a gigantic circle. I woke up in about an hour so sick that I thought surely, I would die. I knew it wasn't altitude sickness, but wished it were. I just couldn't handle the whiskey. I felt so much better when I got sick that I periodically thought my difficulty was over, but soon realized that Barff, The God of

Drinking Whiskey Neat, was going to teach this new ranger a lesson.

In the morning we had nothing to eat but I couldn't have handled it anyway. Somehow, I managed to saddle my horse and saddle up. Even though it was only three or four miles to Horse Camp, I didn't see how I could possibly make it, but I had to try. I thought again of John Wayne in True Grit when he was charging across a meadow, reins in his teeth, firing away with a carbine in one hand and a six-shooter in the other. I also had the reins in my teeth, but admittedly both of my hands were on the saddle horn, holding on in pure agony. I persevered. Once in a while I would attempt to drink a little water and pray to Barff. It took a while but eventually Barff allowed my system to return to normal.

When we reached Horse Camp, we fixed a big breakfast. I don't recall how much I ate, but I do remember that it felt mighty good to just be able to hold something on my stomach. We didn't linger because we had made arrangements to be picked up on the Lochsa Highway and we didn't want to be late. As we rode down Boulder Creek to the River, I could not help contemplating my introduction to Powell. It was all new and exciting but also humbling. Before we parted, I tried to preserve my image by swearing Art and Bob to secrecy concerning the lessons I had learned from Barff.



Boulder Pack bridge.

In 1964 the Wilderness Act was passed, and the "Face" was not part of it. I always thought the initial Congressional effort was to expeditiously establish a national preservation system and provide direction to periodically build upon it. And the drum beats on...

Frank Fowler was born in Washington, D.C., He was a smoke jumper in 1952-1953 and graduated from forestry school in Missoula in 1954. After two years in the Army, he served his "apprenticeship" in the Forest Service on the Sullivan Lake and Kettle Falls Districts of the Colville National Forests (then in R-1). After Powell he headed special studies on the Flathead National Forest leading to the establishment of the Jewell Basin Hiking Area and the inclusion of the Flathead Rivers into the Wild and Scenic River system. He later served on planning assignments on the St. Joe and Beaverhead National Forests. He lives in Dillon MT.

GONE TO THE DOGS

by Vicky MacLean, Ed Nessleroad and Steve Zachry

Retirement for many FS folks means they are often busier than ever, volunteering, home projects, and old or new hobbies. For a number of Montana retirees, it means days spent training retrievers,

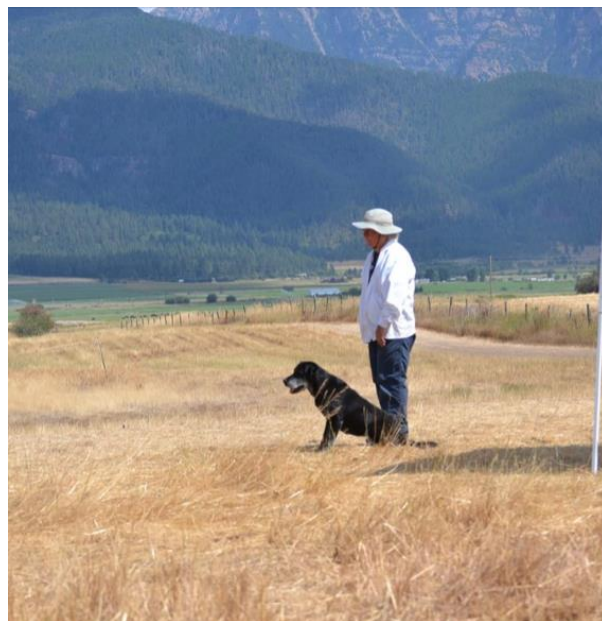
shooting ducks, and organizing retriever trials. A number of Missoula area retirees are very involved with the Western Montana Retriever Club as organizers and competitors. The retriever sport is

very competitive and at the same time subject to the whims of luck. The best trained dog can be had by a change in the wind or lighting. Dogs must remember three to four locations where they see birds go down and retrieve them with style. They have to work with their handler to retrieve birds that they have not seen go down. They must be under control and be a team player. Some very talented dogs are not team players which can make them hard to work with, while some more moderately talented dogs can be quite successful if they are very trainable. Some dogs may work well with any handler while some are one person dogs. Working with animals can be somewhat of a crap shoot! Here are some active retirees and their dog stories.

Vicky MacLean; I grew up in a family with lots of animals and had grandparents who raised dogs and competed with them. I was a horse crazy little girl who took her horse to college. The horse however, only lasted through my freshman year because of conflicts with studying and ski team practices. By grad school it was sled dogs. 20 plus years of dog sledding and several dog sports later, it was Labrador retrievers. I moved from Helena to Ronan Montana after retirement (and left behind a much-loved Forest Service horse) to join a very active retriever field trail community and the Western MT Retriever Club.

I enjoy the competition though not quite to the extreme that some people do. It gets me outside almost every day and when I am not training, I am caring for my 40 acres of training grounds which entails spring burning with some other FS retirees, endless weed control and mowing. I have always enjoyed working with animals, even including moving cattle with permittees. While some competition dogs spend their lives in a kennel or training with a professional trainer, I prefer

working my own dogs and training under the watchful eye of a professional trainer/coach on a daily basis for about half the year. The rest of the time my dogs are companions and house dogs that get to take lots of walks and sleep on the couch. I got my first dog for my 6th birthday and cannot imagine life without a dog. I have only been dogless or horseless for a few years in college. I currently have 3 black labs one of which is nearing retirement after a successful career, one who is not very competitive and a young dog that looks quite promising. The dogs help keep me active and outdoors, as well as engaged with other people who share an interest in the sport.



Vicky and Clipper watching the birds go down.

My involvement with the retriever club usually consists of the paperwork end of field trials, hectic scheduling, and crisis control at club events. I have done a limited amount of judging but find it hard to sit still and watch 80 some dogs go through their paces all day long for two to three days at a time. Judging often entails sitting out in terrible weather that can be hotter than heck or pouring rain. Judging can be subjective and subject to criticism

from competitors. For me the best part of the sport is training my dogs, watching them progress and of course being outdoors.

Ed Nessleroad; In 1969 I was working my way through school as a radio announcer. I picked-up a cute, mostly Lab puppy at the pound and took it home. Unfortunately, the pup became sick with distemper a few days later. Sad at having to lose the dog, I asked the radio audience if anyone had a puppy that needed a home. Max Morton, then the athletic trainer at Colorado State University called and said he had a deal for me.

Max had a Labrador Retriever puppy he was holding for Billy Martin. Max said he didn't think the baseball great was going to follow-up on the pup. I could have him, for a reasonable fee, if I would commit to field trial training with Max and his dogs. Max helped me with training, and I helped him by throwing pigeons, ducks, and training bumpers. The deal changed my life.

Through the intervening years I have had many dogs. Some of them memorable, some of them not so memorable. But they have all been good, well-loved dogs. Working with them has involved hunting, field trialing, hunt testing, and performance event judging. Not to mention interacting with a dedicated community of "dog people."

Field trials are designed to simulate hunting experiences. Dogs retrieve birds they have seen fall (marks) and birds they have not seen fall (blinds). Natural ability and training yield dogs that can retrieve both marks and blinds at distances up to 400 yards. Weeks of training lead up to a weekend trial. It's a team sport between the handler and the dog. The sport rewards excellence with ribbons and points instead of cash.



Ed and his dog Grant at the Canadian National.

Judging presents a unique opportunity to contribute back to the sport. Only amateurs can judge field trials, developing the test, placing the birds, scoring the dogs, and identifying the top dogs. I've found that I observe a lot while judging. How other people handle their dogs in challenging situations. Subtle flaws in a handler's approach that result in a more difficult retrieve. And wonderful dog work. Judging assignments have taken me across the United States allowing me to see some of the best dogs and handlers and challenging training grounds in the country.

Over the years, I've had dogs that were pretty average and dogs that were special. The special ones earn titles like Field Champion and Amateur Field Champion. The really special ones qualify for national retriever championships in the United States and Canada. And the best of the best finish those tests. Over the years, I've been blessed with one of those dogs.

My best dog is now retired, and a young 2-year-old is trying to take his place. We'll see how that works out. If you get a chance to observe a field trial or hunt test, do it. You'll see dogs and handlers do amazing things. Not to mention lots of tail-wagging happiness.

Steve Zachry; All my Life, I have been an avid bird hunter and dog person; be they a mutt, Border Collie, Australian Shepard, German Shorthair, Golden Retriever or Labrador Retriever. Can you guess what my first bird dog was? The first dog that hunted and retrieved for me was my Aussie. She loved crashing through cattails, flushing pheasants and yes, she did retrieve.

How did I get started in the Field Trial and Hunt Test game? Well, a good friend of mine (who many of you know) Terry Knupp belonged to the Western Montana Retriever Club in Missoula and I would go with her to club to exercise and work her dogs Teddy and Reba and my Golden Retriever Kelsey. One day Roger Fangsrud, saw me throwing bumpers and asked if I was willing to come to their Spring Field Trial and throw birds as he needed someone with a big arm. Let's just say in watching Field Trial dogs run, I was very impressed, hooked and wanted to learn how train my dogs so they could do similar feats (and I am competitive by nature).

Shortly thereafter I got my first Lab, a yellow named Aspen. Aspen ended up with Master Hunt Test title with approximately thirty Master passes to his name. I then got a lab named Ted who had his Junior Hunt Test Title when he was just seven months old and Derby Field Trial JAM (Judges Award of Merit) when he was eight months of age. I thought this game was easy; boy was I ever wrong. I am currently running two labs (Nike a three-year-old Chocolate and Raven a two-year-old black) in competitions, who are both running at the Master level in Hunt Tests and at the Qualifying level.

My current involvement in Hunt Tests and Field Trials includes 1) serving on Hunt Test and Field Trial Committees, where I usually work with the judges on setting up the tests. Set up usually

includes four series that include land and water marks and blinds. 2) Shooting live flyers at four to six events a year. 3) Judging Field Trials at both the Major and Minor stakes level. I am currently scheduled to Judge the Treasure State Derby and Qualifying Field Trial in July.

Why do I enjoy doing all this? I love watching dogs do what they have been trained for and enjoy. I also enjoy the comradery and competing against my fellow dog lovers.



Steve getting ready to send his dog for a bird.

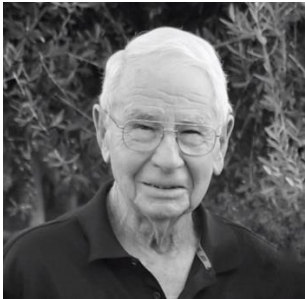
Vicky retired in 2008 from a range management career on the Helena.

Ed retired in 2008 from the RO where he was the Director of Public and Government Affairs. He spent his FS career in public affairs and public information.

Steve retired in 2018 from the RO where he was the Regional Risk Management Officer. He spent most of his career in fire.



WE REMEMBER



Lee Ross Belau of Porterville, California passed away February 2, 2023. Lee was born in South Dakota in 1933 and moved to Dinuba, California at the age of three. He graduated from high school there and then joined the army before graduating from Montana State University in 1959.

Lee's first Forest Service job was as a forester on the Shasta Trinity. His career took him to Yolla Bolly and Los Padres National Forests before becoming District Ranger on the Shasta Trinity and Mendocino Forests. These assignments were followed by time as the Fire Management officer on the Sequoia Forest. He and his wife Ann finished up his career in 1997 when he retired from Porterville California.

Lee was active in the community as a member of the Porterville Breakfast Lions, Tulare County Grand Jury, and Monache Band Parents Association. He was a gardener and an avid biker, putting on over 3,000 miles each year. Lee was preceded in death by his wife Ann. He is survived by two daughters and five grandchildren.

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Lee was active in the community as a member of the Porterville Breakfast Lions, Tulare County Grant Jury and Monache Band Parents Association. He was a gardener and an avid biker, putting on over 3,000 miles each year. Lee was preceded in death by his wife Ann. He is survived by two daughters and five grandchildren.

Tomas Edward Crnich passed away January 6, 2023, in Anaconda, Montana. He was born in Butte February 7, 1939, to Zora and Edward Crnich. He attended Boys Central High School, Carroll College, and graduate

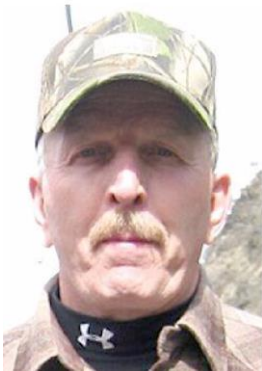


school at the University of Montana. While attending Carroll College he met Mary Ellen LaPointe who he married in 1961. Teaching was his calling and he taught in Anaconda from 1961 to his retirement in 1994.

Like many teachers, Tom worked summers for the Forest Service. Working on trails in the Anaconda Pintler Wilderness was his passion. He started on the Philipsburg trail crew in 1963 and worked every summer until he retired in 1998. He eventually became trail crew

foreman and over the years trained and mentored over 170 young men and women some of which went on to careers in the Forest Service. He was proficient with a chain saw and hand tools and was a certified blaster. Tom and his children spent countless days and miles hiking and backpacking in the Pintlers, His children are grateful for him sharing his knowledge and love for the outdoors.

Tom was a talented wood carver, classic car buff and an avid reader. He enjoyed writing about his life growing up in Butte, working in the Pintlers, and teaching. Tom was preceded in death by his wife and a grandson. He is survived by daughters Debbie and Lynn and son Kurt as well as grandchildren, great grandchildren, and a large extended family. Tom told his family that he would like to be remembered as a person who always had time for others, who always cared about and was helpful to others both during his careers and later into his retirement.



Randy Kevin Doman passed away peacefully on October 13, 2022, in Cottonwood, Idaho at the age of 72 after a four-year brawl with scleroderma. He was born May 16, 1950, in Oakley, Idaho, the eighth child of Eldon and Martha Doman. Randy graduated from Brigham Young University where he met his first wife Diann Barlow. They moved to Orofino and raised their three daughters. Years later he met and married the love of his life, Laurie Ann Simmonds. They settled in the Camas Prairie, first in Grangeville then in Cottonwood Idaho.

Randy was a lifetime civil servant, serving as a Sawtooth Hotshot foreman, wildland fire manager for the Nez Perce/Clearwater Forest, Idaho County Commissioner, North Central Resource Advisory Committee member, and Idaho Park and Recreation board member.

Randy enjoyed horseback riding, fishing, and spending hours on the phone with family and friends. He is survived by his wife, three daughters and their families, three sisters, his mother-in-law and many beloved nieces, nephews, and friends. He was preceded in death by his parents, five brothers and a sister. Donations may be made to the Scleroderma Foundation at scleroderma.org.

Carmen Everton of North Carolina passed away August 13, 2022. She was born in the Philippines in 1945 and moved to the United States with her family in 1954. She attended the University of Montana followed by a career with the Forest Service in Montana, South Carolina, and North Carolina.



David Fischer passed away February 26, 2023. He was born in Brook Park, Minnesota on September 15, 1937. He attended high school in Pine City, Minnesota where he met the love of his life, Sandy Barnes. Dave went from high school into the Army and married Sandy when he came home. He went on to earn a degree in Forestry at the University of Minnesota. A friend encouraged him to move west, and he settled in Townsend Montana where he worked at a mill as a timber cruiser which led to a job with the Forest Service. A lifelong career led him to jobs in Coeur d'Alene and Avery Idaho, Libby Montana, Grangeville Idaho and then the Helena Forest. Stops along the way included time at the Magee

and Shoshone ranger stations in Idaho. He was District Ranger on the Yaak. Dave finished his career on the Helena.

In retirement Dave and Sandy enjoyed traveling, golfing and desert exploring. Sandy passed away in 2019. They had been married 60 years. Dave is survived by three daughters, five grandchildren and one great grandchild.



James Jim/Red Hamilton passed away in Kalispell, Montana February 20, 2023. He was born February 25, 1940, in Spokane, Washington to Clark and Rul Hamilton. He was raised on the family farm in Rockford, WA. Jim attended WSU and earned a degree in Building Theory and Practice. Upon graduation he married Lana Orr and started a 33-year career with the Forest Service as a contracting officer. Jim and Lana had two children and the family moved to many locations in Washington, Oregon, and Washington DC eventually ending up in Missoula where he enjoyed all the Montanan outdoors had to offer. Jim and Lana were later divorced, and he married Judy Yawn Fitzpatrick who was also with the Forest Service. They retired together to

the shores of Flathead Lake near Big Fork.

Jim continued his outdoor activities after retirement and was also active in his church and a volunteer at the Big Fork food bank and with the Big Fork Lions Club.



Wally Huff passed away at his home in Cottonwood, Arizona on January 31, 2023, after a yearlong battle with cancer. He was born in Spearfish, South Dakota in February 1939 and at the age of 9 moved with his family to the Silver Valley in North Idaho. From an early age, he roamed the Coeur d Alene drainage and as a sophomore in high school in Kellogg, he listened to a program by the longtime local Kingston District Ranger Clarence Stilwell and found the Forest Service as a great career fit to his love of the mountains.

Wally graduated from the University of Idaho with a forestry degree in 1962. In October of that year, he married Barbara Hatrock after she graduated from high school in Kellogg. Their first home was on the Yaak

Ranger District, Kootenai N F, up the gravel road to a small trailer with only a few hours of generator power each day. In 1965, he was promoted to the Warland Ranger District on the Kootenai NF. When the ranger station was flooded by Lake Koocanusa, they moved a short distance down stream to the Fisher River Ranger District. In 1971 a promotion followed to the Falls Ranger District, Kaniksu NF. When the three North Idaho Forests were consolidated into the Idaho Panhandle NF's and the Falls Ranger District eliminated, he was reassigned to the Priest Lake RD in Fire Management. During this time, he also became a Forest Service Law Enforcement Officer.

In 1981, Wally transferred to the IPNF Supervisors Office in Coeur d Alene as the Fire and Fuels Specialists where he retired in 1994. Wally is survived by his wife Barbara, a sister, Mardelle, his son Jay, 6 grandchildren, and 5 great grandchildren.

Diane (DJ) Johnson passed away March 4, 2023. She had a career in Engineering at the Helena S.O. (no more information available).



Edwin Kuehne age 83 passed away at his home on August 25th, 1922. Ed was born in Wolf Point, Montana on February 26, 1939, to Henry and Nina Kuehne. IN 1960 he married his wife Sharon, and they had two children. Ed was a mechanic, and his Forest Service job took him to Oregon for several years before he was able to return to Missoula. He retired in 1983 and moved to Florence where he worked at Ace Hardware.

Ed could fix and build almost everything and loved tinkering within his shop, old tractors, trains, and country music. He is survived by his wife Sandra, two children, three grandchildren, two great grandchildren and two brothers.



Floyd LaBrant died at his home in Prescott, Arizona February 3, 1923. He was born at home in North Dakota on a bitterly cold night in October of 1932. When he was a teenager, his family moved to Creston, Montana and a few years later he joined the Navy. After leaving the Navy Floyd returned to Montana where he worked various jobs in the Flathead until starting with the Forest Service in 1955 and marrying Toni Ferguson in 1957. He studied at night and became a certified Engineering Technician. His career took him from Kalispell to Helena, Butte, Missoula and finally to Big Fork. Floyd retired in 1985.

After retirement Floyd kept busy with his farm near Creston, worked for a while as a meat broker and took on some assignments with FEMA. He had an interest in aviation and obtained his private pilot's license. In 2003 they moved to Corvallis, Montana then to Prescott, Arizona in 2021 to be closer to family. Floyd is survived by his wife, two daughters and two sisters. He is also survived by four grandchildren.



Stephen Austin “Obie” O’Brien passed away January 6, 2023, at the age of 68 at his home in Helena of non-small cell lung cancer with his wife, Val Jaffe, by his side. Obie was born in Rhode Island and grew up there and in Maine. His “down east” accent is remembered by everyone who knew him. Obie graduated from the University of New Hampshire with majors in wildlife biology and forestry.

After heading westward, he started his career in the timber industry and later joined the Forest Service. Obie was selected for the Forest Service logging engineer program in the 1980s and traveled the west working on planning, training and collaboration using mechanized forestry equipment in fire operations. He was a partner in forming Forest Operations and Engineering LLC. After his retirement he continued to teach forest engineering to federal employees. His last plan was a logging plan for improving wildlife and Bison habitat on the National Bison Range. Not only was Obie a confident woodsman, hunter, and outdoor adventurer, he had a vast knowledge and enthusiasm for people, their culture, work, and geography.

Obie leaves behind his wife, Val, his sister and extended family as well as a large vegetable garden and his beloved cats. Obie’s cheerful personality, generosity, and quick willingness to help others leaves us mortals with a lasting measure of the best in human kindness. Quick to smile, laugh and offer a quirky Obie-ism, his presence will be sorely missed by many a friend, colleague and relative. His cautions are to work safely “keep out of the bite and stay in touch” Toodaloo, Obie.

David Owen, loving husband, and father of four children, died at the age of 92. on November 28, 2022. He



was born in Madison, Wisconsin, in March of 1930 to Gaylord and Frieda Owen. He grew up in Wisconsin and developed a lifelong love of the outdoors including hunting, fishing, working, and playing football. Following graduation, Dave spent a year in the Army and then moved to Montana, earning his airborne wings as a reservist and, shortly afterward, becoming a smokejumper for the Forest Service out of Missoula. He continued to jump fires during the summers, and on weekends, as he earned a bachelor’s degree in rangeland management from the University of Montana’s School of Forestry.

Following college, Dave began a career in the Forest Service working on several Ranger Districts in Idaho, and in 1958, Dave started his first job as a district ranger on Big Prairie Ranger District, then went on to serve as ranger at Ninemile Ranger District.

It was at this time that Dave’s life changed when he met a young biology teacher named Kathryn (or Kay). Dave and Kay started their family at Ninemile and continued to raise them while Dave worked at Superior and then Spotted Bear Ranger Districts. He was dedicated to serving the public that loved the South Fork of

the Flathead as he did. Dave's family cherishes the memories they made during summers spent at Spotted Bear.

Following retirement, Dave enjoyed travel with Kathryn. He also enjoyed painting and drawing cartoons. They enjoyed skiing until Dave was into his late 80s. Dave enjoyed going down to the place in the Swan Valley that he and Kay had bought early in their marriage and where they had moved an old homestead cabin to in the 1960s. Thoughtful management of this forest was one of Dave and Kay's greatest pleasures and legacies. Dave remained active working on the place in the Swan until he reached 90 years of age.

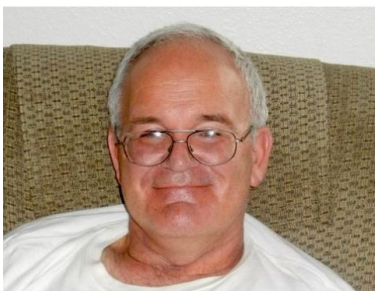
Dave is survived by his wife Kathryn; three daughters and a son, as well as five grandchildren and a great grandson. In lieu of flowers kindly donate in Dave's name to the Bob Marshall Wilderness Foundation at bmwf.org.



Bonny Resner was born in 1956 in Ronan, Montana. She passed away June 16, 2022. She grew up in Missoula and learned to work harder and longer than others to build a life for herself. At a young age she became a single mother and dedicated herself to raising her son and later rising three granddaughters. Bonny began her 40 plus years career at the Forest Service in 1981. She was dedicated and committed to providing for the men and women who counted on her while fighting fires across the country. She was loving and compassionate making blankets for all her granddaughters head start class, organizing the annual holiday party for the cache and donation countless hours to people in need.

Bonny is survived by her son, a daughter, seven grandchildren, a brother, and a sister as well as a large extended family.

Gerald John Ryszka. Jerry passed away suddenly on January 5, 2023, while working on the family ranch near Livingston, Montana. He was born April 13, 1953, in Detroit, Michigan, one of 4 children. He excelled in school sports; football, basketball, wrestling and hockey. He attended Michigan Tech and earned his degree in Forestry/timber management.



Jerry's first Forest Service job was in Gardner on the Gallatin Forest, which was followed by several jobs in Livingston. In Livingston he met and married Davina Gray. Jerry then spent some time in Oregon working for Weyerhaeuser, then back to Livingston. From Livingston it was off to Pierce, Idaho then to Custer, South Dakota. In 1995 the family moved to Delta, Colorado where they spent 16 years and Jerry worked as a traveling Regional Timber Measurement Specialist. He retired in 2011.

Jerry enjoyed music, woodworking, hunting, cooking, and preserving his garden produce. He is survived by his wife Davina, five children, a sister and two brothers and 14 grandchildren.



Winter gathering of the Helena National Forest retirees.

Northern Rocky Mountain Retiree Association

P.O. Box 3215
Missoula, Montana 59806

[Type the recipient name]

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