MacKinnon, West Point Graduate, Held In High Esteem By Comrades, Iraqis

by Carl Gidlund (Missoula '58)

Capt. Michael MacKinnon, son of **John MacKinnon** (MSO-57) of Helena, Mont., was killed near Baghdad on Oct. 27, 2005, when an improvised explosive device destroyed his Humvee. He was 30 and left a wife, a son and a daughter.

Michael was 3 months old when his mother died, so he was raised by his father, who never remarried, and his three sisters. A straight-A student, he was class valedictorian at Helena's Capital High School and was in the top 20 percent of his West Point class when he graduated from the academy in 1997.

He swam, skied and fished but preferred football, baseball and rugby. "He liked teams," his father said.

Michael chose to serve in the infantry, graduated from Ranger and Airborne schools, and was initially assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division with which he was deployed on missions to Haiti and Egypt.

A later assignment took him to the 3rd Infantry Division. He served with that division during his two Iraq deployments.

Michael was serving as a company commander with the 3rd when problems arose within a California National Guard brigade. Several officers were reassigned or relieved, and Michael was pulled from his Regular Army division to command a California Guard company. He was serving with that unit when he was killed.

Of his only son, Army veteran John MacKinnon, said, "He loved leading men, but he wasn't a 'by the book' soldier. He cut slack, but demanded responsibility and came down hard if anybody was out of line."

One of the men he commanded, Jamie Wells, wrote in a eulogy "Capt. MacKinnon was the best damned ranger there ever was. Even the Iraqis liked him. They called him 'Captain Mike.'"

David Bout, who served as the California company's executive officer under Michael, wrote, "He was a natural-born leader whose tactical skill, diplomatic prowess and raw charisma had turned around Haifa Street, one of the worst neighborhoods in northern Iraq.

"Now on his second tour to Iraq, Mike led our company into the area around Arab Jabour, one of the toughest areas in the Sunni Triangle. With Mike in command, we knew everything was going to turn out all right.

"Mike left me with a parting gift – the realization that leadership is about being able to see beyond yourself and your own needs."

Capt. Michael MacKinnon (Courtesy John MacKinnon)

His awards and decorations included the Bronze Star with one oak leaf cluster, Purple Heart, Army Commendation Medal with one oak leaf cluster, Joint Service Achievement Medal with one oak leaf cluster, Global War on Terrorism Expeditionary and Service Medals, Ranger Tab, Senior Parachutist Badge, Air Assault Badge, and the Expert and Combat Infantryman Badges.

Michael wrote a letter that was to be delivered to his wife Bethany and their children if he was killed. In part, he said: "I believe there is a heaven and I think I have been a good enough man to be there. I'll watch you and I'll watch the kids grow up with a tear in my eye, wishing I were there to see with my own eyes. Someday we will all be together again.

"I don't care to be remembered as a smart guy, an athletic guy, or a good soldier. I want people to say, 'That Mike really did love his family.' I am proud, I am happy; I have been filled with so much love. I will always be there in your hearts."

Glory Days

by **Don Havel** (Fairbanks '66)

"Yeah, just sitting back trying to recapture
A little of the glory of – well, time slips away
And leaves you with nothing, mister, but
Boring stories of glory days."
– Lyrics by Bruce Springsteen

I trained in Fairbanks in 1966. I guess you could say it was a good year for me. First of all, I made 21 jumps. Secondly, I put in my first year in Alaska, and they say that after one year in Alaska you are hooked; you can't stay away, the country becomes part of you and you of it. And so it happened to me.

Often on a fire jump I would stand looking over the country and tell myself that I was standing on a spot where no one had ever stood before—well, maybe a mastodon or saber-toothed tiger.

Moose, dall sheep, gold, the Yukon Valley, Eskimos, Anaktuvuk Pass, Denali, and grizzlies. The rivers: Yukon, Chandalar, Anaktuvuk, Noatak, Kobuk, Unalakleet, Iditarod, Anvik, Nulato, Koyukuk, Tanana, Chena, Goodpaster, Kuskokwim. The Brooks Range, the Wrangells, too. Yes, I can still feel all of this.

I have many memories of my five years of jumping in the Last Frontier, but 1967 is notable to me for two reasons. The Bureau of Land Management had a section of the Fairbanks International Airport reserved for our jump ships, retardant planes, and various other aircraft. The spring lineup included B-25s, B-17s, PB4Ys, two Grumman Gooses, two DC-3s and some helicopters.

One sunny day what should come roaring out of the blue sky but one noisy little bird, practically spitting fire. It was a P-51 Mustang. It was painted pink and it was called the "Pink Lady."

The owner introduced it to our BLM bosses with the idea that it could be used to fly over a lot of country, like following a lightning storm across the Yukon valley looking for fires and then reporting those fires back to base.

They gave it a try. If I recall, I think it was found to be not too effective. And again if I recall, the pilot cart-wheeled it down the runway at McGrath. The only jumper to ever ride in it was the late **Larry Cravens** (FBX-64), who hopped a ride from McGrath to Fairbanks.

The grand event, though, was when another aircraft came settling onto the airstrip. It didn't evoke excitement in me like the P-51 did, but rather mouth-open awe. It was a World War ll A-26B Invader attack bomber.

The dual engines thundered and the props were as big as a full moonrise across an October prairie. The tricycle gear shifted down, and the plane taxied to a spot in the BLM lineup. The clamshell canopy opened and the pilot stood up and stretched.

This aircraft, too, was brought to us to see if it

B-26 Smokejumpers Alaska 1967 (Courtesy Don Havel)

1967 BLM Jumpship today as restored by the Hill Aerospace Museum, located near Ogden, Utah. (Courtesy Alex Lloyd and Kim Cook)

could fit into our firefighting efforts. There were a lot of ideas presented, but one thing was for sure: nobody wanted to give it up. So a plan was developed to outfit it as a jump ship and, because of its speed and range, it would be loaded with jumpers and used to patrol likely lightning-strike areas.

It would stay out and not come back until the load had jumped. If we ran low on fuel, we landed at a village dirt strip, rolled out 55-gallon drums of fuel and fueled up. Sometimes, we could fuel at the Air Force base at Galena. I remember the old-timers gathering around it there to marvel. I'm sure they had their memories, too.

Our new jump ship was designated N600WB and it has a documented history. The original A-26s came off the assembly line in 1944 and were sent to the European Theater of the war. A second run was designated the A-26B, which was an improved model. It went to the Pacific war effort.

Our plane was delivered to the Army Air Corps – predecessor to the U.S. Air Force – in May 1945. There were 2,452 A-26s produced, of which 1,355 were A-26Bs.

It was 50-feet long, had a wingspan of 70 feet, and was 18 feet, 3 inches high. The engines were Pratt & Whitney R2800-27 double-wasp radials at 2,000 horsepower each. The maximum attack speed was 355 mph with a cruise speed of 284 mph. The range was 1,400 miles without wing tanks. The rate of climb was 1,250 feet per minute. It would go from the ground to 10,000 feet in 8.1 minutes. It held a crew of three: the pilot, the navigator/bombardier/loader, and the gunner. It cost $192,457 in 1945.

The A-26B was the only combat aircraft that was used in three wars: World War II, Korea and Vietnam. There were several configurations of armament used. One consisted of eight Browning M2 50-caliber machine guns mounted in the nose, 4,000 pounds of bombs in the bomb bay and 2,000 on each wing.

It could be rigged with as many as 18 50-caliber

machine guns. Picture that coming at you at a 355-mph strafe. It could also be outfitted with a cannon and rockets or a mix of any of the above. During the Vietnam War it had a capability added to detect the enemy at night.

Our N600WB – serial number 44-35617 – was eventually converted for the military to a RB-26C, which was a photo recon aircraft. It was retired from the military in 1958 and had several civilian owners after that. At some point it was converted by On Mark Corporation into a luxury plane.

It was owned by Mid America Air Transport in 1966 and sold to Red Dodge Aviation of Anchorage in 1969. There were other owners after that. It was impounded by U.S. Marshals in 1983 during a drug raid in California and was found to be loaded with marijuana; a federal judge ordered that it be turned over to the Air Force in 1984.

It is now at the Hill Aerospace Museum at Hill Air Force Base, Utah. There it was restored to its original military configuration, and its new designation is "The Devil's Own Grim Reaper."

Only a few of us trained to jump out of that plane. I don't remember many of the names of those jumpers, but **Chuck Sheley** (CJ-59) told me he made his first fire jump in Alaska out of the A-26B. I also think the late **Gary Dunning** (FBX-66) jumped out of it.

In my log book dated June 11, 1967, I noted that I jumped Fire Y-32 out of it. We left on patrol at 1640 and jumped at 1800. **Don Gordon** (MSO-59) was the fire boss. I believe we hauled six jumpers and a spotter, plus the gear. If I recall, we jumped one-man sticks out of a small doorway, in which we sat with our feet dangling alongside the plane, and when the spotter slapped us, we merely pushed ourselves off. The plane didn't slow up like a DC-3 or a Goose, but we were tough.

I hope you all enjoyed this story. I've read many references—well, I guess about 7,236 – to the Missoula fellows jumping out of that old Ford Trimotor, and I guess I have to admit I would have liked to have jumped out of it, too. But we had the A-26B Invader attack bomber. We flew it, we ate our C-rations in it, we slept in it, we soared, we dove, and we jumped out of it. Glory days.

"Glory days – well they'll pass you by
Glory days – in the wink of a young girl's eye
Glory days, glory days"
– Lyrics by Bruce Springsteen

A special thanks to Randy Wilson of the Commemorative Air Force for his guidance in seeking data for this article.

Mark Your Calendars

Redmond Smokejumper Reunion

September 21-23, 2012

More information will be sent out as the details are finalized.
Any questions, contact any of the following:

Charley Moseley..... 918-448-5994 ..... *charleymoseley@yahoo.com*
Mark Corbet..... 514-280-8076 ..... *mcorbet97756@gmail.com*
Erin "Kate" Springer..... *ekspringer76@yahoo.com*

NSA historian **Larry Longley** is putting together a book with your RAC jump stories for the reunion. Send or email them to Larry at:

16430 Marine Dr
Stanwood WA 98292
LDLongley@gmail.com

Wrapping Up A Season On The Wing-Tip Fire

by **Carl Gidlund** (Missoula '58)

My jump partner, **Milt Knuckles** (MSO-61), insists that I wore wing-tip shoes that day. I don't recall the style for sure, but I know they were low-quarters.

The story of the Wing-Tip Fire really begins a couple of days earlier, on the Nez Perce Forest's Boston Mountain Fire. That mid-morning jump on Sept. 9, 1966, was out of a Grangeville Ford, and man, was it windy. I was on one of the first sticks, and we were blown to hell and gone.

I've no idea how fast I was going when I hit the ground butt first, but when I quit revolving base over apex and shakily stood, I felt duff beneath my left foot. I backtracked a few dozen feet and found a vibram sole, lately the property of my White's boot.

Now don't ask me how I got it because I don't remember, but I somehow secured a roll of tape, probably from the first-aid kit. That was how I reunited the wayward sole with the rest of my boot. However, I knew that wouldn't endure the rest of this late season fire bust; it worked out all right for line digging, but it leaked duff so it would be a tad uncomfortable for mopup.

After observing five of us on the ground scattered and staggering about, our spotter, **Larry Fite** (MSO-60), wisely dry-ran the rest of the load. But just before dusk when the wind had calmed, **Tim Aldrich** (MSO-62) roared out of Missoula on the Doug and dropped 14 badly needed reinforcements.

After groundpounders trekked in to relieve us the next day, we hiked out to a road where a Forest Service stake truck and driver were waiting. He drove us to Grangeville where we boarded a DC-3 for our return to Missoula, where I turned in my boots for repair.

Knuckles was part of that second load to Boston Mountain. When he returned to the base, he took himself off the jump list because he was going to report in a day or two to Hamilton High School, where he taught social studies and math.

Did I mention a bust? Indeed it was. In those days Missoula's complement was 150 jumpers, but by the late afternoon of Sept. 11, Milt and I were the only two left.

He was packing his gear and I was rigging a chute when foreman **Fred Cavill** (MSO-54) rounded us up and escorted us outside. He pointed to a spot on the side of Miller Creek Mountain just south of Missoula and said, "See that smoke?"

To tell the truth, I couldn't, but he assured us that, according to a call from the Lolo Forest's Missoula District, a snag was burning halfway up the mountain. And, he said, the district was plumb out of groundpounders.

Milt explained that he had to be back the next day to leave for his teaching job, and I told Fred I was at the base only because I was bootless.

"It's just a little fire," he explained. "You ought to have it out tonight. Then, Milt, you can be on your way."

To me, he said, "And you're an old jumper, Gidlund." (By that time I'd made 129 Forest Service, Army and free-fall jumps). "You don't need boots." So Milt and I suited up and climbed aboard a Twin Beech.

After we gained altitude, the flight to the fire took about five minutes. My diary notes that we jumped at dusk in heavy air and that it was an easy downhill landing. I'd been concerned that, without the high heels of my White's, my low-quarter shoes would fly off on the opening shock. They didn't.

Milt and I sawed down the smoking ponderosa pine with our crosscut and spent an hour or so chunking dirt. After feeling the now-cold treetop and surrounding duff with our bare hands, we saddled up for our packout, probably just a mile or so into the Miller Creek Canyon.

I slipped some on the slick soles, but made it safely. We hit the road in the canyon's bottom, then hiked a bit more until we came to the entrance to a ranch. As we passed under the horizontal log marking that entrance, I noted a three-bladed propeller mounted on top of it.

We woke the rancher, explained our situation, and Milt phoned a non-jumper buddy, Doug Mason, who showed up in his Thunderbird about a half-hour later to deliver us to town - Milt to the jumper dorm and me to my home.

While we were waiting for our ride, I asked the rancher about the prop. He explained that he'd sal-

vaged it from the wreck of a B-25 bomber that had crashed on Miller Peak in 1945. A neighbor's son had been an Army Air Corps pilot during World War II.

At war's end, the Army had given the young veteran, who had flown more than 30 P-40 missions in Europe, permission to fly the plane to Missoula where he would debark for his discharge. The bomber crashed while buzzing the ranch.

I learned later that two smokejumpers, **Bill Wood** (MSO-43) and **Wag Dodge** (MSO-41), and **Capt. Amos Little** (MSO-43), an Army doctor who had been trained to parachute by the jumpers, were dropped to the wreck to give aid. However, all three aboard had been killed in the crash.

As I recall, Milt and I were in our respective beds by midnight, but strangely, my Forest Service diary notes that we finally got off that Wing-Tip Fire – for some reason, the Forest Service named it the Miller Creek Ridge Fire – at 3 a.m.

There's more than one way to earn overtime.

With Morale At An Extreme Low, USFS Needs Leaders Who Excel

by Barry Wynsma

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The following article created a lot of interest among NSA members and is reprinted for the benefit of all our readers. (Ed.)

As I near retirement following 33 years working for the U.S. Forest Service on two forests and two districts in Idaho, I feel that I have been blessed by being able to work as a caretaker of our nation's forests. I hope that I've made at least a small contribution to maintaining the health of our forests while serving the public needs for forest products and services. I have many fond memories of my time with the agency and the people who work within it.

When a 2009 survey of federal agency morale and ranking of the "Best Agencies to Work" came out – http://bestplacestowork.org/BPTW/rankings/detail/AG11 – I was dismayed, but not surprised, to see that the Forest Service was ranked 206th out of 216 agencies.

The same survey conducted in 2010 raised the ranking to 203rd. Leadership was among the largest reasons for the low morale among employees.

I'd like to provide my thoughts about what causes low morale. I'd also like to offer real-life examples and suggestions on how leaders have created high morale and also how they can improve agency morale.

Over the course of my career, and to the best of my recollection, I have worked under the leadership of at least six chiefs, five regional foresters, five forest supervisors and ten district rangers.

From my own perspective, some of these leaders excelled in their position and commitment to federal land management while many were average, and a few, my opinion, should never have been put in a leadership position.

What I'd like to do is provide a list of leadership qualities and actions which I believe make an excellent leader. I have either worked directly for or witnessed individual leaders who have displayed at least some of these excellent attributes.

I can personally attest that working for these kinds of leaders helped to boost my confidence in agency leadership and made me proud to be a part of the Forest Service team.

In honor of one of my favorite rangers, I'll do this using "bullet statements."

• An excellent leader focuses on the Forest Service Mission of Caring for the Land and Serving the Public. This requires a strong commitment to actively manage our forests, and a true leader understands that they will have to overcome both internal and external barriers to accomplish this mission.

• Excellent leaders support the people who work for them and get to know them on a personal level. "Family meetings" don't count. Excellent leaders take the time to visit their employees one-on-one in order to understand what their job really entails and what they need from the leader to make them successful in accomplishing the agency mission.

• Excellent leaders provide guidance to their employees on how to do their jobs effectively and efficiently without wasting taxpayer dollars by allowing

them to conduct excessive analysis and report writing. Excellent leaders lead by example whenever possible.

• Excellent leaders don't micromanage. They trust their people and empower them. Excellent leaders let employees think outside the box and allow them to try new ways to accomplish work. Excellent leaders embrace failure as adaptive management but don't allow employees or themselves to repeat those mistakes.

• Excellent leaders get to know the communities they live in and work for. Attending public meetings don't count. Most leaders have access to a government vehicle and a license to drive, and excellent leaders load up and drive into their communities and visit the forest products businesses that are located in their communities. Excellent leaders ask to tour these facilities so they can better understand what is needed to keep them operating in their communities. Excellent leaders use this knowledge to formulate a management plan for their district, forest or region that meets the needs of their communities and the piece of national forest of which they are the caretakers.

• Excellent leaders don't compromise when it comes to forest management. Some public "stakeholders" have ideals about public land management that oppose the agency mission that has been mandated by laws. Excellent leaders do the right thing for the land, not what they think they can get away with without being appealed or litigated. In my opinion, collaborative groups have been created as a need to discuss the terms of welfare of communities and the health of surrounding forests. These groups are not on equal footing with all other collaborative members due to their penchant for appealing and litigating projects when they don't "get their way." I believe leadership and Congress need to equalize this imbalance.

• Although lobbying Congress is not a permitted activity for employees and leaders while they're representing the Forest Service, excellent leaders inform Congress and the Administration that natural-resource management laws have grown into a malignant morass of conflicting rules and regulations that have killed the ability of the agency to perform its mission. Agency leadership needs to continuously request help from Congress to provide legal solutions that will restore the agency's ability to actively manage the public forests once again. If leaders can't accomplish this when they're "on the clock," they need to do it on their own time by writing or calling congressional representatives and by writing letters to the editor of their local newspapers or online publications.

• Start a national public-education program that shows new forestry at work. Don't be afraid to display loggers and logging equipment cutting down trees and making forest products, including renewable energy from biomass. The agency can utilize existing forestry education websites – such as the Evergreen Foundation – to submit public-education articles.

• Ranger districts are the engines of the agency. When it comes to budgets, fund the districts first and make sure they have the personnel needed to accomplish on-the-ground work.

• To save taxpayer dollars, eliminate supervisors offices and restructure into a Washington office, regional offices and districts. With today's communication technologies, I believe supervisor offices are obsolete. However, the need still exists for district offices to remain in order to manage our forests and provide services to the communities – such as maintaining roads, campgrounds, trails, issuing forest product permits, etc. Savings from closing down supervisors offices can be transferred to district offices that can use the funds to more fully staff the districts.

• Hire more foresters, forestry technicians and interdisciplinary resource specialists needed to support forest management. These are the folks who actually help generate money for the taxpayers through timber sales and at least help to reduce the cost of management. If we actively manage more acres we will generate more money, increase fire resiliency of our forests, reduce the level of fire suppression costs and increase fire fighter safety.

• Without strong land management leadership, the health of our communities and our forests will decline, along with agency morale.

These are just a few suggestions of how I think morale and leadership within the Forest Service could be improved. My hope is that people in leadership positions will take these suggestions to heart and take actions that will result in raising our current rating from No. 203 to No. 1.

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.

New Camera Survives Shock Of Landing Near Challenging Fire

by **Jack Rowse** (Missoula '62)

We were trying to jump from east to west, shooting for the open area on the west side of the ridge of the Goat Haven Fire, Aug. 25, 1962. In the time between the last group and ours, a strong easterly wind came up.

When I opened up, I saw the top of the ridge disappear under me.

I managed to hang my canopy over the top of three trees. The No. 2 jumper did a 20-mph barrel roll between two huge boulders, and the No. 3 guy hooked a line on the top of a snag, which did not break off, fortunately.

I'd just spent a lot of money on a new camera. I had it wrapped in a shirt tucked inside my hard hat in my personal gear bag, which clips under the reserve chute. I snapped my personal gear bag to the D-ring on my jump suit and proceeded to make my letdown from about 30 feet.

My letdown rope unsnapped my PG bag with the camera, and I watched as it dropped and bounced off a big rock. When I got to the bag the hard hat had a dented rim, but the camera survived – thus the photos.

Now the rest of the story: There is absolutely no dirt on the side of the mountain. We were next to a small lake, so we brought in Pacific Pumpers and set up a pond halfway up the hill and basically just washed the fire off the mountain.

After a couple of days it snowed on us. It was August and nobody had brought even a light jacket.

Before we got the pumpers, a supervisor assigned us to put out a blast furnace of a fire in the base of a big ponderosa. We had to walk about 50 yards just to find a place where we could scrape some dirt on the tip of our shovels. When we threw what we could manage to get on the fire, it just burst into flame. We just left in frustration and waited until the pumpers arrived.

We were facing the hike to the Moose Creek airstrip, which is 19 miles from the fire, when a helicopter became available. The decision was made to fly out all the frozen pumper hose before us frozen jumpers. I guess the hose complained less than we did.

We tied the first hose bundle under the helicopter and watched as he left to see the bundle starting to rotate. The cable did not have a swivel, so the rotation unwound the cable, and we watched as the bundle dropped into the woods. This meant he had to fly back to Missoula to get it fixed.

L-R: Mike Smith, Roger Siemens Goat Haven Fire 1962 (Courtesy Jack Rowse)

On his return he informed us that he could only fly eight hours. After every load of hose he gave us a time status. The good news is he got us all out, so we didn't get to see Moose Creek.

As **Tom Black** (MSO-62) pointed out, someone swam out into the lake to retrieve a cargo chute. I was up on the hill and watched to see as he started to swim back that the chute inflated under water. That was one tough swim.

We only had paper (disposable) sleeping bags, so when it started to snow, I put a cargo chute in my bag. It worked great but I had kept getting tangled up in all the shroud lines. I have a photo that I have not found yet with a bunch of guys standing around with the flaps from the bags on their shoulders as rain guards.

Jack can be contacted at 1233 E Krista Way, Tempe, AZ 85284 or ajrowse@msn.com.

NSA Selects Two For First-Ever Scholarship Awards

With smokejumping more than seven decades old, the National Smokejumper Association's roster features members dating from the present all the way back to the 1940s. The majority of these members have been away from jumping for quite a few years.

In an effort to relate to current jumpers, the NSA has instituted a scholarship program for those actively jumping and members of the association, or direct family members of active NSA jumpers. This is the first year of the $1,000 awards to students committed to obtaining advanced education.

The NSA's scholarship committee chose two active jumpers to receive the funds. In order to be eligible, the applicants needed to be currently enrolled in an accredited program that will lead to a college degree or accreditation.

Applicants were required to – among other things – demonstrate financial need, have at least a 2.5 grade-point average at his/her college or university, and explain how he/she plans to use the degree or training he/she is seeking.

Here's a summary of the two scholarship recipients.

Joseph Philpott (NIFC-09)

Starting his collegiate work at the age of 24, Philpott likely already had more work experience than many of his freshman classmates at Northern Arizona University. That included two seasons jumping at Boise and three seasons on a hotshot crew.

Now, Philpott has a sharp interest in learning about forestry management and ways to keep American forests healthy. He transferred to Colorado State University this fall, studying forest and fire management.

Joe Philpott (Courtesy J. Philpott)

"I am currently working on several task books to complete to further my management practices involved with forest fires," Philpott explained. "I am also looking into fire ecology clubs involved with the university to possibly aid in the completion of the task books.

"The elite program has graciously allowed me to go to school full-time, while keeping my position as a smokejumper for the three-month summer break. This, however, gives me limited time to provide enough funds for the off-season for a full-time education."

Matthew Castellon (MYC-08)

Felled by illness, Castellon was unable to return to smoke-

Matthew Castellon (Courtesy M. Castellon)

jumping for the 2010 season. The "silver lining," however, was Castellon's renewed vigor to complete his degree in Fire Science from Columbia Southern University – for which he is just 15 units short.

Castellon entered the Butte College Fire Academy near Chico, Calif., after high school and learned the basics of wildland firefighting while earning his emergency medical technician (EMT) license.

"I discovered that I get a huge satisfaction out of helping other people," said Castellon, who has worked on fire crews throughout the Western states during the past 11 years.

"My plan is to take these five classes this fall after the fire season and fulfill my dream," he said. "Rest assured this scholarship will not only help me monetarily, but will help make me a better firefighter, and give me the tools to help others in their time of need."

Two More Children Of Smokejumpers And A Smokejumper Shined At Olympics

by **Ed Booth** (Associate Editor)

We've received a lot of thanks and congratulations for our story about smokejumpers' children who became Olympic athletes.

That article appeared in the July 2011 edition of the magazine. It highlighted Olympians Eric Heiden and Beth Heiden, whose father is **Jack Heiden** (CJ-52); Tommy Moe, son of **Thomas Moe** (MSO-63); and Launi Meili, daughter of **Hal Meili** (CJ-52).

We hoped there were more we'd hear about, and our readers did not disappoint us.

On top of that – despite the fact we said we knew of no smokejumpers who'd become Olympians – there indeed has been at least one. **Jack Daniels** (MSO-54) earned a silver and a bronze medal in the modern pentathlon. That competition comprises riding, shooting, fencing and running.

Chuck Sheley (CJ-59), the magazine's managing editor, got a message from **Gayle Morrison** (Associate) to let us know that Daniels had competed in the Olympics in Melbourne (1956) and Rome (1960). He has also authored several books and has recently completed his autobiography.

Jack is the older brother of **Jerry "Hog" Daniels** (MSO-58). Jack earned a silver medal in Melbourne, along with his team, though he finished 13th as an individual. Then he came in eighth overall as an individual in Rome where his team earned the bronze medal.

Erik Hansen (MSO-62) sent us a note to mention his son, Kevin, a setter on the U.S. Men's Volleyball National Team. Kevin completed an impressive four-year run at Stanford, finishing third on Stanford's list of career leaders with 5,036 assists. He was only the third player in the school's men's volleyball history to amass 5,000 career assists.

He was also a four-time All-Mountain Pacific Sports Federation (MPSF) selection, ranking ninth all-time among Stanford setters by averaging 12.89 assists per game. Hansen then took his skills to the professional level, playing in Russia's "Superleague" as a member of Fakel Novy Urengoi.

All of this, of course, in addition to his Olympic experience. Hansen helped the United States win the gold medal in Beijing in 2008 as the backup setter to Lloy Ball. He started a match against China and played all three sets and also played in matches against Venezuela and Japan.

Hansen helped the U.S. Men win their first World League gold medal that year as well.

We then heard from **Craig Lindh** (MSO-59), whose daughter, Hilary, won a silver medal in the 1992 Winter Olympics to augment five U.S. championships, three World Cup victories and a World Championship title.

Hilary, now 42, started her ascent to success when she was a high school freshman, enrolling in the Rowmark Ski Academy – part of Salt Lake City's 110-year-old college preparatory school Rowland Hall-St. Marks.

Lindh began traveling with the U.S. Alpine Ski Team's Development Team in 1985 at age 15.

At 16, she was racing on the U.S. national team in Europe. In 1986, she won the first of five U.S. championships at Copper Mountain, Colo., in the downhill race. A week later, she stunned the ski world by becoming the first American to win the downhill title at the World Junior Championships.

She won another four U.S. Championships: 1989 downhill, 1992 combined and 1997 downhill and Super G. In her first Olympics, the 1988 Games in Calgary, Lindh didn't place in downhill, was 23rd in combined and 26th in Super G.

Lindh won a silver medal at the Olympics in Albertville, France, in 1992.

In the 1994 Olympics at Lillehammer, Norway, Lindh again battled injury and finished seventh in downhill and 13th in Super G. That year she also won her first World Cup victory, the 100th win by an American racer.

At the 1996 World Championships in Sierra Nevada, Spain, Lindh won a bronze medal in downhill and fifth in Super G. At the 1997 World Championships in Sestriere, Italy, Lindh was the only American to medal, winning gold in the downhill.

She retired on March 13, 1997. Her 11-year total on the World Cup circuit is three wins, five podium placements, and 27 top ten finishes.

The Future Of America's National Forests Depends On Revised Laws And A Restored U.S. Forest Service

by Les Joslin (Editor OldSmokeys newsletter)

Few would dispute the notion that the National Forest System and the U.S. Forest Service are impaled on the horns of a dilemma of dysfunction.

On one horn is the lack of a clear-cut role for the national forests. On the other is the lack of an agency staffed by professional forest officers at all levels competent to efficiently and effectively manage those lands.

As a consequence, one of our nation's great treasures, the 192-million-acre National Forest System established by President Theodore Roosevelt and Forester Gifford Pinchot early in the 20th century and managed for its citizen-owners by the Forest Service for the past 105 years, is at risk.

At risk with them are the commodity resources – clean water, timber, livestock forage, wildlife habitat, along with amenity resources including scenery, outdoor and wilderness recreation, and more – that benefit all.

In the West, close to 70 percent of domestic water

originates in the forests. Also at risk is the economic survival of hundreds of rural communities that depend on the forests for jobs created by renewable resources and by recreation.

The role of the National Forest System, of course, is a matter of law. Indeed, of laws – too many and often conflicting laws. Evolution of a clear-cut role for the national forests is as critical as it would be complicated. It would depend on a successful legislative review and revision of these myriad laws to produce a more workable definition and implementation of that role. This is a challenge to the political will of our nation.

Successful meeting of this challenge would produce a revised and realistic legal framework for the National Forest System and for the smaller, more efficient and effective Forest Service necessitated by the get-real-about-deficit-reduction future faced by the U.S. Government and the American people as the United States careens toward national bankruptcy.

This would support a revised forest planning rule that would prioritize and implement the community relations and resource management field work that needs to be done and would not be driven by selfish interests and peripheral considerations.

Whatever the role of the National Forest System, a truly viable U.S. Forest Service would have a well-defined national forest management mission implemented by leaders who lead effectively and followers learning to lead effectively. It would have a professional corps of line and staff officers with field savvy and agency panache who understand and practice the art and science of, as the Forest Service's own motto puts it, "caring for the land and serving people."

This would be a corps of capable and competent "forest rangers" present and visible in the forests, rather than hidden away in offices; supported by, rather than subservient to appropriate technologies; doing jobs, rather than outsourcing them.

This would be a corps that capitalizes on, rather than squanders its proud heritage and attracts, rather than alienates, those who would serve in it, rather than just work for it. This would be a corps worthy of the admiration, respect, and support of the National Forest System citizen-owners, who should be served and would be served by it.

The functional Forest Service of yore grew its own corps of forest officers – dedicated professionals and technicians – on mostly rural or remote ranger districts on which the district ranger depended on each and every member of his small crew to ride for the brand and pull his or her own weight to "get it done" together.

But most such ranger districts have been lost to consolidation, urbanization and cultural change. On top of that, the generalists they grew have been replaced by more narrowly focused specialists.

Developing such a corps is the essential challenge for the Forest Service leadership and its U.S. Department of Agriculture masters.

Without such ranger districts offering the formative experiences and training they once did, the Forest Service should train qualified men and women selected to serve as forest officers at a national, residential, U.S. Forest Service Academy situated on a national forest that could accommodate, provide and materially benefit from – much as teaching hospitals do with medical students – a wide range of rigorous academic and field experiences. This academy would comprise an entry-level officer candidate school and a mid-career advanced course.

At the officer candidate school, those recruited to be the line and staff professionals and leaders of the Forest Service would learn to be forest officers, first, and specialists in one or more relevant disciplines – in which they already would have academic degrees or significant experience – second. The challenging course would inspire the will, inform the intellect, and develop the physical, practical and philosophical wherewithal of a corps of professional and technical members – not employees, but members – who would be the able, willing and dedicated forest officers required by the Forest Service.

After significant career assignments and experiences, these forest officers could return to the academy for mid-career training to further their preparation for district ranger and senior line, as well as staff assignments. The academy would be an intellectual and cultural wellspring of the Forest Service, an institutional home of the resolve and resourcefulness the Forest Service needs to succeed at any well-defined mission revised laws would prescribe.

Now is the time to act. It's too late for a business-as-usual, study-it-again-sometime, put-it-off-until-somebody-else-is-president-or-secretary-or-chief approach. The national treasure that is the National Forest System is at risk now, the Forest Service is *in extremis* now, and the time for action –real action leading to early results to save both the System and the Service for the citizen-owners of the former and the good people of the latter – is now!

Audacious? Yes! Expensive? Yes! But certainly not too expensive for a U.S. Government that allocates hundreds of billions of dollars to rescue Wall Street and spends more than $2 billion (in 1997 dollars) per copy for B-2 Spirit stealth bombers. Indeed, the entire proposed U.S. Forest Service overhaul process

could be funded and the entire proposed U.S. Forest Service Academy could be established and operated for a decade or two for half the cost of just one of those bombers.

Expensive? Yes, except when one considers that the value of the national forests to their citizen-owners is in the trillions of dollars, and that these lands are the source of life-supporting water for millions of people and myriad other values for millions more.

Expensive? Yes, except when compared with the millions of dollars spent on wildfires and the billions of dollars in damages to the land and citizens resulting from these holocausts.

Expensive? Yes, except when compared with the opportunity costs of the bureaucratic equivalent of "fiddling while Rome burns."

Isn't a truly effective investment in the future administration of the National Forest System and all the benefits derived by its citizen-owners in terms of commodity and amenity resources, as well as jobs and more stable communities, worth at least that much?

Impossible? Only if we tell ourselves it is, roll over, and give up.

Les Joslin is a retired U.S. Navy commander and former U.S. Forest Service firefighter, wilderness ranger, and staff officer. He teaches wilderness management for Oregon State University, writes Forest Service history, and edits the Pacific Northwest Forest Service Association's quarterly OldSmokeys Newsletter. He lives in Bend, Ore.

A Real Kick In The Head: Knife-Wielding Jumpers Create Some Drama

by **A. Glen "Ace" Nielsen** (McCall '46)

You'd think that after 50 years about everything back then would be forgotten or at least too vague to write about. Not this, however; it seems like only yesterday.

The "Ray" in my story will go unidentified so as to protect the not-so-innocent.

It was a Saturday morning and the smokejumpers still in camp were restless. It's no secret that a jumper's fondest hope is to jump a fire on a Friday afternoon, so as to have the entire weekend to draw overtime pay. As the day wore on, however, the emphasis shifted.

We were willing to sacrifice some overtime just to be in town for the parties and fun we came to expect in McCall on a Saturday night. We wanted to be there to welcome the endless parade of beauties coming up from the valley on weekends.

This, I was to realize later, bothered Ray. He needed the extra money either for flying lessons or a new motorcycle, but he didn't want to miss the parties. So when a call came in for 16 jumpers for a fire just over the mountain north of Cascade, Ray told us we could probably put the fire out and still be in town that night.

It was evident when we got over the fire that Ray was going to miss out on a lot of Saturday night fun. It was just the right size to keep us out until Monday morning.

I don't know if they named the fire Dollar Creek after hearing our conversation before the jump, or if it already had a name. Anyway, Ray was growing more irritable. It turned out he had promised some gal he'd be in town.

If you're unfamiliar with Dollar Creek, it's in the Gold Fork area, so you know it's not far from town. Ray and I were in the first of two Ford Trimotor loads of eight jumpers each. The spotter recognized that the air was very unstable – especially after two jumpers, my brother **Bernie Nielsen** (MYC-47) and **Leo Compton** (MYC-47), collided soon after leaving the plane.

Ray was actually hoping to hit an updraft and that the wind coming out of the east would blow him back over the mountain.

Ray and I were the last two to jump. I jumped first. Big mistake. It was the spotter's opinion that Ray's chute was slow in opening, and with his extra weight, he came down on me like a raptor on a mosquito.

He slid off my chute and down through my shroud lines, hitting me so hard that it smashed in the side of my protective helmet. I was stunned, so when I came to and saw Ray waving his emergency chute knife, in my dazed condition I thought my life was in danger. He had concluded that if he did not get free of my lines, he was doomed.

I couldn't remember it later but I, too, had unsheathed my knife and started to defend myself. Ray was preoccupied with trying to cut my lines, so he was slow in realizing my intentions.

I really got his attention when he saw that I'd cut into his heavy canvas jump suit in a couple of places. Just as

he was preparing his own offense, the chute suddenly inflated and he was out of there.

Ray was mad – really mad, now – when he realized what I had done and what I was attempting to do. So when he found himself looking down on me in our descent, he hauled down on his front risers and made a pass at me in an attempt to cut me or my chute.

To his credit, as he claimed later, he wanted only to cut enough lines so I would have a hard landing.

Before anyone was hurt, we were on the ground, and I was able to explain to him that in my dazed condition I thought he was trying to do me in. He was to say later that when we collided, he thought by cutting my lines he would save himself and believed that there was an outside chance that I too would survive.

Smokejumper stories, as I understand it, must meet certain standards of authenticity. However, as the years go by, these standards are somewhat relaxed. If the story is at least 50 years old – this one is 53 – then the authenticity need only range between 25 and 50 percent. Facts sometimes get in the way and, as jumpers are quick to admit, can get in the way of a good story.

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:

Chuck Sheley
10 Judy Lane
Chico, CA 95926

Vernon Sylvester (Missoula '47)

Vern, 87, died June 18, 2011, in Stevensville, Montana. He earned a degree in Forestry in 1950 from the University of Montana following a five-year stint in the U.S. Navy, which he joined shortly after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. As a part of his assignment, Vern tested radar in airplanes to detect German submarines off the East Coast. He jumped at Missoula in 1947-48 before embarking on a 30-year career with the U.S. Forest Service, from which he retired in 1980.

NSA Good Samaritan Fund Contributions

Contributions since the previous publication of donors, July 2011

Donor	In Memory/Honor of
Roland "Andy" Andersen (MSO-52)	Wilbur "Micky" Burke (MSO-49), Glenn Hale (MYC-57),Billy K. Hester (MSO-58), Dave Schas (MYC-48)
First Giving	Mike Overby (MSO-67), Philip Difani (MSO-67)
Bruce Marshall (BOI-71)	Neil Satterwhite (MYC-65), Bob Steiner (BOI-71)
Eddie Yosick (MYC-81)	Scott Hudson (BOI-79)
Ben Musquez (MSO-56)	In memory of Richard U. Ortiz
First Giving	Mike Overby (MSO-67), Philip Difani (MSO-67)
Robert W. Pell (NCSB-56)	In honor of airtanker pilots who are "off the list"

Total funds received for the NSA Good Samaritan Fund, as of June 30, 2011 – $32,604
Total funds dispersed to smokejumpers and families since 2004 – $15,800

Mail your Good Samaritan Fund contributions to:
Chuck Sheley, 10 Judy Ln., Chico, CA 95926

Vern traveled to Russia, Africa, South America, China, Mongolia, Mexico, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. He was zealous in his care for the environment and was a member of several conservation organizations.

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.

Mike Seale (Pilot)

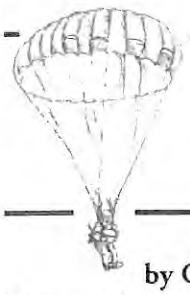
Mike, 70, died May 6, 2011, in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. He earned a degree in Business from the University of Idaho, following stints at San Diego State University and North Idaho Junior College. His education followed a tour in the U.S. Army's 82nd Airborne Division as a paratrooper, a path he chose after failing the vision test in his bid to enter the United States Military Academy at West Point. While attending Coeur d'Alene High School, Mike earned his pilot's license; he later flew for Air America for seven years in Vietnam and Laos. He was a smokejumper pilot in Alaska for three seasons before a spinal injury forced him to retire at 37. He was a life member of the NSA.

Theodore "Ted" Dethlefs (Missoula '47)

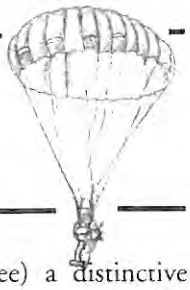
Ted, 85, died May 7, 2011, in Salem, Oregon. He served in the Navy Air Corps after joining at age 17. Ted was commissioned a Lieutenant Junior Grade just as the war ended; he served briefly in Hawaii shuttling troops and equipment back to the states. Ted jumped from Missoula in 1947 in between years at Washington State, where he earned a degree in Business, followed by a Master's degree in Therapeutic Recreation. Following retirement from Oregon State Parks, he and his wife completed their goal of visiting all 50 states in their camper van.

Norman Kauffman (Missoula '45)

Norman, 87, died June 6, 2011, in Kalispell, Montana. He attended Hesston College in Kansas before earning a degree from Eastern Mennonite College in Virginia. He was a conscientious objector during World War II and served 13 months in Idaho in the Civilian Public Service before jumping from Missoula in 1945. Norman joined the crew of the U.S.S. Mount Whitney in 1946 and helped transport horses to Poland as a part of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Act. He then became a teacher and school administrator, continuing until 1970, when he became a pastor in the Mennonite Church. He enjoyed church volunteerism capacities following retirement from the pulpit, including service with Gospel Echoes Prison Ministries.



ODDS AND ENDS



by Chuck Sheley

Congratulations and thanks to **Chauncey and Christy Taylor** of Johnson's Corner who have provided a tremendous amount of support for the NSA Trails Program and just became our latest **Life Member(s)**. In addition we want to thank the following **new Life Members**: **H.B. "Doc" Smith** (MSO-59) and **Brian T. Miller** (RDD-85).

John McDaniel (CJ-57) NSA Membership Chairman: "When you take out a 10-year membership ($180.00), renew an already 10-year membership or upgrade from a lesser term, we will send you (free) a distinctive Smokejumper license plate frame for your car or truck, several NSA decals for your vehicle or wherever you want to put them, and (while they last) a copy of *Cold Missouri Waters* CD.

"We also want to remind all of you to keep us updated if you change or add an email address. This can be done via the 'Jump List' on the website or by contacting me or **Chuck Sheley** (CJ-59)."

Bruce Marshall (BOI-71) in a note with contribution to Good Sam Fund in honor of **Bob Steiner** (BOI-71): "Bob and I trained together at the McCall base as we began our rookie

year for the Boise N.F. The following summer we shared an apartment near the Boise State University campus along with **Walt Smith** and **Larry Steele**, also from the BOI-71 class. The experience of living with this group in that social setting contributed heavily to the summer's memories. We had a great time! During the fire season of '75, Bob and I also roomed together in Fairbanks for our final summers as smokejumpers. We knew each other well.

"As always, what exceeds the recollection of the adventures are the friendships created and the experiences shared. Bob Steiner will always be a part of my smokejumper memories."

Andy Stevenson (RDD-65) sent along a copy of a rather unique birthday card made for him by his daughter done with photos taken off our smokejumper website. Great job. Happy birthday Andy.

Here is an interesting happenstance. Pete Hutchinson (not a jumper) found a **Missoula 50th Anniversary belt and buckle in an airport**. The buckle was #30 and had a 2004 date stamp. Pete contacted me through the NSA website and would like to get the property back to his owner. You can contact Pete at: *RPetehutch@aol.com* or (816) 931-5559. In any case, thank you, Pete, for going far beyond the extra mile.

Barrie Turner (MSO-59): "After 48 years of flying helicopters and 27,000 hours, I finally retired and now live in Thailand. Will always have a fond memory of a great bunch of guys. Enjoyed the summer project at Spruce Creek and the reunion in Missoula in '06. Any past or present jumpers going to Thailand look me up by Email: *barrieturner40@yahoo.com*."

Nice license plate-Dale Graff (MSO-60) (Courtesy D. Graff)

Bruce Marshall (BOI-71) in a note with contribution to Good Sam Fund in honor of **Neil Satterwhite** (MYC-65): "It was with great sadness I read of the passing of Neil Satterwhite in 'Off The List,' and I offer this contribution to the Good Samaritan Fund in his honor. Neil was with the first group of smokejumpers I ever met and the impression was everlasting.

"In '70 I worked on a helitack crew out of Dixie, Idaho and was sent as initial attack to a fire in the Payette Forest. As we were being dropped off, a planeload of McCall jumpers were landing in a meadow on the far side of the ridge from the fire. Once the fire was contained, the jumpers began retrieving gear and hauling it up to an LZ on the ridge line.

"I remember being impressed by their team effort, camaraderie and how much they enjoyed what they did. As the last of the gear was packed up the steep slope, I noticed that a short, tough-looking character wasn't carrying gear, but had another jumper on his back. It was Neil Satterwhite carrying **Jerry Ogawa** (MYC-67) up from the meadow.

"This was also my first introduction to the game

of "heads out," which Neil had just lost. I would have never guessed the following spring would find me in McCall for rookie training as a Boise jumper and Neil Satterwhite would be part of the training cadre.

"I remember how he enjoyed pushing us off the back of a pickup truck to practice our landings, and when someone hit so hard his helmet bounced into the air, I have never forgotten his harsh voice yelling, 'If you're looking for sympathy, you'll find it in the dictionary between 'shit' and 'syphilis.' I still smile fondly as I recall the moment.

"On a weekend rookie trip to Boise, we came across a Superman t-shirt in a sporting goods store. It was dark blue with the big red 'S' and gold 'Superman' emblem on the front. We purchased the largest size we found as a joke, but were surprised when the chest and shoulders fit so well. Since that time, whenever I've seen a Superman logo, I've thought of Neil Satterwhite and always thought it appropriate.

"There must be volumes of 'Satterwhite Stories' and I would love to hear them all. His life was a remarkable journey, and I am truly honored to have known someone of his character."

Gary Watts (MYC-64): "I was on the jump where **Ken 'Moose' Salyer** (MYC-54) and Skip Knapp were killed. For the life of me, I can't remember who else was on that jump (4 of us). If anyone remembers and could share their memories with me, perhaps I could put together a story or article about it." Contact Gary at: *smokewatts@hughes.net* or PO Box 1107, Julian, CA 92036.

Don Wallace (CJ-49): "In the current issue of *Smokejumper* magazine, in the 'Off The List' section, you have included an obituary for **Terry Fieldhouse** (CJ-47). I am writing to say I am quite sure Terry graduated in Forestry from Washington State University at Pullman, not the University of Washington (Seattle). *(Don is correct, it was WSU. Ed.)* Terry began his professional career organizing the startup of the forestry program for the government of the Dominican Republic.

"Terry was our chute packer and ran a one-man operation in the loft. He made each of us a fanny pack to strap to our belts to take on fire jumps. I was very appreciative of Terry's consideration as I carried both dark-colored and clear-frame prescription glasses. He also flew with Pilot Ed Schultz in the L-5 to drop mail, etc. at the lookout towers in the Siskiyou. Terry was one of those quiet spoken and particularly unassuming good guys we run across in life from time to time."

Luke Birkey (MSO-45): "The July issue just arrived, and as usual, I've read it cover to cover and enjoyed it. The article about Dr. Little stood out to me. I had forgotten his name, but I was one of the jumpers that jumped in to help carry **Archie Keith** (MSO-45) out and what a trip that was. The jumpers that had jumped with Archie (**Jim Brunk**/MSO-45 was one) had carried him off the mountain, down to a good trail. This took all night, as they had to carry him down though a lot of brush with downed timber on the ground. Then the eight fresh guys jumped in early morning and carried Archie to the road. He was in great pain until the doctor jumped in, checked him over and gave him pain killing medication and monitored his condition all the way out."

Dick Flaharty (MSO-44): "I wrote an article for *Smokejumper* in the July 2002 issue entitled 'Let's Hear It for the Packers.' In it I described a fire jump **Ad Carlson** (MSO-43) and I made near the Wahoo Peak Lookout tower. We were instructed to stay on the fire until our packer arrived and help him close the tower for the winter.

"I took a picture of the young packer that was printed with the article. A short time later I received several inquiries about the identification of the packer. Since I wrote the article many years after the event, I could not recall the packer's name. **Bob Schumaker** (MSO-59) spent almost a year trying to track down that name. We finally gave up.

"I was cleaning out my wife's desk the other day (Betty passed away in 2006) and found a packet of letters I had written in 1944. The last letter covered the Wahoo Peak episode where I had identified the packer as "Tex" Taylor who had been released from the Army on a medical discharge.

"What is remarkable about this is that we have moved eleven times since WWII and Betty never parted with that pack of letters."

Ron Thoreson (CJ-60): "Apropos of my *Smokejumper* article in the April issue concerning the changes in Missoula and CJ, there is an article in this month's *Smithsonian* about Missoula by Rick Bass. He's one of the writers who have relocated to Missoula to make it a literary and arts scene now.

"I went by Foris Winery when we were at the (CJ) reunion. The guy running the tasting room was not Ted (wouldn't say who the hell he was) and was decidedly not impressed with the fact that I was the food and wine critic for *Smokejumper* magazine! I'm guessing that I have that title since I'm the only person who has ever written a food or wine critique in the magazine. You would think that having wine critics from the *Wall Street Journal* and *Smokejumper* magazine would be equally thrilling for them, wouldn't you?"

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Masterfully created by artists Bruce Ford and Larry Janoff, these full-color cards depict jumping scenes with varying aircraft over the decades. Inside image on each card depicts a pulaski with its blade in a stump with "Merry Xmas" at the stump's base. Each set comes with matching envelopes.

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"SMOKEJUMPERS: FIREFIGHTERS FROM THE SKY" DVD

This is the definitive record of smokejumping, featuring 120 minutes of history from 1939 to 2000. Footage and action shots filmed at current bases and in the field. This video is the result of the most ambitious NSA project to date after requiring two years to produce.

• Now just $15 •

" 'Smokejumpers: Firefighters From the Sky' arrived in the mail today and I just finished viewing it. It is a truly great video – should win some sort of an Oscar. The footage and the editing is marvelous. I was amazed to see coverage of the Eight Mile Ridge Crash. It was such an impressive and professional piece of work that I just had to tell someone." – William Eastman (NCSB-54)

U.S. Forest Service Smokejumper twill baseball cap

From its soft, luxurious cotton twill body to its expertly embroidered logo, this cap has all the stylish features you love. You'll show your pride as a smokejumper no matter how you wear it ... whether as a sharp and crisp complement while camping, around town, or while working in the yard. It offers 6-panel construction with reinforced front panels, handsome khaki body with full-color logo and forest green "sandwich"-style bill, as well as attractive brass buckle. Find out why our members love this hat so much!

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Flip this page for more excellent holiday gift ideas!

T-SHIRT IS JUMPING WITH STYLE

We've never seen t-shirt art as attractive as the jumping action on the back of this shirt. Stylized "SMOKEJUMPERS" on the front lets the world know you belong to an elite group. Choose hazy royal blue (M, L, XL) or hazy sky blue (L, XL) with short sleeves, or navy blue (L, XL, XXL) with long sleeves. **$15**

"Bear down" with this shirt

A lighthearted tribute to smokejumping with a nod to everyone's favorite fire-safety bear, shown parachuting to the ground holding shovel and pulaski. NSA logo on chest. "Jumper Bear" on back. Gray; available in L and XL. **$12**

You've been framed!

Top of frame reads "Jumpin' Fires" while the bottom reads "Smokejumpers." Black with white lettering. At this price, you can buy two for each of your vehicles, and save!

$4 each, or two for $7

Perfect, no matter how you wear it!

Wear these durable t-shirts at the gym, in the yard, or around town. Optional pocket. NSA logo on chest; plain back. Gray (M, L, XL), brick (L), light blue (XL), olive (M), navy blue (L, XL) or black (L) without pocket, or light blue (L, XXL), navy blue (L) or black (L) with pocket. **$5**

Pin up your pride

NSA pin looks great on a sport coat, jacket or a cap. Double-post fasteners make sure it stays secure. Shiny chrome finish. **$1.50**

A moving tribute

"Cold Missouri Waters" DVD offers a song by The Fiddlin' Foresters, memorializing the 1949 Mann Gulch Fire that killed 12 smokejumpers and a firefighter. **$3**

'Remember the Fallen' pin

Solemn tribute to jumpers who've lost their lives over the decades. Pin has a looped "ribbon" design. **$1.50**

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