THE NATIONAL SMOKEJUMPER ASSOCIATION

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SMOKEJUMPER

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Message from the President

by John Twiss
(Redmond '67)
President

As I meet active smokejumpers around the West, I can see that they love the job as much as I did. They look happy, fit and motivated – but I note one difference: they are older and more mature than I was.

Many are married with families. It is not unusual to see a jumper in his or her late 30s or early 40s. Many tell me that they want to retire as smokejumpers.

In talking with smokejumper base managers and supervisors, I learned that many encourage their jumpers to return each year, jump longer seasons, and jump as many years as they can.

They cite the cost savings and ease of maintaining the program when they don't have to train a rookie class each year (I believe roughly 30 rookies were trained last year nationwide). They also believe that older, experienced jumpers are safer and more efficient.

This is a significant cultural change from my smokejumper days. As a smokejumper, I stayed long enough – nine years – to know what year I peaked physically – age 27 – and the toll the job would take on my body if I continued to jump.

I knew I couldn't jump many more years and do the job the right way, and I was only 30. We were encouraged to leave the program at any time and go set the world on fire!

Today, I wonder how many Cal Ripkens are in the smokejumper program. Do we want smokejumpers jumping into their 40s and 50s? Is this really safe and efficient?

I also wonder about the big picture. Where will we find the future leaders for the BLM and Forest Service? By reducing the smokejumper feeder program, will we significantly reduce the number of agency leaders with strong leadership and fire skills needed today?

I wonder how many jumpers today will attend and finish college. By encouraging career smokejumpers, have we seen the last of our smokejumper astronauts, military leaders, pilots, teachers, doctors and other occupations where smokejumpers have excelled?

Probably not, as some jumpers decide to go in other directions, despite the current trend, and some smokejumper base managers encourage their jumpers to move onward and upward when they are ready.

Smokejumping is a wonderful job. For some it should be a career; for others it should be a memorable stop along a career journey. What do you think?

Alaska Fire Service Zodiac Operations

by Bill Cramer (NIFC '90)
Chief, BLM-Alaska Smokejumpers

The Alaska Smokejumpers performed the first operational mission with a Zodiac in September 2008 to demobilize four jumpers off the Kantishna River. Gary Baumgartner (FBX-88) and three others utilized the raft to travel from the human-caused fire to Manley Hot Springs.

The success of the initial use was greatly reinforced during the busy 2009 and 2010 seasons with almost 100 operational shifts conducted on lakes and rivers.

Why?

A significant amount of the protected lands and structures in Alaska are adjacent to rivers and lakes. Boats and operators have typically been hired locally to facilitate both ongoing operations and demobilizations, but this strategy doesn't always work due to location, availability, costs, or conflicts of interest.

Additionally, capable operators and safe, properly equipped boats do not always exist at the time of need. The Zodiac capability provides a safe and timely alternative to local hire in many situations.

Background

Chris Silks (FBX-91), Alaska paracargo supervisor, deserves much of the credit for developing enough momentum to move the idea into reality. In the spring of 2008, his tenacity earned a somewhat-skeptical management approval and his contacts with the U.S. Air Force's 212nd Rescue Squadron, at Kulis Air National Guard Base, resulted in the Alaska Fire Service receiving three surplus military Zodiacs. Further work

Zodiac Operations in Tanana Zone, Becky Lake, 2009 (Courtesy Alaska Smokejumpers)

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Smokejumper base abbreviations:

Anchorage ANC	Grangeville GAC	Missoula MSO
Boise NIFC	Idaho City IDC	Redding RDD
Cave Junction CJ	La Grande LGD	Redmond RAC
Fairbanks FBX	McCall MYC	West Yellowstone WYS
		Winthrop NCSB

on his end resulted in a fairly large number of surplus motors from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Park Service that were enough to get the fledgling program equipped.

Getting the equipment was probably easier than figuring out all of the myriad government training requirements to get jumpers qualified and certified to operate them. **Matt Corley** (FBX-97) rose to the challenge. After much effort and tenacity, Corley successfully ran the gauntlet of training requirements to become an official Department of the Interior motorboat instructor.

By the end of the 2008 season, Matt had 13 jumpers certified and the Alaska base now has 20 fully qualified Interior motorboat operators.

The Navy Special Warfare Development Group provided an additional 10 surplus Zodiacs over the 2009-10 winter, and the paracargo bros reciprocated by putting on a "Small-Bundle Orientation" class for some Special Forces personnel. No one asked what they intended on dropping.

Equipment capability

The Zodiacs are U.S. Coast Guard-rated to 2,800 pounds and 10 passengers. The boats typically bulk out before hitting 2,000 pounds, but the carrying capacity is impressive. A 25-horsepower outboard has proven suitable for lake operations with the 40-horsepower motor much preferred for rivers.

The boats, motors and accessories are packaged for delivery via A-22 (palletized paracargo) and can be operable within 30 minutes of being dropped.

Usage

In May 2009, the human-caused fire No. 144 started along the shores of Birch Creek in the Upper Yukon Zone. The rapidly spreading fire spotted across the river during initial attack. The only local boats available were many miles away, and they were quite possibly the very boats that had carried the folks who had ignited the fire. A Zodiac was quickly delivered via paracargo with all spots secured by the following day.

Several fires in the Tanana Zone proved a different type of challenge in July of the same year. Most of the land is categorized as a limited-suppression area, but a number of large lakes – including West Twin, East Twin, Becky and Wein – have significant numbers of structures and point-protection sites along their shores.

Hiring suitable boats has often proven difficult in the past. First, it is difficult for residents to bring in boats of a size suitable to transport people or gear of any significant quantities. Secondly, the only way to get to the structures in the summer involves aircraft on floats, and most residents aren't inclined to stay or go there with the very real risk of being smoked in.

Zodiac on pallet ready for delivery by paracargo, inflated Zodiac with motor. (Courtesy Alaska Smokejumpers)

While residents are usually quick to offer any available watercraft to firefighters, it puts the firefighters in a bad situation. The choice of using the boat(s) against policy or not being able to get the mission accomplished isn't a good one.

Thirdly, the "limited" fires certainly didn't put up a limited amount of smoke or stay very limited in their size. Air operations became intermittent, at best, in many locations. The general strategy for the zone in this area became inserting jumpers, point-protection supplies, and Zodiacs when smoke conditions allowed.

The operations at Becky Lake may have been the best example of Zodiac utilization in 2009 when 10 jumpers where able to conduct burnout operations around four separate structure sites around the lake.

The Zodiac played a critical role moving personnel and supplies between sites in support of burnout operations as the main fire made a major push toward the lake. The incident commander reported that the mission would likely not have succeeded without the Zodiac.

The novelty of Zodiac operations wore off in 2010, but utilization didn't. The Zodiacs saw heavy use in like roles during the busy season. In addition, a jet boat that was intended to be used primarily during the motorboat-operator course was put to work doing public awareness and public relations work.

The Willow Creek Fire, burning on the Tanana Flats south of Fairbanks, generated significant amount of smoke and concern to property owners along the Tanana River. The AFS Military Zone requested that we help reassure the public by keeping them apprised of the fire and meeting with property owners over a relatively long stretch of the river for well over three weeks. A local hire boat would have cost over $14,000 for the same time period.

Future

The Zodiac capability has proven itself over the last two fire seasons in many roles, and we envision a sustained future for the program. We expect the program to continue evolving over time, but to date we are very pleased with our initial successes.

BOOK REVIEW

Former Smokejumper Chronicles 2,650-Mile Walk Along Scenic Trail

by Les Joslin (Editor *OldSmokeys* Newsletter)

Having spent the past seven years walking three of North America's most scenic long-distance trails – the Pacific Crest and Continental Divide national scenic trails in the United States and the Great Divide Trail in Canada – U.S. Forest Service retiree **Jon Stewart** (Redmond '68) hit the writing trail in earnest in 2010 with just-published results.

Jon shares both his experiences on the Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail – the 2,650-mile trail from Mexico to Canada, which he "sectioned" during the years 2003-06 – and reflections on his Forest Service career inspired by walking those miles in the unique book *Pilgrimage to the Edge: The Pacific Crest Trail and the U.S. Forest Service,* published last month by Xlibris.

The reader soon learns that this is not just another guidebook to what is commonly called the Pacific Crest Trail. Jon's very personal account of his on-again, off-again journey along this trail is as much about himself, and the Outfit in which he served, as it is about the fabled "jewel in the crown" of America's scenic trails.

He reflects on his Forest Service career – one primarily of fire management and creating people programs – as he traverses deserts and the Transverse, Sierra Nevada, and Cascade ranges, seemingly in simultaneous awe of life and land and the challenges and rewards each offers those who dare.

Jon's 491-page book is organized in the order in which he sectioned the trail. Chapters 1 through 8 cover his trek through Washington state; 9 through 12, the Oregon stretch; 13 through 17, the desert mountains of California; 18 through 20, the mountains of northern California; and 21 through 23, John Muir's "Range of Light" – also called the High Sierra.

Jon's is a book you experience instead of read, as with him you meet fascinating trail travelers and cope with the rigors of trail travel itself through the national parks and forests and the wildernesses they harbor, other federal public lands and Indian reservations, state parks, and even private lands through which the trail threads.

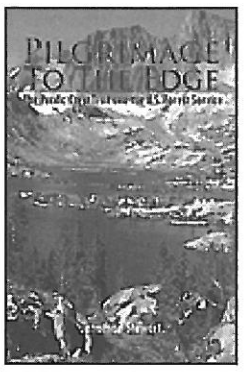
Jon's book is much more a guide to the self than to the trail. The reader finds himself not only planning his or her own trek, but wondering what he or she might do in any of the dozens of situations Jon encounters, as well as those of whom he writes.

And, of course, what he or she might think about along the trail.

Ultimately, the reader finds himself or herself encouraged by the sustaining lesson for life Jon relearned on the trail.

"I again learned that anyone, no matter what his or her age or physical condition, can succeed at tackling life's greatest challenges with a little flexibility and persistence," he explained.

Journey with Jon, and you journey with the best.



Pilgrimage to the Edge is available in hardcover (ISBN 978-1-4535-9999-0) for $34.99, soft cover (ISBN 978-1-4535-9998-3) for $23.99, or Ebook (ISBN 978-4568-0000-00) from Xlibris Corporation at (888) 795-4274 or online at *www.xlibris.com,* or by e-mail at *orders@xlibris.com.*

More On The Higgins Ridge Fire

by William Gary Shaw (Missoula '62)

Editor's note: This is an addendum to Ross Parry's story on the Higgins Ridge Fire, which appeared on page 17 of the January 2011 edition.

I spent the summer of 1961 working on a trail crew on the Moose Creek District, Nez Perce National Forest. It was my second summer working there. My trail partner, Ron Schlister, and I were camped in a cabin near Big Rock Mountain on our way to a camp on West Moose Creek, but although our gear had been packed in there, we never saw that camp.

To our surprise, on Aug. 4, a helicopter picked us up and deposited us in a meadow next to the Higgins Ridge Fire. I was 19 and this was my first fire. It didn't look that bad – maybe 4-5 acres – and smokejumpers were already at work on it and had some of it lined. I could see glimpses of their orange shirts through the smoke.

Ron and I, armed with a falling ax and shovel, waded into the smoke to help battle the blaze. Our intent was to hook up with one of the jumper crews and help dig fireline, but that never happened.

We were approaching from the uphill side and about the time we reached the edge of the fire, it blew up. I mean it turned into a literal firestorm. All of a sudden, strong wind currents were blowing superheated air into our faces.

With singed eyelashes, we retreated and took refuge in a large rockslide above the fire. We had a ringside seat for one of the most spectacular scenes I've ever witnessed. The fire was crowning, and trees were exploding hundreds of feet in front of the blaze. A tree would start to tremble, and then it would just explode.

In addition, convection currents were carrying burning debris all over. The fire was racing unchecked across the ridge in front of us. I heard the fire went from 2 1/2 acres to 1,280 in less than an hour. Someone in charge told us to wait for a crew walking in from Elk Summit and an air drop of tools.

Then a helicopter from Johnson Flying Service showed up with some Forest Service official and **Rod Snider** (NCSB-51) at the controls. It disappeared into the smoke and came out with two jumpers so smoke-smudged that they were all but blind. Ron and I helped them find a small spring where they washed the ashes out of their eyes.

Rod said he couldn't make that many trips back in there, so he was going to bring guys out four at a time. I don't know what the load limit is on a Bell G-3B, but I'm sure it's fewer than five people. Rod later said he was pulling three times the allowable manifold pressure for the Franklin engine, and I heard it had cracked pistons and other maladies when they tore it down back in Missoula.

But he kept going back, bringing two jumpers in the bubble and two on the stretcher-like skids on the sides of the copter until they were all safe.

When the jumpers all got ferried to Elk Summit, a few men from the assigned fire crew straggled in. Most had crapped out on the trail when they couldn't or wouldn't walk any further. The ones who showed up were a sorry-looking lot, many without proper boots or work clothes and not a shovel or Pulaski among them.

We kept radioing for tools, and DC-3s kept dropping us sleeping bags. I guess communications left something to be desired back then. We had enough sleeping bags for a crew three times the size of ours, but the only tools we had were my falling ax and Ron's shovel.

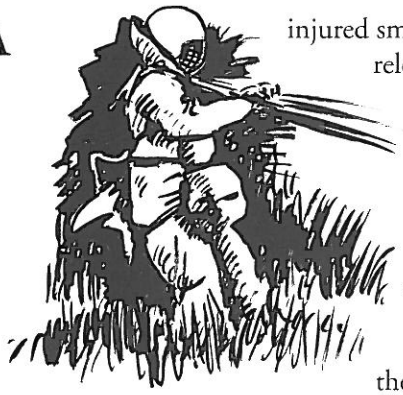
Ron and I got helicoptered to two more fires as initial attack, beating the smokejumpers there both times, and then went back to Higgins Ridge to help mop up. Trees had been reduced to tapered stumps, and ashes were knee-deep in places.

I found cameras melted together where jumpers had stashed their PG bags. I found exploded canteens, and the strangest sight: the remains of a five-gallon water can that had exploded and a can of gasoline beside it which had not. I understand that water turns to steam at 212 degrees and the kindling temperature of gasoline is much higher, but I still thought it, strange.

Ron and I got helicoptered to two more fires where we couldn't land and just bailed off the side of the copter onto a ridgetop. One of those fires (Bear Creek) burned through all our firelines and reached 600 acres, but nothing made an impression on me like Higgins Ridge. I started smokejumping the next summer (1962) and did three summers in Missoula and Silver City, but I never saw another fire with the fury of that first one.

BLAST FROM THE PAST

Jumper Impaled On A Tree; Helena Doctor Rescued Him, Two Others



by Jack Demmons (Missoula '50)

The Daily Missoulian Thursday, August 16, 1956, had an article with the title "Injured Jumper Reported Satisfactory."

The story read: "An 18-year-old Forest Service smokejumper, impaled on a tree after he bailed out on a fire, was rescued from a rugged area of the Helena National Forest Wednesday by a nine-man rescue team.

"Region 1 officials said **Barry Hammond** (MSO-56), 18, of Newport, Washington, north of Spokane, underwent surgery in a Helena hospital for a puncture wound that extended from a thigh up into the abdominal cavity. Upon hitting the tree, part of a limb broke and the stub pierced his body, pinning him to the tree. He remained in that position until rescuers arrived and cut the stub away. The limb remained in his body until he arrived at the hospital.

"His condition was listed by a physician as 'quite satisfactory.'

"Hammond was one of four jumpers sent from Missoula Tuesday to fight a two-acre fire in the Townsend District in the Helena National Forest, about 35 miles southeast of Helena.

"Officials said the youth was hung up in a tree, about 20 feet off the ground, near the top of Mt. Baldy.

"Dr. A.R. (Bud) Little, Helena, hiked two miles into the rocky, timbered country to aid the injured jumper. Little, a former paradoctor, who had been trained during World War II to be a parachutist by the Missoula smokejumper base, was prevented from parachuting into the area because of early morning darkness.

"The smokejumper rescue team, flown from Missoula to Helena, hiked into the area and brought Hammond out on a stretcher about eight hours after the accident."

The Missoula paper on Aug. 24 reported: "The injured smokejumper, Barry Hammond, has been released from a Helena hospital. He underwent surgery a week ago for a puncture wound from the thigh up into the abdominal cavity. He has returned to Newport to recover."

Dr. Little was also involved in helping rescue smokejumper **Dale R. Sweden** (MSO-61), who was injured July 8, 1961, when he parachuted to a fire in the Gates of the Mountains, northeast of Helena. His swaying parachute slammed him against a boulder and he was seriously injured.

The Missoula paper reported that the Johnson's Fly-

Dr. Amos Little (NSA file)

ing Service's whirlybird sat down in the parking area of St. Peter Hospital in Helena with the injured jumper strapped outside on a stretcher.

The story read: "Dr. A.R. Little, Jr., Helena, former military paradoctor, was in the aircraft's cockpit with the pilot. The copter touched down two short blocks from Last Chance Gulch, just long enough for the jumper to be removed and rushed into the hospital, shortly before 8 p.m."

The Daily Missoulian on July 10 mentioned that Sweden, 22, was paralyzed from the waist down from the injuries he received July 8. He was a student at the University of South Dakota during the school year.

Dr. Little was also involved in the rescue of **Archie Keith** (MSO-45), a CPS jumper, during the summer of 1945. The incident took place southwest of Missoula. Jumpers had carried Keith several miles through tough terrain.

Another load of jumpers was dropped to assist in the rescue and Dr. Little was with them. He not only gave medical aid to Keith, but took his turn carrying the stretcher.

Dr. Little died in Helena June 22, 2010, at age 93. He had been engaged in private practice after World War II. After retiring he was the medical director for Blue Shield of Montana.

Jack Demmons was the editor of the first NSA quarterly publication, "The Static Line." He graduated from the University of Montana in 1952 with a degree in business administration. Jack then served as a commissioned officer in the 82nd Airborne in Korea. He later earned a masters degree in school administration and spent 30 years in education. Jack retired as superintendent from the Bonner, Montana, School District. Jack specializes in researching history and it is a pleasure to have him back contributing to "Smokejumper" magazine.

The Worker

by John Culbertson (Fairbanks '69)

Turns to the left
his best side
as he turns over earth
with shovel and hoe

Afternoon sun
warms his back
till break
and he stands so

Surveys the ground
work he's done
Summer garden about to go

Leans on his shovel
looks at his shadow
bent, says
Oh, I don't know

When I was young
must of lifted
a million tons
walked a thousand miles

From CCC to Germany
sleeping bag for a coat
We stomped our feet in the snow

Many a job took a piece of me
builds over time
leg, back, hip

Came home
to work was a gift
never called in sick

We rolled in the grass
the wife and me
here at the house with the kids

Looks away
Arthritis, she never complained
He said as he rubbed elbow and wrist

And I am lucky
to limp as I hoe
tend a garden and watch it grow

There's no taking it back
to make harvest
the main jobs done

Yes
I'm content
to have one good side
turn to the left and
rest in the sun

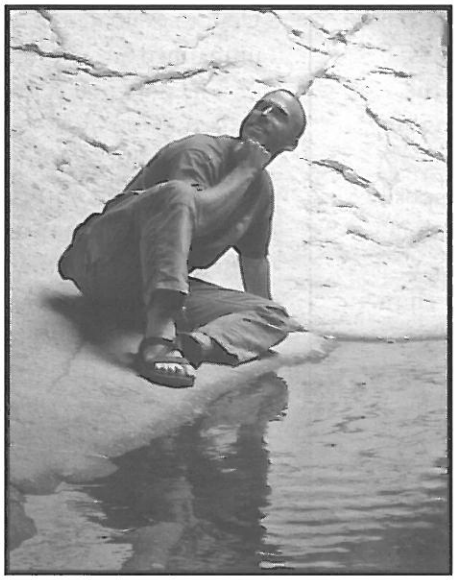
Ralph Sweeney (RAC-01) & Aaron Skillings (RAC-05)

Jesse Haury (RAC-08) & Tony Sleznick (RDD-92)

Howard McGuire (RAC-07)

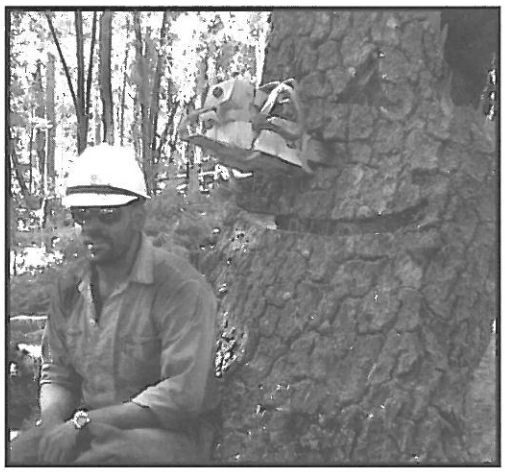
Meet Some Redmond Jumpers

Photo's Courtesy Josh Voshall



Geoff Schultz (RDD-01)

Marcel Potvin (RAC-07)

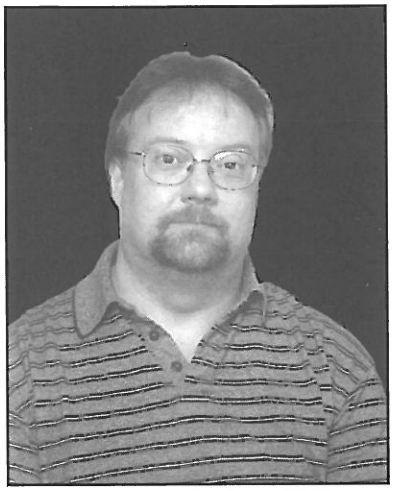


Rob Rosetti (RAC-01)

Josh Voshall (RDD-03)

Layout Design: Johnny Kirkley (CJ-64)

THE VIEW FROM OUTSIDE THE FENCE



by Chris Sorensen
(Associate)

SOME 30 YEARS ago I saw a patch from the Texas A&M Fire School that said "Aggressive Interior Attack."

I don't remember what the patch looks like, but I have never forgotten the phrase "Aggressive Interior Attack," and that is what is important. It's branding.

If you look at the home page of the California Smokejumpers, you will find they are branding the words "SPEED RANGE PAYLOAD. AGGRESSIVE INITIAL ATTACK." Repeat those words 10 times! Commit them to memory. Those words are bold!

The American Marketing Association defines a brand as a "name, term, sign, symbol or design, or a combination of them intended to identify the goods and services of one seller or group of sellers and to differentiate them from those of other sellers."

Therefore, it makes sense to understand that branding is not about getting your target market to choose you over the competition, but it is about getting your prospects to see you as the only one that provides a solution to their problem.

A strong brand is invaluable as the battle for customers intensifies day by day. It's important to spend time investing in researching, defining and building your brand. After all, your brand is the source of a promise to your consumer. It's a foundational piece in your marketing communication and one you do not want to be without.

Budgets have been tight as long as I can remember in the smokejumper project. It has long been perceived that the program is "expensive," while the opposite is true. A few people, including Stephen Pyne of Arizona State University, have advocated eliminating the program altogether.

Some time ago in these pages, **Chuck Sheley** (CJ-59) said his goal was to have every kid in America wearing a smokejumper baseball cap. I want every t-shirt, baseball cap, website, letterhead, jacket to say:

SPEED RANGE PAYLOAD
AGGRESSIVE INITIAL ATTACK

I would like those words to be synonymous with smokejumping. Every time a bureaucrat or a politician thinks of smokejumping, I want him or her to think of those words: SPEED RANGE PAYLOAD. AGGRESSIVE INITIAL ATTACK. We all know the program is invaluable. Make the decision-makers know it's invaluable.

Representatives of the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management participated in a four-day tabletop last fall at the Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah to evaluate the capability of unmanned aircraft in firefighting.

The potential is there for gathering fire intelligence, and if the smokejumper program can take ownership of this, it makes smokejumpers all that more valuable. Some of the aircraft are small enough to be carried in a backpack and could even be dropped as paracargo. The potential is there; we will have to decide where it might go.

The entire article can be located at: *http://www.emergencymgmt.com/disaster/unmanned-aircraft-emergency-response-032411.html.*

Last year's federal firefighter-pay bill never made it out of committee. The new bill has some important changes, including repealing the Hastings-Cantwell Act – PL 107-203 of 2002 – which requires that all fa-

Please Tell Us When You Change Your Address

The postal service does *NOT* forward your copy of *Smokejumper* when you move or leave home for an extended time period. It is returned to us and the NSA is charged an additional first class postage fee. With 30–40 returns per mailing it gets expensive and takes a lot of time. Please let Chuck Sheley know if you have any change in your mailing address. His contact information is on page three.

talities of Forest Service personnel on a wildland fire be investigated by the Department of Agriculture Inspector General's office.

Ellreese Daniels was prosecuted under this act, following decisions he made on the Thirtymile Fire. Not every incident or accident that results in a fatality is the result of criminal activity.

The bill also includes a three-year pilot program for portal-to-portal pay, which would require firefighters to be paid 24 hours a day while they are on fire assignments. It will be interesting to see how this plays out since FEMA has a policy of not paying portal to portal and only paying for 16 hours a day, even if union contracts state otherwise.

The Paid Vacation

by Don M. "Mike" Cramer (Cave Junction '59)

I made my last dive on a submarine May 27, 1959, and was discharged from the Navy at 10 a.m. on May 30, 1959. I then drove 16 hours to my parents' home in Cave Junction, Oregon, and went to sleep for some much-needed rest.

My mother woke me at 7:30 a.m. to say that if I wanted to watch my brother, **Jim Cramer** (CJ-58), make his refresher jumps, I'd best get up and go with my sister, Sandi, to Seats Field to see them.

My brother was in the second load with **Mike Lehman** (CJ-58), **Larry Wright** (CJ-56) and **Ron Price** (CJ-56). Jim and Lehman were in the first stick and both landed close to the target in the field.

My brother then introduced me to **Jim Allen** (NCSB-46), project air officer, and also to Allen's assistant, **Al Boucher** (CJ-49).

While watching the other jumpers make their refresher jumps, Sandy Wessel, the office secretary, drove up with a telegram for Allen that said two people who were to report as trainees the following Monday morning had been in an auto accident. They would not be able to jump that year due to broken bones.

Boucher then asked Allen, "What do we do now?"

My brother spoke up and said, "Well, you've hired my brother, **Fred Cramer** (CJ-59), to start training. Why not hire Mike, too? He just got out of the Navy."

Allen asked me: "Are you interested?"

Then – foolish me – I said, "Yes."

He said: "This is Friday. Check in Sunday; training starts Monday."

I and 18 others began training at the Gobi Monday morning. I believe that only three people did not complete the training and the practice jumps.

My first practice jump was June 27, exactly one month after my last dive on a submarine – from one element to another.

At the end of June everyone got a paycheck, except me. I got a note to see Allen.

He was all sympathy when he said, "When you got out of the Navy, they paid you for 32 days of leave that you had coming, and the government can't pay you twice for the same time period. So, your smokejumper training was paid for by the U.S. Navy Submarine Service."

I thought this had been one of the toughest months of my life, in the hottest, driest place in Oregon, and Allen told me I had just had a paid vacation at a summer resort.

How many jumpers have had their training paid for by the U.S. Navy Submarine Service?

A gathering of friends in Missoula last summer. L-R: Dale Mrkich (MSO-77), Orin Kendall (MSO-76), George Jackson (MSO-74), Bob Cunningham (MSO-74), John Stewart (MSO-69), Bill Hutcheson (MSO-74). (Courtesy Theresa Remington Kendall)

Missoula Class of 1971 40-Year Reunion

September 10 & 11, 2011, Union Pacific Hall, West Yellowstone, Montana. Come tell some stories, renew old friendships and make some new ones. All Smokejumpers are welcome!

Contact: John "Doc" Lammers at (406) 220-2884 or Steve Vittum at (719) 395-6760.

Solving The Umpqua Forest Bigfoot Mystery

by Major L. Boddicker (Missoula '63)

As I was writing the story, "At the Edge of Eternity," of **Dayton Grover** (MSO-55) and me struggling to survive an Idaho blizzard in 1964, a fact came through loudly and clearly: My memory is in need of backup. What I remember as fact is very often fiction, constructed into a mosaic story that is much more interesting than the original.

So, what's new? The problem is I remember it vividly, and often there are remnants of photos or objects, like revolvers and cowboy hats, which verify my memories. If the event did not happen, how did I get the evidence? If I did not do it, who did? If the person who I remember doing the clever and hilarious deed didn't do it, who did it? Did the event happen at all?

Fortunately, Editor **Chuck Sheley** (CJ-59) and **Roger Savage** (MSO-57) have great records of who jumped what fires and the names and addresses of many of the jumpers. I have attempted to verify my memories so that my stories will be accurate and the correct folks will be credited with the heroic deeds. However, this story is for recreation, not history.

I have researched this story, seeking out verification of people and events. Missoula jumpers **Greg Anderson** (MSO-68), **Alan Stohle** (MSO-68), **Menno Troyer** (MSO-68) and I are recorded as jumping the Boulder Ridge Fire. Nobody that was recorded as being on the Umpqua Forest Boulder Ridge forest fire remembers the smokejumper-related parts of it but me.

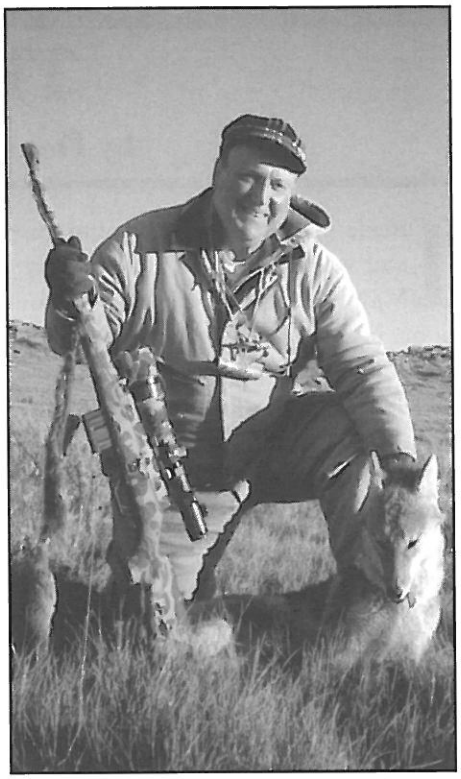
It is very probable that I have dates, times, and people misplaced and/or fictionally constructed, so I admit at least part of this story could be fiction. I will alert readers to the parts of which I am not sure.

For the most part, the people who were supposed to have been there can't remember it happening. But there are mysteries like that from 1960s jumping. So, to save any embarrassment, I have used fictional names when I am not sure.

During the summer of 1968, I needed a job. I was going to graduate school at South Dakota State University in Brookings, S.D. My first contact was my department head who, when asked if he had work for me, said, "Yes, $2 per hour sorting face fly maggots out of cow manure."

"Awright! No thanks," I replied.

So I reapplied to the U.S. Forest Service Missoula Smokejumpers and went back to work jumping out of airplanes, putting out forest fires in Alaska and the Rocky Mountain West. Frankly, I loved the job, but my wife definitely was not excited about it. We had three little kids by then, and I could understand.



Boddicker and the Yuma County Bigfoot coyote January 2008. (Courtesy M. Boddicker)

After a three-year absence from smokejumping, I was fat, out of shape, and I needed a summer back in the basic smokejumper program at Missoula. So I knocked off 35 pounds in four months and was ready to go.

After refresher training, I resumed fighting fires, first in Alaska, then Arizona, then Oregon and Idaho. The summer was full of work and adventure.

In early August, I jumped a fire near the Three Sisters peaks in western Oregon in the big-tree country. It was scary. The trees were really big, and drifting down under the parachute was not relaxing. One worked really hard to land on the ground, not in a tree, which could be 200 feet tall. I was lucky; I hit the ground. I felt I had stepped back 100 million years into the age of dinosaurs.

I felt I had stepped back 100 million years into the age of dinosaurs.

We jumped early in the day, so about 10:30 a.m. we

were on the fire. The fire was small, around the bottom of a huge, dead snag. Fire also burned in the top of the snag, and burning coals popped out and rolled down the mountain. That meant we repeatedly put out fires started by these coals.

About 1 p.m., we cut the snag with a misery whip – a six-foot crosscut handsaw. We had to cut it just right, then drive wedges into the back-cut to jack the snag uphill and to the right into a small slot between big trees to get it to where we could put out the fire. The place was so steep that we had to saw the under-cut on our hands and knees. For the back-cut, we stood below the tree and cut it with our arms over our heads.

It was slow, agonizing work that hurt. It took several hours, and we dropped the snag exactly where we wanted it. By late afternoon, the fire was out. It was too late to start the packout, so we set up a campfire and prepared to camp for the night.

As I remember the event, the three smokejumpers with me were seasoned, tough, gung-ho-type guys. We sat around the fire talking and enjoying the evening telling silk stories. The forest sounds were soft and relaxing. And then from about a mile down the ridge, there was a loud, hissing, screaming roar. WEEEAAAHAAA! Cripes, what the hell was that? All of us heard it and jumped to our feet.

The roar was powerful, gripping, and like nothing we had ever heard before. We looked at each other, remaining fairly quiet, discussing the sound and what it could be – a mountain lion, bear, or owl!

In 1968, Bigfoot was getting a lot of press. Someone suggested that maybe a Bigfoot made the sound. We eventually sat down by the fire again and relaxed. WEEEAAAHAAA! The damned thing roared again about one-half mile out. The roar rattled the air. I could feel the roar as well as hear it. We all scrambled to our feet and headed for weapons. I pulled out my .22 Colt

Woodsman and a Pulaski. The other guys grabbed Pulaskis. Wood was piled on the fire so we had a roaring blaze, and we prepared for defending our lives, scared to death. The conversation went something like this:

"That S.O.B. sounds too big to kill with a .22," Jack whispered. (All names are fictional but mine because I don't remember who said what.)

"I'm going to use my .22 anyway. I'll shoot it in the eye," I replied. "You can whack it with the Pulaski as it rubs its eye," I added.

The guys were nervous and looking around into the cool rainforest gloom, waiting.

"Cripes," Dan whispered as the critter bellowed again about 200 yards from the fire. The feeling was "Oh, s—!" The roar was not our imaginations, and it had power like nothing small could develop. We started hearing brush crack about 100 yards out, working toward us.

When the critter got about 75 yards out, it started circling us. I caught a whiff of its scent, which was like real bad B.O. times ten (scato mixed with cadaverine, which is a *dead body smell*, with pig manure smell thrown on top). We turned with the sound of the moving thing, following as best we could, white-knuckled on the Pulaskis. Jack poked the fire to keep it bright.

"Circling us, probably trying to get our scent," I whispered.

We could hear brush snap as it moved around to our right. We never did see the creature. When it got to where it should have been able to smell us, it stopped. Then the noises started to fade as it moved on away from us.

"It's leaving," I said quietly.

All four of us were seasoned, tough guys. All of us had risked our lives for our jumper buddies in multiple close calls. So, fear was not new to us. These guys and I were spooked!

"Suppose it will come back?" Jack asked.

"No way of telling," I replied. "I doubt it. It probably was calling to us either to warn us that we were trespassing or to see if we would answer. It knows we aren't 'it,' so it probably won't be back."

"Man, that was spooky," Ed said quietly.

"What the hell was it?" Dan asked.

"I don't know – never heard anything like it," I repeated. "Maybe there is a Bigfoot."

We rustled around camp getting our bedrolls out and laid out on spruce bough beds. The fire was stoked up, and we tried to sleep. Each of us had a Pulaski at the ready.

The next morning we packed out to a road and caught a ride back to Cave Junction, Ore. From there we were transferred to Redmond, Ore., that afternoon.

I was so impressed with the Bigfoot's roar that when

I got back to Missoula, I bought a new Ruger Super Blackhawk .44 Magnum revolver at Wards to protect against future Bigfoots. I packed that *hawg leg* the rest of that summer and the next summer, everywhere I went in Alaska. The big Blackhawk is still my second-favorite sidearm; the Colt .22 is still first. At that time, buying the revolver was a big deal because my income was tiny, and my wife was not a big fan of gun collecting.

About mid-afternoon the next day, the fire bell rang, and Greg Anderson and I jumped another fire near Bend, Ore. It was a small fire in sparse grass in sharp lava rocks. Man, the air was dry and hot, and I augured in like a sack of potatoes. Hitting the ground and rolling put bruises over my body.

Greg and I put the fire out quickly. By 7 p.m., we were finished, so we set up camp and got ready for the night. We were required to stay at a fire 12 hours after we saw the last smoke, so we figured on getting a bit of overtime and finally getting a few hours to relax. It wasn't to be. About 7:30 p.m., the rancher pulled up to us on a D-6 Caterpillar and unloaded a couple of state Forest Service firefighters to replace us.

"You guys must be important," the rancher said. "They want you back, pronto. More fires, I guess," he drawled.

"Yeah, right," Greg replied, disappointed that we were aced out of some extra overtime.

So we rode a D-6 for the next hour, then got into a USFS Travelall and headed back toward Redmond. The driver was a nice, fresh young kid – a gung-ho Forest Service type.

At this point in the story and forward, Greg Anderson does not remember anything about this tale. If it happened like my yarn spins, it would be totally out of character for Greg (Greg was **not** Harry!). I faintly remember somewhere along the way, two other jumpers were picked up to pool rides with us, and a different jumper comes out of my memory and moves forward in the story.

The new jumper's name is fictional because who I remember being there is not on the record as being there. Obviously, I am constructing the dialog based on memory that is 42 years old, but the dialog is what I remember.

We stopped and picked up Jerry and Harry (both fictional names), who had jumped a different two-man fire. Greg and Jerry got in a different vehicle, and Harry and I proceeded toward Redmond in the Travelall.

"Suppose we could get this kid plastered and get us a couple of hours of O.T.?" Harry whispered.

"Don't know, but I'm magnum thirsty," I whispered back.

"We are really hungry. Any chance of stopping and getting a burger?" I asked the driver.

"Yeah, there's a bar and grill up ahead if you don't take too long," the young USFS worker said.

We chatted as he drove, mostly silk stories about smokejumping. The driver really wanted to be a smokejumper, so we turned it on pretty thick. As we rolled through a small town buried in the forest, we came to a long log building: Ace's Bar and Grill (fictional name).

"This is the place!" I exclaimed.

"Man, am I dry. I'd kill for hamburger," Harry exclaimed.

"The golden brew – three large glasses and a pitcher," I ordered.

"I can't drink any. It's against regulations," the driver protested.

"What?" Harry asked crossly (tongue-in-cheek). "And you want to be a smokejumper? God made brew for smokejumpers. I am sure I read in the USFS manual that there were exceptions for ground-pounder drivers who were transporting smokejumpers to have a brew now and again," Harry winked at me.

The pitcher and glasses were delivered, and I poured all three glasses full. We also ordered cheeseburgers and fries.

"No, you are just pulling my leg. The Forest Service manual doesn't say that," the driver said.

"Well, I guess we'll see," I said quietly. "Harry, you still on the new smokejumper selection committee?" I asked.

"Yep," he said, giving me that *okay, it's registered* look. This dude didn't have a prayer. The kid duly noted the remark and picked up his brew. In 1968, the beer drinking age was 18 or 19, so this *kid* was of legal drinking age.

About that time, a big black-bearded guy who smelled bad, with a USFS hard-hat, got up and walked over to our table. I very distinctly remember this happening.

"You guys jumpers, aren't yah?" he drawled, four fingers of snoose in his lip and a brew glass in his big paw.

"You guys jumpers, aren't yah?" he drawled, four fingers of snoose in his lip and a brew glass in his big paw.

"Suppose the orange shirts gave us away," Harry replied.

"Yeah, we just jumped a fire out in the lava beds and needed a brew to ease the pain of the bruises. Thin air and we hit the ground like sacks of 'taters," I replied, trying to get the conversation away from Harry. Harry loved to pick fights, and that was exactly where he was headed.

"Well, I respect you guys. That is a tough job," he

said. "In fact, I'm buying you another pitcher." And so he did. Our young driver was really soaking it down, making sure Harry could see him doing it.

We traded stories for 30 minutes or so and ate our burgers.

"Hey guys, we better go," the driver said. "It's getting late and we are supposed to be back by 11 p.m."

"Oh, hold your horses," Harry said. "We need a few minutes to relax."

"Do you ever hear or see anything of Bigfoot around here?" I asked the bearded guy.

The bearded guy looked at me incredulously, gave a big sigh, and poured all of the glasses full again. By now, we were about to finish our second two-quart pitcher. I knew I had pulled off a big winner – extra overtime and a great story.

Did this really happen? Come on, now – could Boddicker come up with something this bizarre on his own? It happened.

"I knew when I saw you guys walk in I was goin' to get a chance to get this off my chest. I ain't told nobody about this 'cuz nobody would believe me," he began.

"I just got back from a fire near the Three Sisters where we had a Bigfoot roar at us and walk around our fire. I know danged well they are here," I said to encourage him in what we anticipated would be a great story.

He leaned back, took off his hard hat, and his story started spilling out. Nobody dared interrupt, except to wave to the bartender for another pitcher.

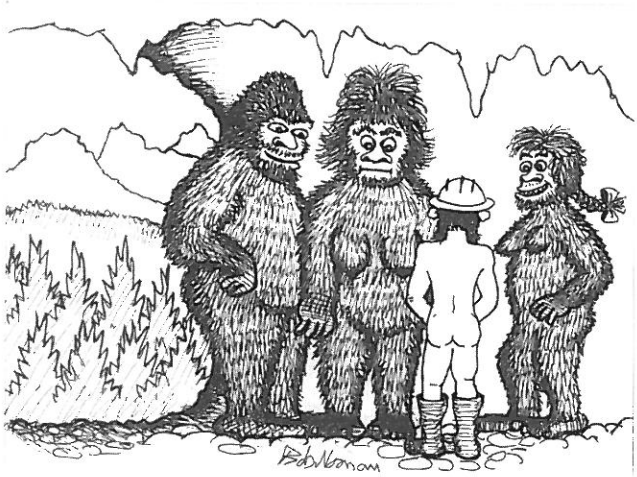
I am a timber cruiser. It is a damned lonely job out here, but I roam around in this jungle marking trees for timber sales.

Two months ago, I was out cruising up Red Fern Creek (fictional name), way back in. I took along a big lunch and two full cans of snoose, just in case I had to spend the night.

About two in the afternoon, I felt something was bad wrong because I started smelling something like a three-day-old dead pig, and the bushes would move. I never did see anything, but I was really spooked. I just finished up marking a tree and walked right into Bigfoot. Cripes! I pee'd my pants right there. It reached out and grabbed my neck like I was a beer bottle.

It lifted me off the ground. I thought I was dead. But Bigfoot flipped me around and under its arm and carried me off. I suppose it walked five miles or so, and I got real hard-up for a chew. So I wiggled and groaned and squirmed, and it set me down. Man, I needed a chew and figured it might be a long time before I'd get to snoose. I just dipped a half-finger pinch. Bigfoot really looked funny at me.

I just put the snoose can away, and back under its arm I went. Suppose Bigfoot carried me about five more miles before it walked into a big cave. The smell in the cave was unbelievable, and at the back I could make out two more



Bigfoots. It motioned for them to come up to me.

One was a big female, 'bout the same size as the male. Wow, it was raw and rank. The female looked me over, stuck a thumb in my mouth and looked at my teeth, grunted a bit, spinned me around, then motioned for me to take off my clothes. I motioned that no way I was takin' off my clothes, so it ripped off my coat. I took off my clothes so I could at least have some to put back on. The female spinned me around again, lookin' me over. It then grunted and motioned for the other Bigfoot to come forward. For cripes sake, wouldn't you know it would be another female; it was the daughter and a bit shy, but it looked at my naked body with great interest.

My God, the thought came to me that maybe I had been kidnapped for this creature!

This thought, so revolting to the timber cruiser, was quite inviting to Harry.

Harry was grinning, counting up his overtime and generating thoughts of an exotic sexual encounter with a Bigfoot lass. The driver was so plastered he could barely sit up.

"Man, what a revolting situation to be in," I said. At this point I was very impressed at this guy's storytelling ability. He was believable.

The cruiser continued his story.

Was I ever scared! This thing just kept walking around, muttering and grunting. The big male and female stayed close, making sure I didn't get away. Finally, I had to have a chew, so I motioned that I needed a chew and slowly went to my pants and took a half-finger pinch. Man, that saved my life. I looked at them and motioned that I wanted to put my clothes on. They didn't object.

They fed me berries and beetle grubs. We traveled north, staying in caves. When I tried to leave, the big male would grab me and under its arm I'd go until it decided to put me down or I had to have a chew, and it would let me down for that.

At night, I was forced to lie beside the young female. It obviously wanted me to make love to it. The big male and female were egging it on, but I just wouldn't. I kept acting like I didn't know what they wanted. The male got pretty frustrated. I just played dumb. After 10 days of eating bugs, berries, rotten roadkills, and sundry raw flora and fauna, I was getting tired of it. The young female was getting more and more aggressive, and frankly, I was startin' to smell like them and to act like them. I know'd it was time to get out of there. Every time I tried to sneak off, they would fetch me back and got rougher about it each time.

Well, something had to give. I had about four fingers left in one snoose can, and the other can was full. So I knew things was gettin' serious.

"Then a flash of brilliance hit me," he paused.

"Man, what could you do? What a hell of a mess," I exclaimed.

Yeah, things looked bleak. Well, I could tell the male was real curious about my snoose, and the thought came to me if I could get the old male to eat a whole can while the females were asleep, maybe I could escape. So, the next time I took a dip, I motioned to the male if it wanted a chew. Well, Bigfoot was beside itself with joy. I motioned to it to hold out its lip, and I tucked in a half-finger pinch. Well, the Bigfoot loved the snuff. I waited around the cave until the female and daughter went to sleep. Then I took a dip and offered the big male the whole new can. I put all of the snoose into Bigfoot's mouth, and down the hatch it went. It only took a couple of minutes, and Bigfoot was unconscious. I bolted and ran for two days until I hit a road and caught a ride back here.

"What did you tell your boss and family?" I asked. "They had to wonder where you had been."

"I told them I got lost, and it took me 12 days to find my way out. I ain't ever told nobody about this happening 'cept you. Nobody would believe me," he continued.

"The only thing I don't believe is that you didn't f—

the young female," Harry piped in.

"No, I just couldn't. It was an animal and really smelled bad," he finished.

"Harry would have, no doubt about it," I stated matter-of-factly. "Wow, what a story! Did you bring back any proof of the creatures?" I asked.

"No, I really didn't get any," he said. "My wife doesn't believe I was lost, so I'm really in the dog house."

Well, he did, but might not have recognized it – he still smelled like them.

"Have you gone back into the woods since this happened?" Harry asked.

"No, I got reassigned. The boss didn't believe I was lost, so I am driving a truck," he said.

"Could you find the cave again?" I asked. "Maybe we could put a team together and check it out!"

"Never, never. I couldn't find it and wouldn't go anyway, no way. They could have killed me," he concluded.

It was 12:30 a.m. We were the last gents in the place, and it was closing up. Our young driver was out in a deep sleep.

"Man, I really appreciate you telling us this story," I said. "I'm sure it is true."

"How could anyone dream up a story like this?" he queried. "I could go into a lot more detail about how they looked. The young female was about 6-foot-5, 350 pounds, with breasts like watermelons and breath like ..." he tried to continue.

"We really need to get down the road. If you keep this up, Harry will insist we try to find it," I said. The Bigfoot lass sounded like Harry's gal from Ekalaka.

"Aw nuts – do we have to go? He's just getting to the interesting stuff," Harry chimed in.

Harry and I paid up on the bill, and we carried the driver and laid him in the back seat. I drove on to Bend. We managed to wake the driver, get his address, and deliver him to his home. We drove on to the ranger station, left the Travelall, and then hitched a ride to the sheriff's office. From there we got another ride with a deputy to Redmond.

"Bad fire?" the deputy asked as we got into his squad car.

"No, it was small, in the lava, so was pretty well burned out when we got on it," I replied.

"Well, I'm glad you showed up. It's been a long, boring night," the deputy remarked.

I sat in the back seat. On the floor under my feet was a big, black cowboy hat, which I picked up. It was made for me, just my size.

"What is the story behind this cowboy hat?" I asked.

"Oh, it is the evidence that was left from a car heist last week. We got the car, but the cowboy took off through the brush and left the hat," the deputy replied.

"We don't have any use for it. You want it?" he asked.

"Wow – yeah. It fits perfect. Thanks," I replied.

The deputy was a great storyteller and filled us in on the Oregon cowboy law-enforcement scene on the trip back to Redmond.

At 8 a.m., we climbed on a plane and flew back to Missoula. Shortly after that we flew to Ontario, Calif., for a big pounder fire.

The summer went by quickly. In the fall, I went back to school and the summer's events faded in my memory.

I still have that cowboy hat, now full of ember burns, a .357 Magnum hole, faded retardant spots, and lots of stories. It was my signature sign and hardhat the rest of the 1968 and the 1969 season in Alaska. The hat and my Ruger .44 Magnum are tangible proof that some of this story really happened.

In 1997, I wrote up parts of this story for the *American Trapper* magazine with an ending that was totally fictional (an allegory pun, or metaphor) about meeting up with the Bigfoot lass who had married an Arkansas possum trapper and had a litter of wildlife agency bureaucrats.

In response to that article, a trapper sent me a copy of a cartoon story by R. Crumb, '70, entitled "Whiteman Meets Bigfoot." It looks like it was probably from *Hustler* magazine or some similar porn rag. The story is about a Joe Six-pack guy and the Bigfoot Lass who got together for an extended romp. R. Crumb wrote the story in 1970, two years after we were told the tale by the timber cruiser.

Was the timber cruiser's tale true? If it wasn't, he was a great storyteller. He may have even believed the story himself. Did he create the story, an adaptation of which eventually ended up in the porno rag?

As I was writing this story, I visited a Barnes & Noble bookstore and in the bargain section was a book entitled *Sasquatch – True-Life Encounters with Legendary Ape-Men*, by Rupert Matthews. It was published by Hartwell Books, Inc., Edison, N.J. As Bigfoot books go, this is a good one with a well-balanced treatment of the world-wide Yeti/Bigfoot phenomena. On page 23, Matthews recounts the Albert Ostman story of a Bigfoot incident in British Columbia in 1924. Ostman's story, which was made public in 1958, and the timber cruiser's story had many similarities. The Copenhagen snoose feature was the most obvious.

What did we hear around the fire on Umpqua Forest Boulder Ridge Fire on that August evening in 1968? Why did I remember it so vividly? My attitude about Bigfoot is skeptical – 1 percent, maybe.

I have spent my career in wildlife management and have heard wildlife sounds in the forests, plains, and jungles of Peru, South America; Gabon, Africa; Siberia; the veldt of South Africa; and in North America. Always I have listened for Bigfoot's call. I heard monkey sounds in Peru that were similar. A huge silverback lowland gorilla jumped down from a tree, stomped the ground and beat its chest, roaring at me and three black helpers with the same volume, but a different sound and cadence, in October of 2003 at Petit Loango Reserve in Gabon. I never heard the Bigfoot call again in any of my adventures over 40 years.

Then, on a clear and cold winter morning in January 2008, Jim Matsuda, a hunting buddy, and I were calling coyotes in Yuma County, Colo. I was using a CRIT'R•Call Song Dog predator call to make coyote challenge howls to try to bring coyotes to us to shoot them.

We were hunting in heavy sandhills chops – small, undulating hills covered in red grasses and short sagebrush. As we drove slowly over a hill, we noticed a coyote mousing in the sagebrush about one-half mile away.

We parked the truck behind a hill, downwind, and out of sight of the coyote and crept over the hill to get into position to call to the coyote.

I made a loud, aggressive coyote challenge howl on my Song Dog, a harsh bark-bark, wwwHooo!, then repeated it. WEEEAAAHAAA! A very loud hissing bawl came back at us. Bigfoot! The sound I will never forget filled the air.

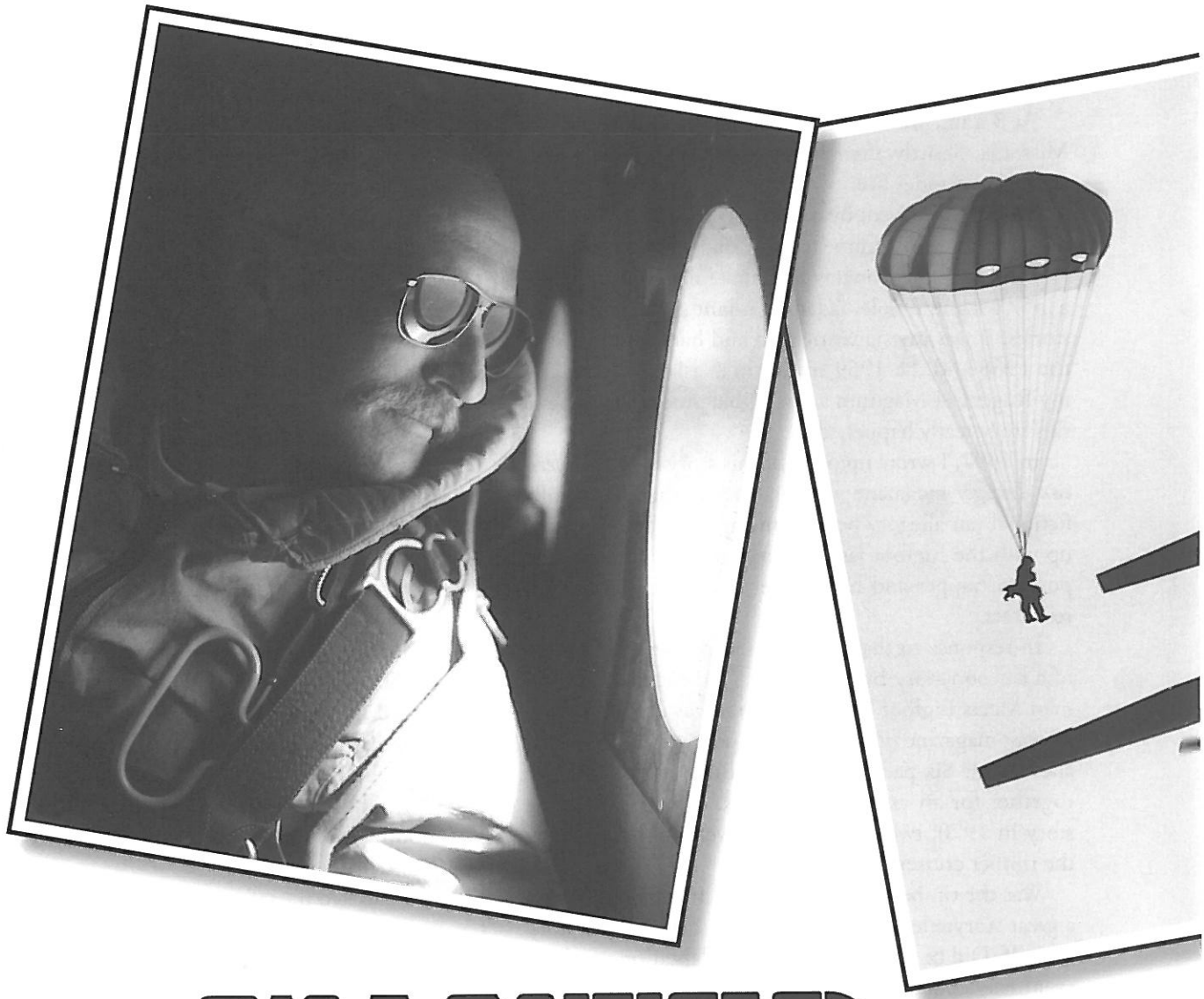
My buddy looked at me, eyes big, and he silently mouthed, "What the hell is that?" I replied with a *don't know* shrug.

I checked the safety on my .308 to make sure the rifle was ready. Then I made another challenge howl: bark-bark, wwwHooo!

The hissing bawl was repeated and was closer. A big coyote came into view running at us full tilt, bouncing through the sagebrush. At about 30 yards out, in clear view, it stopped in an open patch of short grass, lowered its head, and wagged it back and forth, mouth open, and out of it came the Bigfoot bawl: WEEEAAAHAAA!

For a 30-pound animal, it sounded like a 400-pound monster. So the Umpqua Forest Bigfoot was a pissed-off coyote coming in to defend its turf, hollering, peeing, and wiping its scent glands on the vegetation, smelling like pig feces. Mystery solved! Bang – I shot it.

A puzzling mystery remains. Who the hell was Harry? Was he my alter ego trying to shift guilt, blame, and shame over to someone fictional for the stunts I pulled off? Or was he real? My memory registers him as real, someone like the John Belushi character in the movie, *Animal House*, doing the ZIT impersonation. But I could be totally wrong. If any of you MSO-68 jumpers remember any of this, let me know so we can get the facts straight.



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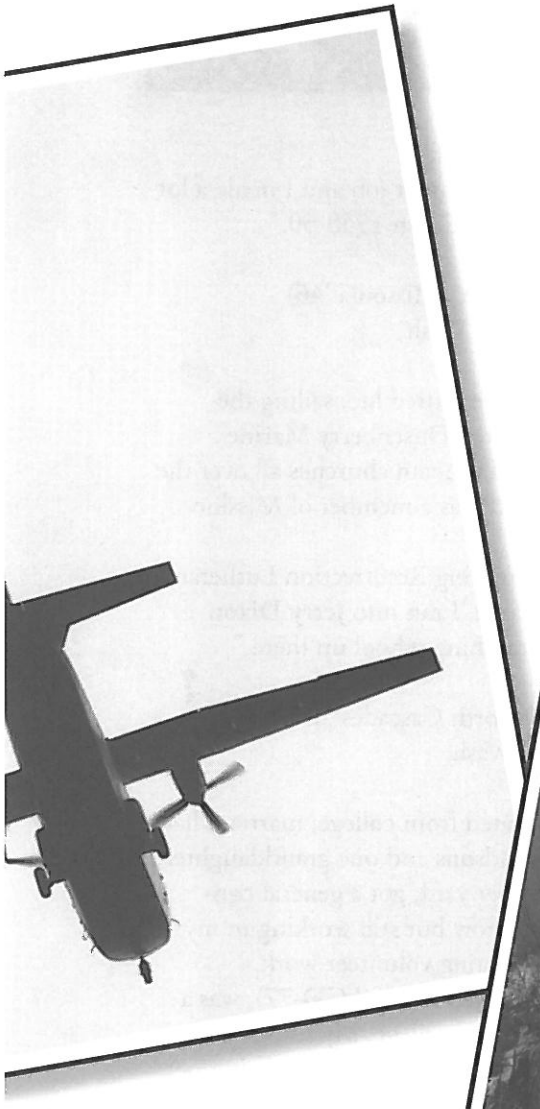

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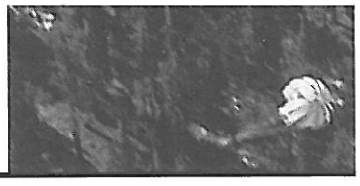
Layout Design: Johnny Kirkley (CJ-64)

THE JUMP LIST



The Jump List is intended to bring you up-to-date on your fellow NSA members. Send your information to Chuck Sheley; see his contact information on page 3 of this magazine.

ROBERT V. POTTER (Missoula '44)
Now living in: Mocksville, N.C.
Jumped: MSO 44
Since jumping: Retired; recently had lower back surgery but can move about and is all right otherwise; taking care of wife, who has colon cancer; three daughters have families of their own, live elsewhere and can't be of direct help.
Robert says: "The one season I jumped was the highlight of my life and I have never forgotten it. I am still in frequent communication with another two-year Missoula jumper – David Clippinger (MSO-51) – of the same era. I also enjoy *Smokejumper* magazine."

CARROLL A. RIECK (Missoula '46)
Now living in: Olympia, Wash.
Jumped: MSO 46-47
Since jumping: Worked 30 years as fish and wildlife biologist for the Washington State Fish and Game Department; served two years in United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization in Zambia (Africa); served two years in Peace Corps in Chile and Costa Rica, teaching wildlife management in Chile and bookkeeping in Costa Rica.
Carroll says: "I'm 86 years old now and retired. I stay healthy through exercising and walking every day and eating right."

ROY L. GOSS (North Cascades '46)
Now living in: Okanogan, Wash.
Jumped: NCSB 46-50
Since jumping: Finished studies at Washington State College in 1951; taught vocational agriculture, USDA Soil Conservation Service; returned to WSC graduate school in 1955 in Agronomy; took research position in turf-grass science at Puyallup, Wash., in 1958; received Ph.D. from Washington State University in 1960; set up and conducted research and extension programs at WSU-Puyallup for 30 years; retired 1988; married in 1952; wife died 1975; no children; married Marcella in 1977; moved to Hawaii in 1991 and returned to Okanogan in 1995, building the home in which we're living; volunteered in Master Gardener Program; a Master Mason, Scottish Rite, York Rite and Shriner; playing "at" golf.
Roy says: "It was a good summer job and I made a lot of friends. I was a squad leader in 1948-50."

ROBERT DUSENBERRY (Missoula '46)
Now living in: Anacortes, Wash.
Jumped: MSO 46-48, 61
Since jumping: Living the retired life, sailing the Northwest waters; operated Dusenberry Marine Services 1984-94; built Lutheran churches all over the United States, 1994-2005, as a member of Mission Builders.
Robert says: "While building Resurrection Lutheran Church in Seward, Alaska, I ran into **Jerry Dixon** (MYC-71), who was teaching school up there."

HOWARD BETTY (North Cascades '48)
Now living in: Twisp, Wash.
Jumped: NCSB 48-55
Since jumping: Graduated from college; married; had three children, five grandsons and one granddaughter; we bought a retail lumber yard; got a general contractor's license; retired now but still working in my cabinet shop and performing volunteer work.
Howard says: "My son, **Ned Betty** (LGD-77), was a jumper for five years during college. My son-in-law, **Steve Reynaud** (NCSB-65), retired as a smokejumper."

DONALD DAYTON (Missoula '48)
Now living in: Santa Fe, N.M.
Jumped: MSO 48
Since jumping: After two summers with the U.S. Forest Service (1947-48) and two with the National Park Service (1950-51), graduated from college with a major in wildlife management; then had a stint in the Air Force assigned to Wheelus AFB in Tripoli, Libya – "before Col. Muammar Gaddafi," Donald said; Donald's beautiful new bride joined him there while she worked in the Army Corps of Engineers; returned to the U.S. and got a permanent position with the National Park Service for five years at Glacier National Park in Montana, specializing in fire control, earning red card as sector boss and air officer; bear management was another duty; was called upon in June 1959 to rescue a young man hiking Mt. Altyn who was attacked by a grizzly bear; killed the bear as it was on top of the victim, chewing on him; the victim survived the near-death experience; Dayton received

the Valor Award from the Department of the Interior for his heroics; hunted down and disposed of another bear which had severly injured a young boy the following summer; worked the fire line of the difficult Coal Creek fire, which tended to crown out every afternoon in very heavy fuel; transferred to Sequoia-Kings Canyon National Parks in California, where fires in the remote High Sierra were constant problems every summer; then managed four national parks in the West before being assigned to Santa Fe, N.M., as the deputy regional director for the Southwest Region for nine years; retired after 36 years with the NPS; volunteered along with wife in the Santa Fe Fire Department, where she was an emergency medical technician for 17 years; also helped organize the Santa Fe Search and Rescue Team for hikers lost in the mountains; for exercise, hiked up 15 of the highest "Fourteeners" in Colorado; now, at ages 82 and 78, respectively, "we may start thinking of slowing down in a few years."

Donald says: "To incoming rookie jumpers: You are about to enter an elite group of wildfire management professionals. They are held in very high esteem with the American public. Help us uphold this reputation. Although you may view it as only a summer job now, it may well be the spark that introduces you to an outstanding future career in environmental management. It did for me."

Continued on **page 36**

Athletic Excellence – Olympic Gold

by Ed Booth (Associate Editor)

You're already well aware that smokejumpers possess the physical abilities and stamina that few people can match.

However, while no smokejumper, of whom we're aware, has been an Olympic athlete, three of them have had children who have not only competed at the Olympic level – but have excelled.

Eric Heiden and his sister, Beth, are children of **Jack Heiden** (CJ-54). Both were speed skaters at the 1980 Winter Olympics in Lake Placid, N.Y., with Eric setting records with his haul of gold medals and Beth claiming a bronze.

Tommy Moe, son of **Thomas Moe** (MSO-63), became the first American male skier to collect two medals at the same Olympics in 1994 at Lillehammer, Norway.

And in a sport that's more obscure, but no less demanding, Launi Meili, daughter of **Hal Meili** (CJ-52), brought home a gold medal from the rifle competition at the 1988 Seoul Olympics.

Here's a summary of each athlete's accomplishments:

Eric Heiden

- won all the men's speed skating races and set four Olympic records and one world record at the 1980 Winter Olympic Games in Lake Placid.
- is the only athlete in the history of speed skating to have won all five events in a single Olympics and the only one to have won a gold medal in all events. He is considered by some to be the best overall speedskater (short and long distances) in the sport's history.
- won three World Allround Championships and four World Sprint Championships. Three times he broke the world record in the 1,000 meters, twice in the 3,000 meters, and once each in the 1,500 meters and 10,000 meters. He also broke the points world record in both allround and the sprinting distances.
- was inducted into the United States Olympic Hall of Fame in 1983.
- became a professional racing cyclist after his speed skating career, and was inducted into the United States Bicycling Hall of Fame in 1999.
- served as team physician for the NBA's Sacramento Kings and the Sacramento Monarchs of the WNBA, as well as team physician for the U.S. Olympic Speed Skating Team.

Beth Heiden

- set a national record for 14-year-olds in the mile run in 1974.
- won the World Allround Speed Skating Championships in 1979, the second female American to win the title.
- won a bronze medal in the 3,000-meter skating at the 1980 Winter Olympics in Lake Placid.
- won the U.S. Road Cycle Racing Championship, and in 1980, the world road championship.
- is a member of the Speed Skating Hall of Fame.
- was the NCAA National Champion in cross country skiing at the University of Vermont in 1983 and an All-American in the same sport, as a walk-on in her first year of the sport. In that same year she became national champion in one of the skiing distance events.
- placed in the top ten in two races at the age of 50 in the 2010 U.S. Cross Country Skiing Nationals.

Tommy Moe

- joined the U.S. Ski Team in 1986 at age 16.
- made his international debut at age 18 at the 1989 World Championships in Vail, Colo., where he placed 12th in the downhill competition.
- became the first American male skier to win two medals in a single Olympics, winning gold in the downhill and silver in the super-G at the 1994 Games in Lillehammer.
- had his best World Cup season in 1994, during which he finished third in the Super-G, eighth in the downhill, and eighth in the overall standings.
- was inducted into the National Ski Hall of Fame in 2003.

Launi Meili

- won the gold medal in the 50-meter small-bore rifle, three positions, at the Barcelona Olympics in 1992. She was seventh in the same event at the 1988 Seoul Olympics.
- finished sixth in the 10-meter air rifle event in Seoul and 11th in Barcelona.
- coached the all-woman University of Nebraska rifle team to the co-ed NCAA National Championship.
- became rifle coach at the U.S. Air Force Academy in 2008.

If you know of other smokejumpers' children who have been Olympians, please let us know at cnkgsheley@earthlink.net.

A Campus And Curricula For A U.S. Forest Service Academy

by Les Joslin

It's one thing to propose and justify the notion of a U.S. Forest Service Academy, as I did in the Summer 2010 "OldSmokeys" newsletter (re-printed April 2011 issue *Smokejumper*), but it's quite another to give shape and substance to such a notion. Encouraged by positive responses to the academy notion from accomplished Forest Service people I have long admired and respected, I share a notion of what such an academy's campus might be and what it might teach.

The Campus

The residential campus of a U.S. Forest Service Academy – at which an entry-level officer candidate course and a mid-career advanced course would be offered – should be located at an easily accessible site on a national forest in the West that has a significantly diverse multiple-use resource management program and a large recreation and other public uses program that would provide the widest possible array of curriculum-related field experiences for students.

Student field experiences would materially benefit the hosting national forest by accomplishing much of its workload. This hosting national forest would be, in effect, a "teaching national forest," operating akin to the way a "teaching hospital" operates with interns and residents.

The campus would be modern, functional, and reflect the aura of the Forest Service. It would comprise of: a central hall for administrative and instructional offices, classrooms and a library; residential dormitories; a practical skills center, equipped with tools and a shop; an equestrian skills center and stock facility; a physical fitness obstacle course; and other appropriate and essential outbuildings in a properly landscaped setting. Most building and grounds maintenance could be performed by students.

The academy staff would comprise of a superintendent, a registrar, a counselor, a technology assistant, and a faculty organized into several instructional departments. All would have appropriate Forest Service backgrounds as well as academic, professional, and practical experience, and would be selected for their abilities to teach and inspire. All staff would work daily with students.

The Curricula

The curricula, for both entry-level and advanced courses, should be geared toward developing all-around forest officers with the psychological and physical wherewithal and the all-important desire to be forest officers first and specialists second.

Entry-level officer candidate students would be persons already possessed of academic degrees (or significant agency experience) in a natural resources management discipline, engineering, business and management, and the "ologies." Every component of the

entry-level curriculum would have classroom theory, reinforced by practical and productive and meaningful fieldwork on the hosting national forest.

Advanced students would be experienced forest officers selected for district ranger and other leadership and management positions. The curriculum of their shorter course would focus on administrative management and leadership skills updating for such positions. Academic rigor would be a feature of both curricula.

Four instructional departments would teach courses sequenced in a highly structured flow in which academic theory and practical experience would be mutually reinforcing. In the officer candidate course, such departments, as below, could offer the instruction indicated:

• A *Department of Heritage Studies* could help students gain appreciation for and knowledge of Forest Service history, tradition, literature, and ethics as a basis for professional service, and enhance their appreciation of what OldSmokey Lyle Laverty terms the "incredible treasures" of the National Forest System.

• A *Department of Professional Skills* could teach the art and science of rangering (including how to look and act like a forest officer), as well as provide a common grounding in such basic forestry skills as cruising timber, surveying, road and trail engineering and layout, range surveys, and public speaking and presentation to a wide range of audiences.

• A *Department of Leadership and Management Skills* would teach the difference between leadership (of people) and management (of assets). Students would learn that to lead they must first learn to follow. They would learn leadership by precept and example. They would come to value a congenial and constructive form of command and control leadership and management that gets things done efficiently and effectively, and that should replace the current counterproductive collaboration-and-control model that precludes timely progress at great personal and public cost. They would learn the organization and mission of the Forest Service, National Forest System law and policy, and Forest Service administrative management systems and procedures (which, one would hope, will be improved) which implement the law and the mission.

• A *Department of Traditional Skills* would make woodsmen of students. Students would become adept at traditional backcountry skills, including trail and cross-country travel on foot and horseback, animal packing, hand- and power-tool use in trails and facilities construction and maintenance, etc. Students would become adept at forest protection skills and qualifications, including skills leading to basic firefighting qualifications. Daily physical fitness training would continue throughout the course.

In sum, the officer candidate course, during an academically and physically rigorous and rewarding experience of perhaps four months, would teach much of what a junior professional on a ranger district should know how to do, or at least know he or she should know how to do, to be an effective and productive member of a district resource management team, cognizant of resource interfaces and interoperability and able to work across resource disciplines and in the field, as well as in the office.

In the process, these junior professionals would internalize a culture of pride and professionalism in public service that would enable them to provide appropriate training to the many seasonal employees and volunteers in their charge, who often represent the Forest Service and the National Forest System to the public.

These same instructional departments would develop and present the curriculum for the mid-career advanced course.

The Challenge

The challenge is first to get the attention of Forest Service leadership and communicate the need for such a U.S. Forest Service Academy in a way that convinces and compels that leadership to secure the resources needed for the academy's development and implementation. The challenge then would be to design entry-level and advanced-level courses of instruction and performance that would address the relevant knowledge, skills, and abilities elements identified above – and any I left out that should be added – in a reinforcing and rewarding program.

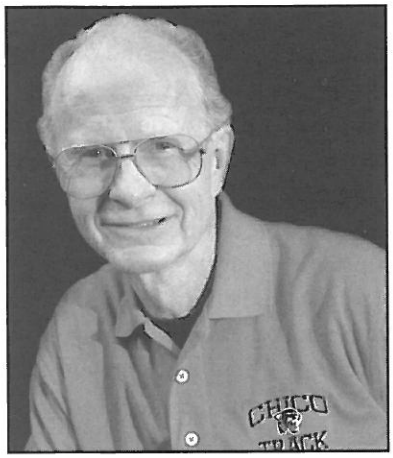
I don't know – given what I see these days – if such a concept has a snowball's chance of even being considered, but it's got no chance if we don't try.

I do know – as a former district-level supervisor and a university adjunct instructor who teaches a forestry course – that there is a lot of eager, raw talent that, along with the National Forest System and the Forest Service, could benefit from such a career forest officer development program that, I believe, is essential to retool the Forest Service into the viable agency it once was and is essential to the future.

I challenge the chief to make it happen and stand ready to help.

Les Joslin is a retired U.S. Navy commander and a former U.S. Forest Service firefighter, wilderness ranger and staff officer. He writes and teaches from his Bend, Oregon, home. He can be reached at: lesjoslin@aol.com

SOUNDING OFF from the Editor



by Chuck Sheley
(Cave Junction '59)
MANAGING EDITOR

As The Years Pass- The More Things Don't Change

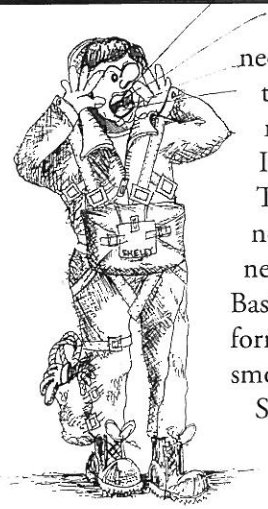
IN ADDITION TO providing excellent leadership, there has been another advantage to having **John Twiss** (RAC-67) lead the NSA as President. I would also mention NSA Secretary **Tom Boatner** (FBX-80) in the same breath.

Through the many connections that these gentlemen have developed in their long careers in firefighting, we now have added a new dimension to the NSA Board of Directors meetings.

Smokejumper Base Managers have been in attendance at two of our last three board meetings. We get the opportunity to meet these individuals, hear from them, and put a face to a name. They are an impressive group, and you can see that the cream has risen to the top in the smokejumping business.

At the same time, I feel that they leave our meetings with a better understanding of the NSA, our goals, and how we are there to help keep smokejumping viable for many years.

In the following paragraphs, I have printed some of their thoughts and concerns from our minutes of these meetings.



Hector Madrid (MYC-89), Base Manager of the Boise Smokejumpers, has told us of the ever-expanding use of jumpers on Type 3 incidents, and they now put a Type 3 Incident Commander on every load. They are training and fielding Command and General Staff personnel on Type 1 and 2 Incident Management Teams, plus single resource positions in numerous categories. This year the Boise Base will assist in the completion of 65,000 to 90,000 acres of prescribed fire and fuels management work

Eric Brundige (MYC-77), the Operations Foreman at the McCall Base, says that the McCall jumpers are also filling outside detail assignments, including one as District Ranger.

Redding Base Manager, **Don Sand** (RDD-79), talked about the number of smokejumper requests that routinely are not being able to be filled during critical times. Both Hector and Don consider one of the biggest issues currently is a lack of overall numbers. For instance, the current number of smokejumpers in Region One of the USFS is 133. In 1968, that number was 201.

Demand to fill holes in other parts of the fire organization, a need to get people out on training assignments for red card qualifications, Incident Management Team commitments, and new and expanding business in areas like the Great Basin and Southern California are all stressing the smokejumper workforce.

Smokejumper numbers aren't adequate to meet the current mission.

Don feels that now is the golden age of smokejumping with more fire jumps and more single resource assignments. There are just not enough jumpers and too many bureaucratic barriers to their effective movement and use.

Darren Belsby (NCSB-91), Base Manager at North Cascades, gave us a positive message with the information that the head count at his base was increased from 24 to 36 jumpers.

Bill Cramer (NIFC-90), Alaska Base Manager, briefed us on their historic use of jumpers as they made 1090 fire jumps and dropped 715,000 pounds of cargo last summer.

In addition to the Base Managers, we have been fortunate enough to hear from high-ranking personnel in our fire organizations. I will attempt to summarize what they have relayed to us, as follows:

1. Only about 1- 2% of the fires burn 90% of the acreage and make up 85% of the expense.
2. The smokejumper program is expensive on a cost-per-individual basis.

3. The increasing cost of fighting wildfire is a big concern.
4. Smokejumpers are among the most highly trained and qualified of our fire personnel.
5. Due to their qualifications and training, the demand for smokejumpers is often increasing beyond available numbers.
6. Fire intensity and potential for mega-fires is increasing due to warming.

Listening to all this valuable information, I came up with a couple ideas based on being a taxpayer and not getting involved in an argument over "letting it burn" vs. "putting it out."

Since smokejumpers seem to be one of our most valuable resources, why not train more of them?

Since the most expensive parts of the smokejumper program are already in place (aircraft etc.), couldn't additional personnel be added at a very reasonable rate? The more jumpers, the less cost per jumper.

If we can cut down on the 1-2% of fires that produce the 85% of the expense, wouldn't increased use of jumpers on initial attack be a good investment? The ounce of prevention, pound of cure thing.

At one point in a presentation that mentioned the high cost of the smokejumper program, I asked if there was anything factored into the equation that projected the return on this investment? Any estimate of the amount of money and resources that have been saved by smokejumpers? I think the answer I got was "No."

In going through the files of Smokejumper magazine, I pulled up a cost comparison article (Prompt Smokejumper Attack Equals Dollars Saved) that I did back in 2003 showing a comparison of two almost-identical fires. It is printed nearby. Take a look at it, please.

In June we had the last gathering of the men who jumped from the Siskiyou Smokejumper Base

Prompt Smokejumper Initial Attack Equals Dollars Saved

by Chuck Sheley

Reprinted from July 2003 issue of "Smokejumper."

The summer of 2002 found the highest amount of money spent on wildland firefighting in history. With the help of data supplied by **Mark Corbet** (LGD-74) from the Redmond Air Center, I would like you to see the end results of timely smokejumper initial attack. These two fires are about as close as we can get without having them start at exactly the same time.

	Fire #1	**Fire #2**
Reported	9-1-98 (15:00)	9-2-98 (13:07)
Fuel	Model G (dense conifer)	Model G
Cover Type	Douglas Fir	Douglas Fir
Elevation	4800 feet	4800 feet
Fire Status	1-2 acres actively burning	1-2 acres actively burning
Location	11 miles from trailhead	.75 miles off Hwy
Ordered Resources	5 minutes	8 minutes
Distance From RAC	55 miles	34 miles
Initial Attack	55 minutes	———
	8 RAC Jumpers	Engine Crew
Final Size	2.2 acres	150 acres
Declared Out	4 days	71 days
Cost	**$12,000**	**$1,000,000 plus**

The above action by Redmond smokejumpers indicates that on a single fire they may have saved more than their annual budget. This comparison should be interesting reading to any congress person who wants to save taxpayer money.

(Gobi) in Cave Junction, Oregon. The SSJB was established in 1942 and closed in 1982. Shortly after our reunion in 2002 the Biscuit Fire destroyed over 500,000 acres and became one of the world's most expensive firefighting efforts in history.

There were 110 available smokejumpers in the system during the start-up days of the Biscuit Fire. The system reported "no smokejumpers available for 48 hours." The title of my editorial following the fire: "Is the Initial Attack System Broken?"

Prior to the establishment of the Siskiyou Smokejumper Base, the Siskiyou NF burned about 20,000 acres annually. During the years we jumped out of the Gobi, that amount was reduced to 2700 acres annually. Since the closing of the base, there have been three multi-million dollar fires burn on the Siskiyou. Most of us can see that prompt initial attack by smokejumpers has proven effective in reducing mega-fires and the associated costs.

It can be effectively argued that the efficient work of the smokejumpers allowed a forest buildup that resulted in these mega-fires. Even if that is the case, we can't turn back the clock. We have to deal with the situation as we find it today. There is a time to do controlled burning—the key work here is "controlled."

At our recent board of directors meeting in Tucson, **Roger Savage** (MSO-56) asked our speaker if, under the current circumstances of increasing mega-fires (and the expenses that go with them), we shouldn't go back to the "Out by 10:00 am" policy. Right then, in my mind, I nominated Roger as the head of fire and aviation.

As they said in the old Alka-Seltzer commercial, "Try it, you'll like it."

From The Garden State To The National Forests

by Hank Brodersen (Missoula '54)

How in the world was it possible for three young men, who grew up together in a small New Jersey town and came from the same Boy Scout troop, to make a total of 16 fire jumps from two different bases in 1954?

Although the smokejumper program has always been diverse, attracting young men and women from all parts of the country, it would seem that the northwest states would have an edge in recruitment due to the proximity of training bases. But I think it is fair to say that in the past 70 years, most – if not all – states have been represented in our ranks.

I further think it fair to say that the state of New Jersey probably has not sent too many of its best and brightest west to become smokejumpers. However, there is one town and one Boy Scout troop that has had three of its young men jumping at the same time. They are **Bob Evans** (IDC-53), **Ron Gunther** (IDC-54) and me. This is the story of how it came about.

It started in October 1944 when I was 9 years old and my family moved to River Edge, N.J. – the main street of which is named Kinderkamack Road. River Edge was, and still is, a typical suburban community less than 10 miles northwest of the George Washington Bridge and New York City.

I immediately made friends with Ron Gunther, who lived just two houses up my street. We were in the same class in school, which was only a block from our homes. We played sports, hung out, and rode our bikes all over town.

When we reached the age of 12, we joined Boy Scout Troop 95. The troop was a vibrant, active troop, which afforded us plenty of opportunities for hiking, camping and other scouting activities.

In the troop, we met Bob Evans, a senior Patrol Leader three years older than we were. We scouted together until 1949 when Bob graduated from Hackensack High School (I'm not making up these names, folks). Bob went west and enrolled at Utah State University, where he also joined the National Guard.

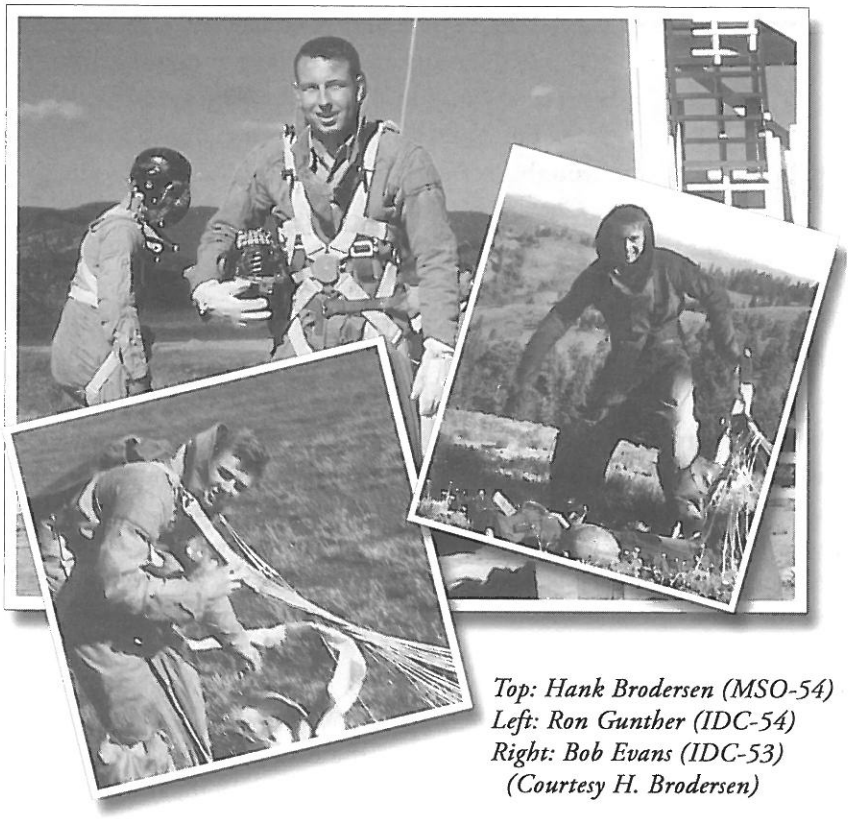
Three years later, Ron and I also graduated from Hackensack High and went off to college. I headed north to the University of Maine while Ron followed Bob west to Utah State.

In 1950, Bob was called to active duty and served two years in the Korea "Police Action" – and he wasn't even a policeman! After his release from military service, he returned to Utah State to study journalism and was reunited with Ron, who was a pre-med student.

While students, both earned private pilot licenses,

having been taught to fly by a World War II glider pilot whose "war stories" rivaled any tales told by any smokejumper.

In 1953, Bob trained at McCall and spent the summer jumping out of Idaho City, where he made 12 fire jumps. In 1954, he returned to Idaho City, joined this time by Ron. It was a fairly active fire season, with Bob jumping eight fires and Ron jumping six. They even made two jumps together, one of them a two-manner.



Top: Hank Brodersen (MSO-54)
Left: Ron Gunther (IDC-54)
Right: Bob Evans (IDC-53)
(Courtesy H. Brodersen)

In the meantime, unknown to them, I trained and jumped out of Missoula that summer. I was equally unaware of their presence in Idaho.

Unfortunately for me, it was a slow summer in Region 1, and I only logged two fire jumps all summer. Interestingly, one of them was on the Payette National Forest in Idaho. I returned to Missoula in 1955, but it was even slower than 1954 as I got only one fire jump.

Bob went on to earn a master's degree and Ph.D. in sociology and subsequently had a counseling practice in Tucson, Arizona, with his wife for more than 25 years. Bob passed away last summer, but six months before his death, my wife and I visited him and his wife. It was the first contact we had had in 60 years.

Ron became a doctor and, after a successful medical career in California and Idaho, is living with his wife outside McCall. He and I have maintained contact throughout the years and have visited each other several times in recent years.

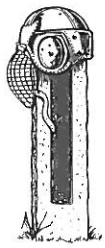
After graduation from Maine with a degree in wildlife conservation, I became a Navy pilot and served 21 years on active duty, retiring in 1978. I continued flying as a civilian for seven more years and am now fully retired and live with my wife in southern Maryland. I do like to return to my western "roots" and have participated in six Trail Maintenance Projects in Montana and Idaho in the last seven years.

To add one more twist of fate to this story, all three of us became brothers in Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity while in college.

So that's how three Boy Scouts from the same New Jersey town ended up as smokejumpers at the same time in Montana and Idaho. Adding up all three years for the three of us, we had 29 fire jumps altogether. Smokejumping certainly wasn't on our minds while we were Boy Scouts in the 1940s back in New Jersey, but scouting must have had a positive influence on us regarding our feelings toward the environment and the preservation of our natural heritage.

All three of us chose careers far removed from the natural sciences, but it's clear that scouting and smokejumping prepared us well for life's challenges that were ahead of us.

Luke Birky (MSO-45) was among the smokejumpers featured in the winter edition of National Parks magazine. (Courtesy Imagination Photography Middlebury, IN)



Off The List

Remember and honor fellow jumpers with a gift to the NSA Good Samaritan Fund in their name. Hard times can fall on many of us at any time. The NSA is here to support our fellow jumpers and their families through the Good Samaritan Fund. Mail your contribution to:

Charles Brown, NSA Treasurer
2723 Wilderness Ct.
Wichita, KS 67226-2526

Jedidiah C. Lusk (FBX-10)

Jedidiah died January 3, 2011, at his home in Cromberg, California. He is the son of **Cynthia** (RAC-87) and **Scott Lusk** (FBX-81). Jedidiah died of a Glioblastoma multi-formes brain tumor just ten months after being diagnosed with the disease. With the cooperation of the Alaska Smokejumpers, Jedidiah earned a position as the 650th Alaska Rookie Smokejumper.

Terry Fieldhouse (Cave Junction '47)

Terry died June 5, 2010, at his home in Nevada City, California. He jumped four seasons while attending the University of Washington and earning his degree in forestry. Terry worked in the Dominican Republic and Alaska before shifting to teaching and getting his Masters degree in education from Stanford University. He spent two years in the Peace Corps in Honduras in his mid-fifties. Terry's son **Paul** (MYC-83) was also a smokejumper.

Eugene "Gene" Pitts (Missoula '42)

Gene, 90, died Feb. 18, 2011, in Ronan, Montana. After an outstanding track and field career at Hot Springs High School, he attended the University of Wisconsin on a track scholarship after sending newspaper clippings from his races to Wisconsin. Gene joined the U.S. Navy Flight Program in 1942, training at Missoula County Airport while attending the University of Montana. He shipped out for World War II combat in the South Pacific, flying a Gull Wing F-4U Corsair. Gene became a squadron leader in Guadalcanal and was shot down during his second year of combat fighting. Following the war, Gene operated the Pitts Lumber Sawmill in Camas Prairie, Montana, until moving and expanding the operation in Ravalli in 1951. After the mill burned in the early 1960s, he developed a registered Polled Hereford cattle ranch in Dixon, Montana. He became the director of the CSKT Community Action Program several years later, and finally as postmaster in Dixon before retiring in 1990. Gene returned to ranching and also joined the Mission Valley Power Board, retiring for good at age 85. He jumped at Missoula in 1942, training at Ninemile Base, one of the first jumpers to do so. As a freshman at Wisconsin, Gene was the school's top runner in the 880 and won the famous Turkey Cross Country race, breaking the record by 23 seconds. He also served as the pace runner for teammate Walter Mehl's 1941 bid to break the world record in the mile.

James "Jim" Crockett (McCall '48)

Jim, 83, died Feb. 21, 2011, in Missoula. He attended the University of Idaho following a stint in the Navy at the end of World War II. Jim jumped at McCall in 1948, at Idaho City in 1949-50, back to McCall in 1951, and after a long hiatus, he jumped from McCall from 1961 through 1965. He served as the crew boss for the Bitterroot Hot Shots in the mid-1960s. Jim retired from the Bitterroot National Forest in 1982 but continued teaching new recruits each season for several years. As a smokejumper, he accomplished the extraordinary feat of making three fire jumps in the same day.

Daryle "Starky" Starkovich (North Cascades '58)

Starky, 72, died March 11, 2011, in Cle Elum, Washington. He earned a degree in Education from Central Washington State College in 1962 before embarking on a 30-year career as a teacher and school administrator, during which he also served as a coach, athletic director and sports official. Following retirement, Starky worked on his hay farm outside Cle Elum. He jumped from Winthrop in 1958, supplementing work as a logger and for the Washington Department of Natural Resources and timber company Boise Cascade as he pursued his college education.

Forest F. "Woody" Liebe (Missoula '54)

Woody, 77, died April 8, 2011, in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. He attended the University of Montana, where he was a member of the track and field team. Woody served in the military for two years before becoming a contractor and builder for most of his career. He was also an innovator, holding several

NSA Good Samaritan Fund Contributions

Contributions since the previous publication of donors, April 2011

Donor	In Memory/Honor of
Stephen M. Carlson (IDC-52)	**David Engels** (IDC-66), **Jon McBride** (MSO-54), **Neil Satterwhite** (MYC-65)
W. Bradley Willard (MSO-58)	**John Rolf** (MSO-57); the special "can do" spirit of the 1958 Missoula Smokejumpers
Jim Lee (MSO-77)	**Art Jukkala** (MSO-56), **Jon McBride** (MSO-54)
Bill (MSO-55)/Ruth **Breyfogle**	Smokejumpers and others in need
Rita and Tom Jones	**Jim Crockett** (MYC-48)
Richard H. Loney (Associate)	Al Wyatt
James C. Allen (NCSB-46)	**Art Higbee** (NCSB-46)
James R. Thompson (MSO-63)	**Mike Overby** (MSO-67) as he hikes the Pacific Crest Trail
Major Boddicker (MSO-63)	**K.R. Adams** (MSO-63)
Larry/Camille **Eisenman** (MSO-58)	**Jim Crockett** (MYC-48)
First Giving	**Mike Overby** (MSO-67), **Philip Difani** (MSO-67)
Emily Allen	88th birthday of **Jim Allen** (NCSB-46)
Jim D. Snapp	**Art Jukkala** (MSO-56), **Jon McBride** (MSO-54)

Total funds received for the NSA Good Samaritan Fund, as of March 31, 2011 – $30,744
Total funds dispersed to smokejumpers and families since 2004 – $12,300

Mail your Good Samaritan Fund contributions to:
Charles Brown, 2723 Wilderness Ct., Wichita, KS 67226

patents on his inventions. He jumped at Missoula in 1954 and 1956.

Herb Krissie (Cave Junction '46)

Herb died October 6, 2009, at his home in Medford, Oregon. He was born in Alberta, Canada, and served in the US Army. After getting out of the service, Herb jumped at Cave Junction for four seasons through 1949.

Jeffrey "Jeff" Bardwell (Pilot)

Jeff, 40, died April 21, 2011. He graduated from Clearbrook High School in Clearbrook, Minnesota, in 1988 and joined the Air Force. He was honorably discharged after a four-year stint. Jeff attended flight school in Crookston, Minnesota, and earned his pilot's license, flying charters and for UPS before becoming a smokejumper pilot at the controls of a DC-3 in Missoula.

Philip E. Clarke (Cave Junction '51)

Phil, 77, died February 11, 2011, in Medford, Oregon. He graduated from Illinois Valley High School in 1951 and was drafted into the Army in 1953 and served honorably during the Korean War. Phil trained at Cave Junction right out of high school, jumping there in 1951-53 and 1955-56, interrupted by military service. He went to Redding in 1957 to start the smokejumper base there, and joined **Orv Looper** (CJ-49) in 1959 to start the Alaska Smokejumpers in Fairbanks. After finishing there in 1966, Phil ran the Tok Lodge in Tok, Alaska, and then built many homes in Fairbanks and North Pole, Alaska. He moved his family to Delta Junction, Alaska, in 1976 to become the fire chief for the Delta Camp during the construction of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline. After the pipeline became operational, Phil joined the Alyeska Pipeline Service Company as a fire-safety specialist, from which he retired in 1994.

Arthur E. "Art" Higbee (North Cascades '46)

Art, 84, died Feb. 7, 2011, in Arvada, Colorado. He attended pre-aviation cadet training at Montana State College and became a cryptographer in the Army Air Corps (predecessor of the U.S. Air Force) in 1945, serving as a first lieutenant with a heavy-bombardment squadron. After an honorable discharge, Art jumped from Winthrop for the 1946 season. He went back to the Air Force Cadet Training Program in 1948, graduating the following year as a first lieutenant troop carrier pilot. Art served in the Korean War. Returning to civilian life in 1953, he worked for Guthrie Construction in Spokane, Washington, before joining the Washington State Patrol as an officer. Art left that position and moved to Seattle, where he began a 28-year career as a claims adjuster for Grange Insurance. The company transferred him to Denver in 1968, where he remained. He left the insurance industry in 1991 and worked for Cook Distributing, a Christian book distribution company, for two years. Art then became an associate pastor at Faith Bible Chapel, retiring in 2008.

Remembering Neil Satterwhite

by Fred Donner (Missoula '59)

I hope some of the Idaho jumpers who knew **Neil Satterwhite** (MYC-65) far better than I did will write a better description of him for historical purposes in this magazine, perhaps describing some of the many stunts and antics for which he was famous.

Neil died January 7, 2011.

The following information is based on what I learned from Neil and wrote in trail crew reports for 2005 and 2006. I was with Neil for two weeks in the Sawtooth National Forest in 2005, building logworm fences and rebuilding corrals. Then there was a week in 2006 preparing the pioneer Pole Creek Ranger Station for historical preservation.

Neil was a well-known "wild man" at McCall – something to which others attested and he admitted. He told me he drove supervisors crazy.

After jumping several years, he went to Vietnam as a Ranger lieutenant and forward artillery observer in the 101st Airborne. During the February 1968 Tet Offensive near Hue, he took a direct mortar hit on his body. With a carotid artery flopping around loose on his chest, a combat medic told him, "I am sorry, sir – there is nothing more I can do for you."

But two soldiers tied their fatigue jackets tightly around his upper body and ran him to a helicopter. After a month on a hospital ship on the verge of death daily, he underwent a year of surgery.

He was declared 100 percent disabled. The Army told him he could stay in the Army but not in Infantry, Armor, or Artillery, the combat arms where Airborne Rangers belong. He was not about to shuffle a desk in some support role, so he took his discharge.

The very next month he returned to smokejumping for seven more years. That would barely pass muster in a fiction story.

As I wrote before and do not hesitate to repeat, most smokejumpers think they are tough, and some actually are – not including me – but Neil remains the yardstick by which smokejumper-tough is measured, as far as I am concerned. His later career as a helper to less fortunate people after suffering and surviving his own great physical and emotional damages show what a determined and dedicated person can do.

No mention of Neil is complete without noting his great sense of humor. He was one of the funniest people I have ever known. I could barely be near him without convulsing in laughter.

For instance, he said a great singing career had been ruined when half his voice box was blown away – typical self-deprecating Neil.

Neil and **Allen "Mouse" Owen** (CJ-70), whom I never knew, are the two most incredible people I've heard of in our great family.

Rest in peace, brother Neil. You will never be forgotten as long as there is a living smokejumper.

Israel's Mount Carmel Fire And The Smokejumper Connection

by Bill Moody (North Cascades '57)

The world's largest airtanker, Evergreen's 747 "Tanker 979," launched from Marana, Arizona, for Tel Aviv, Israel, Dec. 3, 2010, to fight modern Israel's largest fire ever – the Carmel Fire. The fire would claim 42 lives and burn 12,500 acres of Israel's Carmel Forest near Haifa.

Tanker 979's drops would make a significant contribution in stopping the spread of the fire and signal the beginning of rapid, effective airtanker global response – and smokejumpers were a part of this history. The "jumper connection" story involves former and current smokejumpers, an ex-smokejumper pilot, and a smokejumper documentary videographer.

A new paradigm in airtanker operations

The Boeing 747 airtanker concept was "conceived" by Evergreen International Aviation founder and president, Del Smith, in 1985. After two fatal Forest Service-contracted airtanker crashes in 2002, Smith – with the encouragement of Evergreen 747 pilot Cliff Hale – felt the time was right to move ahead with developing a new paradigm in aerial firefighting: a 747 "supertanker."

Benjammin Netanyahu and Moody discussing retardant use. (Courtesy AP Photo/Guy Assayag, Pool)

Today the 747 is technically referred to in the Incident Command System as a VLAT, or Very Large Air Tanker. There are only two under contract in the U.S.: the Evergreen 747 and 10 Tanker Air Carrier's DC-10.

After two years of engineering and the development of an internal pressurized tanking system, the prototype 747 was ready for flight testing.

The jumper connection

From 2002 to 2008 the tanker underwent rigorous testing and crew training, with two ex-smokejumpers and a former smokejumper pilot heavily involved in the drop-system development and retardant pilot training.

You never know when past associations, experiences, and people you've worked with in the national smokejumper program might re-enter your life and lead to exciting opportunities. It's not often you get an opportunity to be part of a new paradigm in your professional career.

In late 2003 a call from ex-smokejumper pilot Penn Stohr Jr. – who served as a Johnson Flying Service smokejumper pilot from the 1960s to 1975 – then Evergreen's chief pilot and senior vice president of operations, changed it all. Stohr, along with Hale, would be Supertanker Project Co-Managers from 2003 to 2006.

Penn's call to me, a current Air Tactical Group supervisor, and **Nels Jensen** (MSO-62), an ex-lead plane pilot and current contract smokejumper pilot at Grangeville, was met with a "What? A 747 dropping retardant?"

Jensen and I looked at it as another smokejumper challenge – "people will think I'm nuts to be involved in a harebrained scheme for dropping retardant from a 747."

Two jumpers have joined me and Jensen in the Supertanker legacy – videographer **Eric Hipke** (NCSB-90) and **Jamie Tackman** (NCSB-75), who was also a lead plane pilot from 1994 until 2010.

Hipke assisted videographer **Steve Smith** (Associate), ex-NSA historian and producer of our smoke-

Tanker 979 making first drop on the Mt. Carmel Fire. (Courtesy defense-update.com)

jumper documentary "Firefighters From the Sky," with filming the 747 operational flight evaluations in the mountains north of Marana, Arizona.

Smith has produced several evaluation documentaries and marketing videos for Evergreen since the project began. Tackman was one of the two U.S. Forest Service lead plane pilots assigned to "lead" and evaluate performance of the Supertanker during the 2006 mountainous terrain evaluation – the SOAP (Supertanker Operations Assessment Project).

Kevin Meekin, Region 1 lead plane pilot, was the other SOAP evaluation pilot.

The tasks

In addition to developing an aircraft capable of dropping 20,000 gallons of retardant, the program required training the 747 flight crews to fly low-level retardant missions. Because of his low-level smokejumper cargo drop and fire fighting background, Stohr was given the responsibility for training 747 flight crews to industry standards.

To accomplish this, Evergreen (Stohr) hired me and Jensen to do the air attack-related basic and advanced training. Jensen, with his smokejumper pilot and lead plane background and a season of retardant flying under his belt, was selected to train the flight crews in low-level mountain flying. Together, Jensen and I evaluated the drop system and advised on how best to use the aircraft in tactical operations.

Tanker 979 Heavy ready for action

The Supertanker, as Evergreen refers to it, is a 20,000-gallon air tanker with a pressurized constant-flow drop system. The system consists of 10 liquid-agent tanks and eight air-pressure tanks. The agents – water, foam, gel or long-term retardant – are expelled through one or more of the four 16-inch nozzles located in the belly of the aircraft.

The flight engineer regulates the air pressure, number of tanks and nozzles to achieve the desired concentration or coverage level. The pilot releases the load by depressing a button on his yoke. The 747 is capable of dropping the entire load in one drop or multiple segmented drops.

The Supertanker is currently on a call-when-needed contract to the U.S. Forest service and Cal Fire. In 2009 and 2010, Tanker 979 flew on one fire in Alaska and three fires in southern California.

An international response

On the afternoon of Dec. 2, the Supertanker was requested by the Israeli government to assist in fighting a person-caused (14-year-old boy smoking a water pipe) wildfire southeast of Haifa. The region was in a seven-year drought and had a very hot and dry summer and fall. Shortly after the Carmel Fire broke out, there were 20 arson attempts resulting in four arrests. The fires were quickly suppressed.

On Dec. 3, the Supertanker – with the three-person flight crew, two mechanics, an avionics technician and me – launched on a 15-hour flight from Marana, Arizona, to Tel Aviv, Israel, via John F. Kennedy Airport in New York. We would join a total of 18 nations (some of them Muslim) that committed air and ground resources for the suppression and relief effort. Twenty-seven helicopters and airtankers were involved.

The fire made some major runs the afternoon and evening, as we were en route over the Atlantic Ocean. We arrived in Tel Aviv's Ben Gurion International Airport about 1 a.m., Dec. 5, slept briefly, received a briefing the next morning, and launched on one of two sorties.

I prepared a briefing document and requested information that we needed to fly safe and effective missions.

Israel does not have a wildland fire-suppression program – no initial attack crews, no shot crews, no air tankers, no lead planes, no ICS. They fought the fire with local fire brigades and their engines. Except for wet lines near structures, fires were not lined, as they don't have hand crews. Sixty U.S. firefighters, including 12 NCSB jumpers and hotshot crews, were activated for deployment, but the order was later canceled when containment was declared.

The flight crews of the 27 foreign airtankers and helicopters – speaking different languages – required a number of interpreters on board the military traffic-control aircraft and the respective air tankers and medium/heavy helicopters.

The airtankers included a Russian Ilyushin 76, a 10,000-gallon water-dropping airtanker, and two BE 200, 3,000-gallon scooper aircraft.

Other airtankers included CL-415 water scoopers and single-engine airtankers from Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Cyprus, France and Bulgaria. Local fire brigade teams mixed the retardant sent in from France – Fire Trol 931, a liquid retardant concentrate. The Israeli mixing team, assisted by the Evergreen ground crew, loaded the Supertanker in 22 minutes, slightly faster than the usual 25 minutes required to load the 747.

The fleet of foreign air tankers did a very effective and professional job. As a result of their efforts and with a moderation in fire behavior the night of Dec. 5, the fast-moving fire front subsided before it could spread into the housing developments situated within the Carmel Forest area. Our drops were placed along the smoldering unlined fire perimeter to protect these housing developments. As far as I know the perimeters were never lined.

The first sortie

The first Supertanker load was with water and what was left of a small quantity of liquid retardant – just enough to give the load a faint pink color. A large shipment of retardant arrived shortly after the tanker was loaded.

After a "brief briefing," Tanker 979 launched for the Carmel Fire, about 15 minutes to the north. On board were two Israeli Air Force officers, including a two-star general. They were to help identify the drop area, interpret and interact with the air traffic controller over the fire.

Upon arrival in the drop area, a Russian BE 200 scooper was just finishing a drop. The Supertanker, along with the Russian IL 76 and four CL-415 water scoopers, were put into orbit by the military air space controller. The Supertanker orbits and drop were tracked live on Israeli TV. Once cleared to drop, Tanker 979 did a split load of two drops along the smoldering fire perimeter. The objective was to protect adjacent structures. The drops appeared very effective. The mission went smoothly.

Sortie No. 2

I was supposed to ride with the air traffic control officer (military), operating from a different airport, but somehow, due to scheduling, that didn't work out. Two Israeli Air Force officers and I flew on the second 747 flight. I was an "on-board air attack" to confirm the target and placement of the drop.

Israel does not have an air attack coordinating drops and giving target instructions. The target information comes from a ground firefighter requesting a drop at a specific GPS waypoint. The coordinates are called to the air base, and the air tanker is deployed. The pilot has to figure out the drop start and stop points. I'm not sure how they deal with "new higher priorities."

The second load was a direct wet line – this time of full-strength LC retardant – on the smoldering perimeter to check the spread into a major housing development. The drop was more than a mile long at a medium coverage level; it went well.

The prime minister's visit

Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu visited the 747 operation in the evening for about an hour. It was a major media event with mega-security. He was given a tour of the 747. I had about five minutes, "one-on-one," with him regarding retardant use and then attended a debriefing, where he asked me about retardant's ability to extinguish the fire. I told him it doesn't extinguish the fire, but will impede its advance.

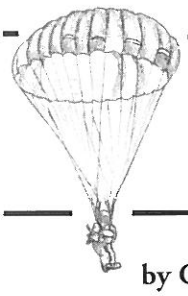
Netanyahu is a very impressive and commanding individual – sharp, personable, well-informed, and asked very insightful questions.

The aftermath

In the days following the fire's containment, there was major political fallout about Israel's lack of preparedness. The prime minister has vowed to develop an effective fire-suppression program, including an airtanker program.

The Carmel Fire killed 42 people, including 41 prison guards and police and a young firefighter. The fire burned 12,500 acres (about 45 percent) of their Carmel Forest – one of the very few forested areas in Israel. This was the largest wildfire in Israel's 62-year history as a modern nation.

Our part in fighting the Carmel Fire and working internationally with the 747 was a great experience. The opportunity to participate with 27 aircraft from 13 nations, speaking 13 languages, working cooperatively and effectively together, without any previous international training was extremely satisfying. It is equally satisfying to see how "the smokejumper connection" contributed to the success of the mission.



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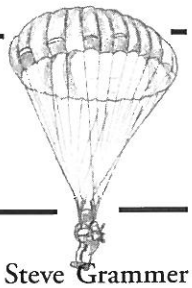

by Chuck Sheley

Congratulations and thanks to **Lonnie Dale** (MSO-69) and **Gary Lawley** (MSO-57) who just became our latest **Life Member(s).**

George Gowan (MSO-54) forwarded an interesting article from the January 2011 issue of *Sports Aviation* magazine. The article dealt with the rebuilding of a Ford Trimotor by a group from Port Clinton, Ohio. Good reading for you Trimotor buffs.

Sam Rost (MSO-58) has relocated from Silver City to Tucson for his winter address. In a recent note: "I also work part time for FEMA and get about two assignments a year. That keeps me active and keeps me out from under my wife's feet."

Grace Sprague (USFS OldSmokeys) in a letter with a donation for the Siskiyou Smokejumper Museum Project: "I grew up on a 40-acre farm two miles from Cave Junction. In 1951 I was hired in the Supervisor's Office of the Rogue River N.F. and retired from there in 1985. It is my hope that efforts to preserve the history of smokejumping and the base near Cave Junction are successful in every respect."

On June 3, 1970, **Tom Regennitter** (RDD-67) was killed while jumping the Oak Fire on the Shasta/Trinity N.F. In October of 2010, the names of Tom Regennitter and **Steve Grammer** (RDD-70) were added to the memorial wall in Sacramento by the California Professional Firefighter's organization. Steve was killed in a helicopter crash in 1970 on the Forks Fire, Angeles N.F.

The NSA has assisted in locating a nephew, Tom Regennitter, to whom the presentation flag was given. Thanks to Marj Dougherty who took a name and, with a great deal of research, found the proper home for this flag.

W. Bradley Willard (MSO-58) in a letter attached to a generous donation to NSA Good Samaritan Fund: "This gift is in recognition of that special 'can do' group of Missoula Smokejumpers 1958. It is also in memory of my buddy **Jon Rolf** (MSO-57), who died in the Ford Trimotor crash at Moose Creek in 1959. Jon and I jumped a two-man fire on the Lolo N.F. in August 1958. He was a scoutmaster with the Boy Scouts and collected the P38 can openers to take home for his boys. Jon was among the best."

Carl Gidlund (MSO-58) related an interesting encounter with another "phantom smokejumper": "One of the more egregious 'phantoms' I've met, and I've met several, was a fella in a Forest Service uniform.

"When I took over as NSA president in the spring

of 1999, our board members decided that our first meeting outside Missoula would be in Fairbanks. My wife and I decided we'd travel to Juneau on the Alaska State ferry, then fly to Anchorage and take the Alaska Railroad from there.

"A Forest Service interpreter was aboard the ferry, periodically lecturing on the land. During one of those speeches, the gentleman told of his long and adventurous career in the agency, including his work as a smokejumper.

"At the conclusion of that lecture, he walked through the audience. My wife tugged at his sleeve, then introduced me as a fellow smokejumper. When I asked him where and when he trained, he fumbled, explaining that it was in Montana, but he couldn't remember the year he rookied.

"During the rest of our voyage, he avoided us, and when I finally returned home and looked up his name it was, not surprisingly, unlisted on the NSA data base.

"I've marveled at the man's chutzpah, if not his common sense. It seems to me he was taking a terrible chance calling himself a smokejumper in an area where, sooner or later, he was bound to encounter the real McCoy."

Murry Taylor (RDD-65): "I have some information on my new book, *The Rhythm of Leaves*. It was a four and a half year effort involving lots of rewrites, a good deal of studying of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, the hidden costs of war, the Vietnam Wall and related topics. The book is now available through Amazon."

Charley Moseley (CJ-62) has announced that the second Redmond Smokejumper Reunion will be held at the Eagle Crest Resort September 21-23, 2012. That's plenty of time to mark your calendar.

Dale Graff (MSO-60): "I would like to tell you how much I enjoyed the article in *Smokejumper* (January 2011) by **Ross Parry** (MSO-58) about the Higgins Ridge Fire. I remember it being hot, 102 degrees, and the fire blowing up and burning all our chutes and personal gear. I hunkered under a large boulder trying to keep my canteen cover and pants from burning. I kept my wet handkerchief over my face. Could hear the trees exploding and the fire forming a whirlwind-like tornado. **Rod Snider** (NCSB-51), helicopter pilot, hovered and two of us jumped inside, and myself and another jumper hung on to the strut. My eyes felt like they were full of sand.

"Would like to read more articles about that fire if you can dig them up. Keep up the good work!"

George Harpole (MSO-49): " I received a copy of the Forest Products Laboratory's (FPL) 2010 commemorative publication, a book that attempts to summarize everything related to the existence of the FPL over the last 100 years. Unfortunately the summary fails to support what I think I have bragging rights for, or to justify the 17 years spent at the lab. I've always thought I was the first Economist to complete and publish an economic assessment covering one of the FPL's new product developments, Press-Lam Lumber."

A presentational graph in the publication credits others for George's research. George states, "the flakeboard research program was a fantastic tribute to the lab's ability to provide national leadership in the development of new products for better utilization and conservation of our national forest."

In relation to the publication, George concludes "because the commemorative publication doesn't support any of my FPL stories, I'm returning my copy to the FPL where somebody else might find it more suitable for their coffee table."

Sounds like there are a few people who owe George an apology for overlooking the years of work he did on a key project during his time at the FPL.

Floyd Bethke (MSO-61) knows the value of staying busy. The Ravalli Republic (Hamilton, Mont.) newspaper recently published an article describing Floyd's creativity and its benefits for the visitors center at the Missoula Smokejumper Base, which opens for business this summer. Floyd donated to the center a four-foot-tall piece of stained glass he created; it reflects his memories of firefighting, including 16 years of jumping from Missoula. His wife, Judy, signed him up for a class in creating stained glass some years ago and he excelled with his new skill. Floyd's artistic abilities also come through in such works as a replica of a Ford Trimotor airplane, which he created in a few evenings

Michael Hill (WYS-95) doing contact work in Afghanistan. The helicopter is a Russian Mil-8 MTV. (Courtesy M. Hill)

The Jump List **continued from page 21**

C.J. "JIM" RABIDEAU (North Cascades '49)
Now living in: Pasco, Wash.
Jumped: NCSB 49, 53-54
Since jumping: Recalled to active duty in the Navy (1950-52); University of Washington Law School (1952-55); admitted to Bar (1956); elected Franklin County prosecuting attorney/coroner for four six-year terms (1962-86); member of U.S. Supreme Court Bar, Ninth Circuit Bar, U.S. Court of Military Appeals Bar and U.S. Court of Veterans Appeals Bar; retired from Navy Reserve as captain, Judge Advocate General's Corps (1986); served in World War II (three years) and Korean War (two years); volunteer for Department of Defense Employer Support Guard and Reserve since 1985; served 42 years, 1 1/2 months in Navy Reserve; enlisted as an E-2 apprentice seaman Jan. 8, 1944.
Jim says: "When I saw the recent issue of our magazine, and the cover showing the Snake River Canyon and Hell's Canyon, reminded me of my first fire there in August 1949, with brother **Phil Rabideau** (NCSB-49) as partner. However, the river sure looked tinier back then. We jumped on the Oregon side of the headwaters of Hell's Canyon Creek. Of course, what did we rookies know? We were so 'pumped' that **Jim Allen** (NCSB-46), our spotter, didn't have to push."

WALTER G. BRAFFORD (McCall '49)
Now living in: Springfield, Mo.
Jumped: MYC 49, 54-55
Since jumping: Served 30 years as pilot for Trans World Airlines; retired 27 years; plays golf.

MONROE "SPUD" DEJARNETTE (Missoula '49)
Now living in: Auburn, Calif.
Jumped: MSO 49-52, 55
Since jumping: Shortly after 1955 summer as rookie squad leader, hired to teach orchestra in the Missoula Public Schools; smokejumping career ended as music job included teaching summer orchestra; moved to Sacramento in 1960 to conduct the orchestra program at Foothill High School, becoming department head; retired after 27 years there to take music position at Sierra College; left there after five years to begin a private teaching practice in Auburn, spending 10 years teaching woodwinds, accumulating about 50 students per week; clarinetist (1952-2009) with Camellia Symphony, Camellia Woodwind Quintet, and substitute for Sacramento Symphony; founded Auburn Symphony; co-founder and president of the Auburn Placer Performing Arts Center, now housed in the historical State Theater, which is being restored to state-of-the-art condition; member and president of 49er Lions Club; member of Placer County Tourism Bureau; member and president of Chamber of Commerce Board of Directors; member of Auburn Stampede committee; musical director for Auburn's Gold Rush Days; community service awards include Vernon McCann Award from Auburn Journal (2000), Paul Harris Fellow Award from Auburn Rotary Club (2006); NSA secretary (1999-2000) and membership chairman; NSA Trail Project (2001-present); as of 2010 is retired from all civic activity and enjoying opportunity to kick back; look forward each summer to maintaining the North Fork of the American River Scenic River Trail with other jumpers living in California and spending a week in Montana on an NSA Trail Project with other jumpers from all bases and eras.
Spud says: "I am interested in hearing from Missoula Smokejumpers from 1949 to 1955 – monroeandbetty@wildblue.net."

JOE GUTKOSKI (Missoula '50)
Now living in: Bozeman, Mont.
Jumped: MSO 50-62
Since jumping: Transferred from smokejumper foreman to landscape architect at Region 1 office; transferred in 1964 from regional office in Missoula to Gallatin N.F. in Bozeman, retiring from there in 1981; opened private practice in landscape architecture in Montana, Wyoming and Idaho from 1982 to present; volunteer president Montana River Action 501 (c)(3), formed in 1990, to date; volunteer president Yellowstone Buffalo Foundation 501 (c)(3), formed in 1989, to date.
Joe says: "Most of my time is taken up with the environmental movement on volunteer, unpaid basis. MRA wrote Senate Bill 263, an instream flow bill, in the 2011 Montana Legislature. It was a remedy for irrigators dewatering important fisheries; Montana agriculture killed it. YBF wrote HB 482, a bill to manage wild buffalo as wildlife and stop managing buffalo as diseased livestock; Montana stockgrowers killed the bill.

PATRICK HARBINE (Missoula '51)
Now living in: Spokane, Wash.
Jumped: MSO 51, 52-54
Since jumping: Finished college; had a career as a physical therapist; raised a family; kayaked the length of the Columbia, Pend Oreille, Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone and North Fork of the Saskatchewan rivers; also kayaked most of the Class 3-4 rivers in Idaho and Washington – "I am not done yet!"
Patrick says: "Jumpers need to write and tell their stories. Very few things are done the same as when we were young. History needs us to tell our stories!"