NATIONAL SMOKEJUMPER ASSOCIATION January 1, 2003

TRAIL MAINTENANCE SPECIAL REPORT 2002

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NSA Trail Maintenance Smokejumper of the Year 2002

(see page 18)

Edited By Carl Gidlund & Don Courtney

NSA TRAIL MAINTENANCE REPORT 2002
To
NSA BOARD of DIRECTORS
Annual Meeting

October 12 2002

Boise Idaho

Overview

The year 2002 represented the fourth year of operations for the NSA Trail Maintenance Program. Created in 1999 by Art Jukkaka the program continues to expand. This year the program has developed into 10 projects with 79 member volunteers.

Production

Projects in 2002 were completed in Montana, Idaho, and Oregon in the Flathead, Helena, Lolo. Lewis and Clark, Sawtooth/Boise, Hells Canyon National Recreation Area, Wallowa-Whitman and the Siskiyou National Forests. Twenty six of this years volunteers worked two full weeks providing us with a total of 105 man weeks of work. Over 100 miles of trails were cleared, four major bridges were repaired, one bridge was built from scratch, and four Forest Service Guard Stations were given major overhaul and restoration. To many waterbars, check dams and tread work was completed to count and the Dean Creek project was completed after two years of effort by locating the position of a 1933 trail and building a new one and one half mile trail over that location using GPS and Pulaski's.

Funding

Funding this year came from the Bob Marshall Foundation, the Sawtooth Society, the Hells Canyon National Recreation Area and the Wallowa-Whiteman National Forest.

Tools

The Bob Marshall Foundation continues to act as caretaker for tools and equipment necessary for work on our projects. Efforts by NSA Trail Maintenance continue to produce large numbers of tools and equipment donated from the Northern Region Fire Cache and the Redmond, OR, Smokejumper Center. Missoula AFD continues to loan us critical tools needed each year.

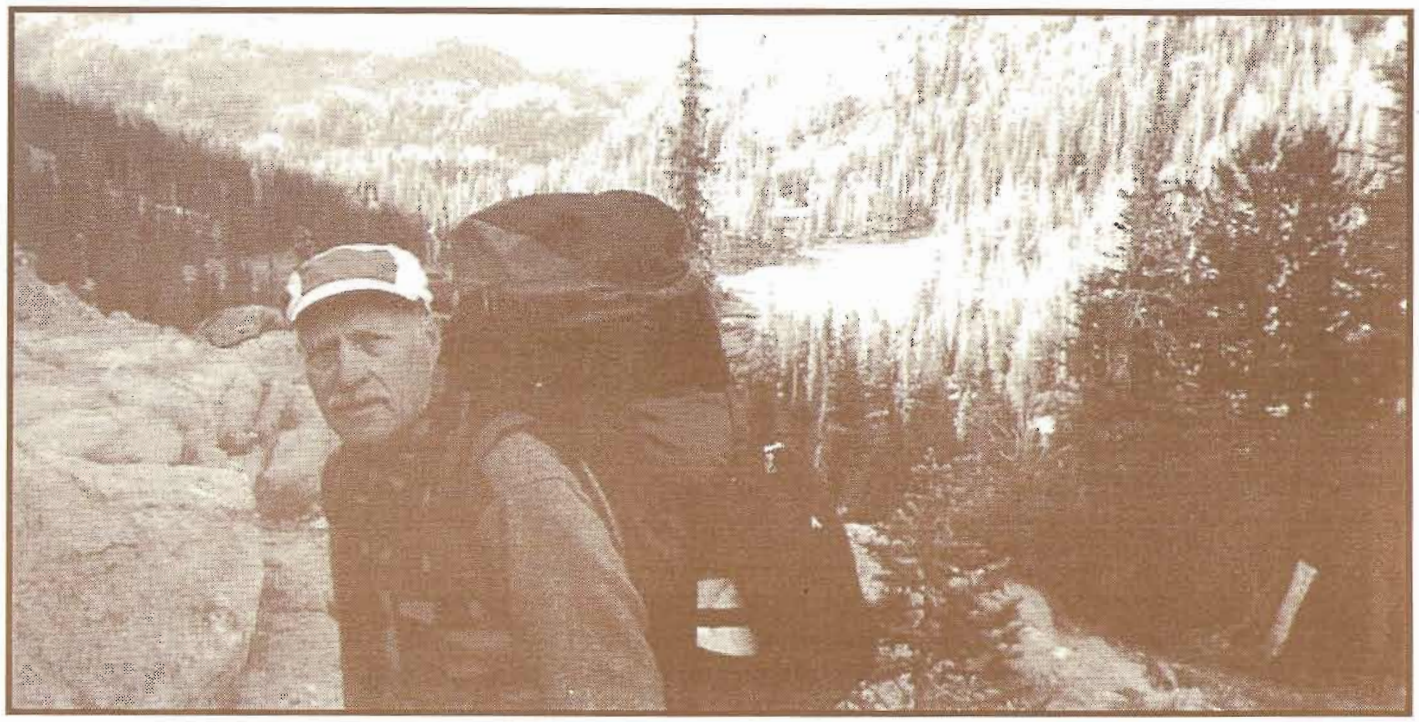
Expansion

The Siskiyou project this year was under the coordination of Chuck Mansfield, (CJ 59-69) of Los Alamos NM. Preliminary planning has Chuck acting as NSA Trails Coordinator for California and Oregon, while Jon McBride will continue as NSA Trails Coordinator for Montana, and Idaho. Further details are under discussion and co-operation, sharing of assets and knowledge is assured. The association will be kept informed as to details as they develop.

Advisory Counsel

The NSA Trail Maintenance Advisory Counsel was formed in May 2002. This Counsel will act as advisors to the Trail Maintenance Coordinators. They will review operations and recommend policies, review financial accounts including cash flow and in general act as an oversight committee. If improper activities are discovered the counsel will report this to the NSA Board of Directors with recommendations in order to correct the activity.
The Counsel will meet a minimum of once each year.

Jon H. McBride
NSA Trail Maintenance Advisor



THE ART JUKKALA TRAIL MAINTENANCE PROGRAM

The NSA's trail maintenance program was created and launched by former Missoula jumper Art Jukkala in 1999. Art had been retired from the U.S. Forest Service after many years as a leader of the Forest Service's Technology and Development Center in Missoula.

A very experienced woodsman, Art recognized that the Forest Service was not maintaining trails as it had in the past. He discovered that only 800 miles in Montana's Bob Marshall Wilderness, for one, were being maintained, compared with the nearly 4,000 miles of trails in the 1930s.

Trails are essential to nearly all aspects of national forest management. So the obvious question was, "How can the Forest Service manage the forest and its resources if it cannot enter it to observe what needs to be managed?"

Art decided to do something about it.

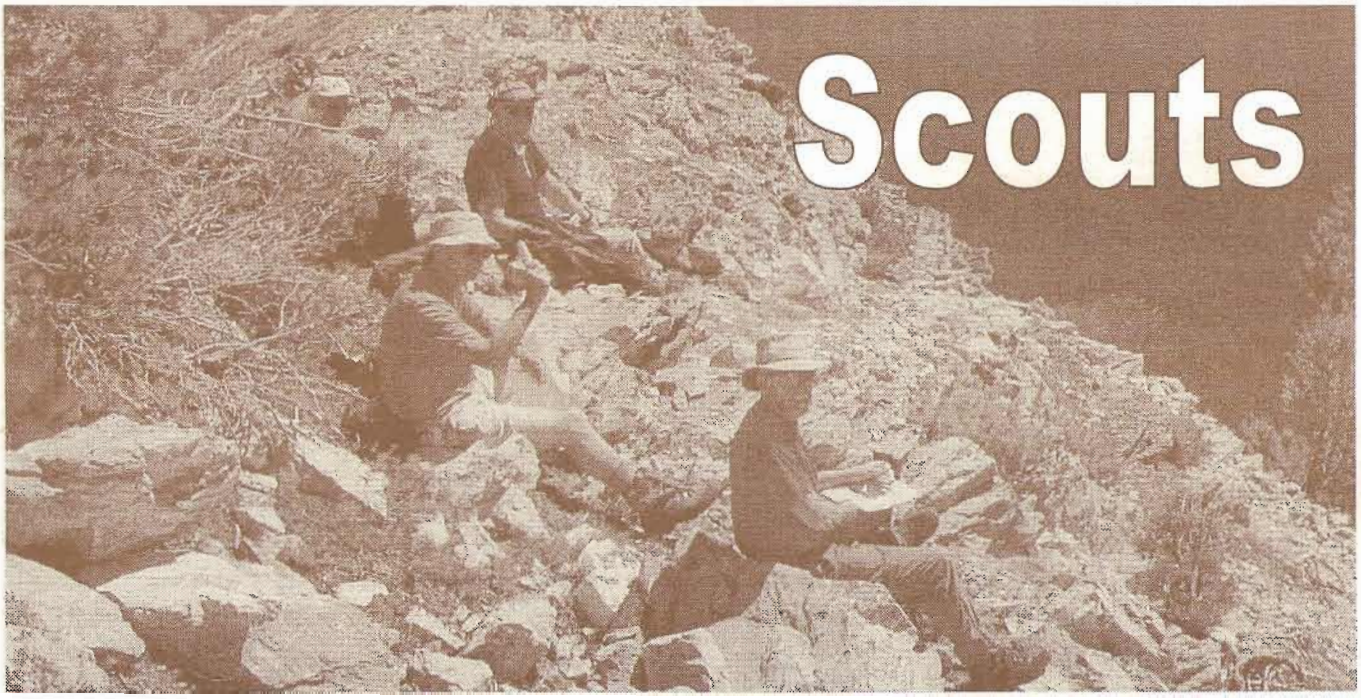
He recruited 18 veteran jumpers as volunteers. Working with the Bob Marshall Foundation whose personnel shared his vision, he obtained funding for food and transportation for two projects. While working as squad leader on one of those projects in "The Bob," Art died of a heart attack on July 12, 1999.

The program has grown each year since this small and sad beginning. In 2000, more than 27 veteran smokejumpers completed five projects. In 2001, 43 completed eight more, and in 2002, 79 volunteers completed ten projects in three states.

The 2002 effort alone resulted in the clearance of over 100 miles of trails by volunteers who cut hundreds of logs and trees that had been blocking them. They also restored many backcountry bridges and repaired several guard stations.

The program's future is exciting as more veteran smokejumpers volunteer and additional forests request our services.

The Trails Program is a legacy to Art Jukkala, a smokejumper who saw a forest problem and determined to do something to solve it.



Scouts, ***"He said the scouts had reported a large village in view from the mountain; that he did not believe it himself, as he had looked through his glass"*** Testimony of Major M. A. Reno quoting Custer before the court of inquiry, 1879.

General Custer must have forgotten whatever he knew about the value of Scouts when he entered the Big Horn River Valley of 1876. NSA Trail Maintenance does not forget. We love Scouts and continue to send them out in ever-increasing numbers.

In the early years of NSA trail projects (1999 & 2000), we wasted time and effort attempting to locate assigned trails. More than once, after working several days on a particular trail, the crew would find that their trail had simply faded away, and that they had nowhere to go but home, or scouting. And their scouting in those circumstances were sometimes in vain. More than one of our early projects wasted effort by not finding all of their assigned trail in Wilderness environments.

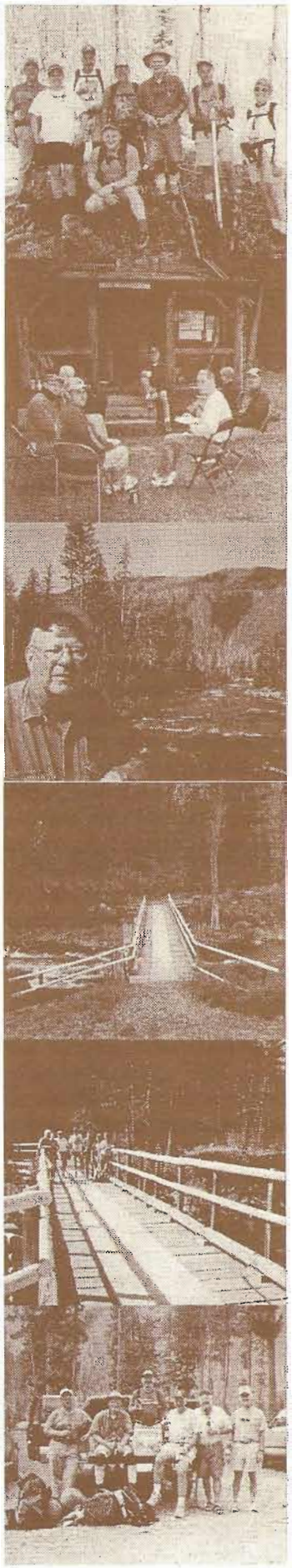
Part of the problem lay in the fact that many of our assigned trails have not been maintained in over 30 years. A trail on the Forest Service map does not mean a real recognizable trail tread in the woods.

So NSA went into scouting. We adopted a sort of a policy that we wouldn't take on a project or put a crew in the woods until somebody had sized up the job. In addition to nailing down the actual trace of our project trails, our scouts' reporting has enabled us to decide in some cases that the project is not one that we want to tackle. For example, some trails offered to us go through old burns or bug-kill where a week of sawing blow-down would only produce a mile or so of usable trail. Other places would have involved nothing but hauling rocks and fill into a swamp to make a few hundred yards of trail: not a good use of a small volunteer crew, thanks anyway. And let's be clear: when the NSA Scouts recommend that we decline a project for whatever reason, we always do just that.

Our current Scouts are: Roy Williams (mso 60-65), Roger Savage (mso 57-66), Don Murray (associate member acting as GPS expert and consultant), Jon McBride (mso 54-56), Tom Blunn (associate member acting as head cook for the planning of menu's and food procurement) and Jim Hagemeier (mso 57-58).

In the past four years our Scouting team has hiked over 80 miles of potential/assigned trail, driven hundreds of miles to inspect assigned Guard Stations and prepared recommended work plans, developed equipment and supply lists and tool requirements....all at their own expense. This past summer, among many other tasks, the Scouts hiked in with the Dean Creek crew, where they located and flagged the connection of trail 87 from the end of last year's (2001) Dean Creek work to the connection with Dean Ridge and trail 43. This action relocated the trail to just about its 1933 location, allowed the project crew to spend full time maintaining trail, relieved them of the need to scout, and ensured that the assignment would be completed.

We are always in need of Scouts and any member interested please indicate on the sign-up sheet or contact Jon McBride at N2601@aol.com or 406-728-2302.



North Fork Crewmen are Bridge Builders

By Bob McCarl

The Bob Marshall Foundation's Carla Cline accompanied us from Missoula to the North Fork Cabin. The trail was clean and relatively flat, but the snag-studded Canyon Creek Burn forced us to pump a lot of water to stay hydrated.

We arrived at midday and everyone picked a spot to pitch his tent. Our cook (more accurately, chef) NSA Associate Karin Connelly, had the relative luxury of the cabin for cooking and, as we would shortly learn, we would benefit greatly from her skill and flair.

Our crew, with the exception of Karin and I, were all Missoula jumpers. I trained at Redmond in 1965.

We began our work on the North Fork packer's bridge Sunday morning. Our primary task was to remove and replace the tread boards and rails. We split into two crews: Jim Anderson ('58) and Jim Phillips ('67) removed boards, while Chuck Fricke ('61), Bill Tucker ('50), Terry Danforth ('59) and I cut and stripped saplings for poles.

Our wood came from quite a distance, and carrying the logs into camp consumed much of our time and energy. On Monday, we continued this division of labor, but with help from Karin who turned out to be not only a great chef but also a good hand at log stripping.

On Wednesday, we began replacing the rails. "The Jims" had laid down the tread, and they then began the painstaking process of custom cutting each rail to fit.

Matching thicknesses, smoothing rough spots with a Pulaski and ripping and cutting the poles to fit took the skills of everyone. Squadleader Joe Kroeber ('62) Terry, Bill and I began to work the other end of the bridge. By Wednesday, the job was basically completed.

We then hiked the Hobnail Tom Trail to the Falls Point Lookout and fixed water bars down the trail as we returned. A walk took us to the North Fork Falls, a sheer canyon dropping precipitously into a set of spectacular falls with emerald-clear pools.

At night we told stories, ate diverse and interesting meals, and shared the day's adventures. One of the more interesting conversations concerned two sets of packers who happened into the camp on Tuesday.

The first, a llama packer, was less than pleased that the bridge was closed for repairs. He railed on about "idiots" who would do such a thing, until Chuck quietly asked if he meant the NSA crew was made up of idiots. The packer considered, then allowed as how he didn't mean that. He quietly forded the river downstream.

The second set of packers were brothers whose mule and horse hobbles hadn't held. They'd hiked over 30miles in search of the animals which at times would let them get within 20 yards before taking off. Bill asked if they wanted to catch them, "or just shoot them?" Terry and Joe backtracked on our lookout trip to see if prints they'd found could have been the two lost animals. When we packed out on Friday, the brothers were still looking for their stock.

The trip let me connect with people (and muscles) I hadn't encountered for 40 years. Each crewman had not only his jumper background to draw on, but also individual skills to share.

Bill "Virginia Gentleman" Tucker notched and smoothed perfection out of raw wood. He never stopped working. Jim "Tennessee Stud" Anderson cooked a mean steak on our last night and laid down wood like a finish carpenter. Chuck "Three Stroke" Fricke, not only calmed the restless native packers, he also planted spikes like they were finishing nails. Joe "the Crowbar" Kroeber kept everyone busy while he managed the first and last coffee ritual for the camp and administered first aid.

Terry "The Bozeman Flash" Danforth set a steady pace for our hikes and never once called Joe or Bob on their bad advice. And Jim "The Revered" Phillips fashioned believable stories out of unbelievable events.

As for me, "The Boise Mauler," my contribution was to try to keep up, not embarrass myself, and record the stories. It was a privilege.

When we returned to the cacophony of everyday life, the news readers were still screaming doom and gloom, the traffic on Reserve Street was just as noxious and our responsibilities were just as real. Yet, the experience in the Bob Marshall was, for me at least, a soothing break. Once again I was able to work alongside jumpers who share a collective purpose.

The NSA trail crew experience is a gift of memory and enjoyment. I think I speak for everyone on the crew when I say we all value the experience. We continue to confront the pace and stress of modern life, yet our experiences on the crew render these intrusions less important.

Webb Lake Follies

Helena N.F.

By Roland Pera

During our trip from Missoula, the driver of a van tried his best to kill the seven or eight people in his vehicle as well as everyone in Bill Murphy's rig. Ten miles past Lincoln we arrived at the trailhead and began a seven-mile walk to the guard station on beautiful Webb Lake in the Scapegoat Wilderness. With hardly a huff and a puff we arrived at 3 p.m. and made camp.

Our leader was Bob Whaley, (Missoula '56) a Missoula stockbroker who only buys stocks that go up and a former Marine helicopter pilot who was shot down and wounded in Vietnam. Bob can't divorce himself from the military; his tent had a camouflage rain fly.

The rest of the crew, all Missoula jumpers, consisted of:

-- Bill Tucker ('50) won't tell his age, but admitted he lost a bunch in the '29 crash. A retired Air Force pilot, from. Arlington, Virginia he's a tireless worker who knows a lot about a lot of things. He was the designer and chief builder of a beautiful gate for the Webb Lake corral. He's also known for being a well-equipped camper. Who else would have a battery-powered pump to inflate his air mattress?

-- Bill Breyfogle ('55) from Kalamazoo, Michigan is a retired middle-school teacher. He's a jack-of-all-trades, but was not too crazy about the day he spent with Murphy dropping snags. Bill has never seen a bottle or can he hasn't liked. He's collected thousands and given the salvage money to his grandkids.

-- Bill Murphy ('56) calls McCall, Idaho home. Bill is a retired career Forest Service guy who holds the single-season record of 29 fire jumps. He finds time to referee football games and serve on the ski patrol. He and I were the primary snag fallers, log carriers, tree fallers, and corral fence pole replacers. Bill also has a penchant for minor injuries; every time you saw him, something new was bleeding.

-- Bob Reid ('57) from Niceville, Florida is also a career Air Force guy. He took 206 pictures during the week and displayed amazing dexterity with the lopper. He also skinned many a pole, and, with his trusty lopper, provided us with a better lake view.

-- I ('56) live in the Kansas City area, am an ex music teacher and a partially retired stockbroker. Like Whaley, I also buy stocks that go up. I won the prize for the most disorderly tent, which I unwisely chose to pitch two feet from snoring Bill Tucker. I won brownie points with our excellent cook, Dianne, by helping with the dishes.

-- Jim Phillips ('67), a long-time Helena resident, worked many years as a teacher and counselor and for the Forest Service in the summers. He's now a highway department employee. Jim worked the horse trough and water repair projects. He also designed a harness to pull the rock-filled wheelbarrow with Whaley at the controls. It looked like Pharaoh's slaves building the pyramids. By the way, the wheelbarrow tire was flat and packed with straw, giving the impression it held air.

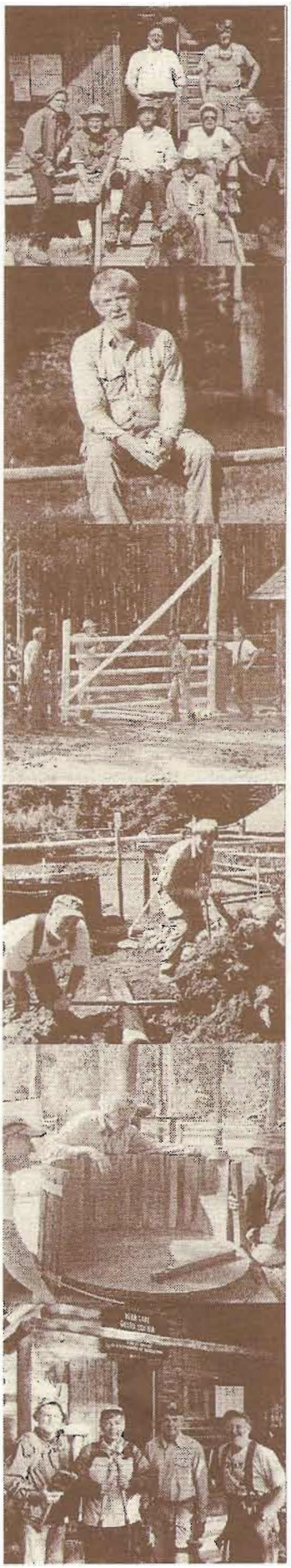
-- We were exceptionally fortunate to have NSA Associate Dianne Tidwell as our cook. The meals were great. Dianne's dog believes in the 90-10 rule; 90 percent lying down, and 10 percent standing. But when Dianne saddled her horse, Jake came alive and was ready to move those 11-year-old golden retriever bones for their daily ride.

Four of us hiked to Red Mountain, at 9,400 feet the tallest peak in "The Bob," on our hottest day. It was *5-1/2* miles from camp and 4 miles from the mainline trail with a 3,400 foot climb. Red Mountain may be the most God-forsaken in Montana. It's hard to believe that lookouts were once stationed there. We were told that, after three lookouts blew over, the Forest Service gave up. Were we tired? You damn betcha!

The weather was perfect and the beer was cold. There were even a few matchstick poker games. Murphy will never be named dealer of the year, nor will you ever see him employed as a casino blackjack dealer. Jumper stories abounded (what a surprise!), and friendships were renewed.

We're grateful to our leaders and the Back Country Horsemen for their invaluable support.

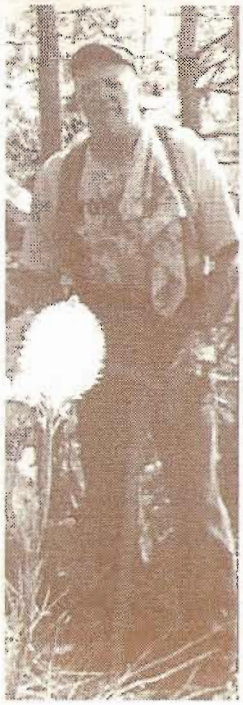
I felt like the calendar had been turned back 40 years.



A Two-Project Guy by Jim Phillips Lolo and Helena N. F.

I was assigned to two projects, the North Fork of the Blackfoot from July 13 to 19, and Webb Lake from July 21 to 27. Instead of hiking out with the North Fork crew and in with the Webb Lake bunch, I elected to hike to Webb Lake after work was completed at North Fork. This involved hiking through the Scapegoat Wilderness alone and in touch with reality. Following is my report of this undertaking:

Watching the North Fork crew cross the bridge for the last time brought mixed emotions. I was sad to see such fine men walk back to their lives, diverse and distant. At the same time, I was excited that I was about to solo the Scapegoat. I busied myself helping the packers and locking the cabin and pushed away any anxiety about facing two days of solitude.



I paced myself on the trail, trying to avoid injury and enjoying the fire-imposed East Fork vistas. Lucky for me, the fish there had rarely seen a lure. The elk, in their own element, allowed me to watch them with their calves. On reflection, everyone could benefit from that kind of experience. A person's senses are honed to the potential of disaster. But then, having met and survived the challenge, each day is in sharper focus. The individual is ever more appreciative of the simple pleasures of friends, family and fancy living.

I encountered a district trail crew 10 minutes from the Webb Lake Cabin, a day ahead of the jumper trail crew. I paid for my stay in the cabin by hiking to Heart Lake and picking trash from the shoreline. I was much relieved to have the jumpers show up because I'd been two days without beer. Toothache-cold creek water, however refreshing, is no substitute for hops and barley. Our Webb Lake crew recovered some abandoned trail, installed water bars, assembled and installed a cedar stock tank, dropped 40 snags, replaced jacks and rails in the corral and, under the engineering of Bill Tucker, the "Gentleman from Virginia" built and hung a corral gate. That will be the pride of the Lincoln Ranger District.

Unlike the humorous incidents of discovering my beer floating down the river at our North Fork encampment, the Webb Lake crew had the benefit of an ice cold spring and a stock tank in which we could cool our brew. Four of us hiked to the top of Red Mountain, the highest peak in the wilderness complex, one blistering hot day. Using gravity to help us down, we brushed the trail so others could ascend and enjoy the vista unhindered. On our return to the cabin we toasted our accomplishment with the contents of the silver cans bobbing in the cedar stock tank filled with spring water. Life is good.

Bob Whaley, I will cherish the memory of you prompting the "boys" to tell silk stories around the campfire. I'm certain that, given some time, I will be able to embellish the incidents of our time together. I'm working now on a story I call "The Night the Deer ate the Laundry."

Check your canopy.

Dean Creek Smokejumper Trail Crew 2002

Are we there yet Daddy? That question was asked at lest 100 times during the 7 hour hike to our campsite on a saddle of Dean Ridge. From Big Bill trailhead to Gunsight Lake the trail was only moderate with fantastic views. From Gunsight to the camp it was steep up, steep down and so bad the packers refused to go back that way, choosing instead the #43 trail down to Silvertip Trailhead.

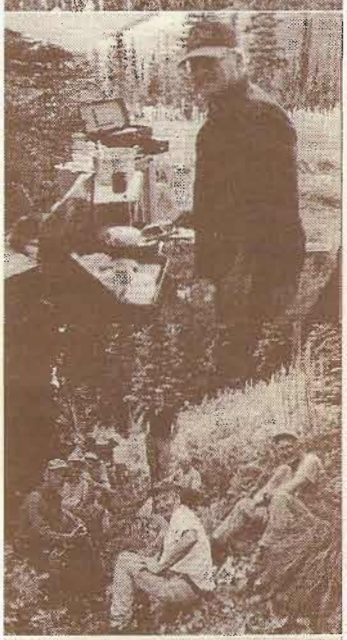
Once at the campsite, what a view, north and south! We set the latrine on the edge of a drop off with a panoramic view Hard to get people off the pot. Our combination cook and packer, Chuck Corrigan, was a blessing. Our camp was dry so he packed water from a quarter mile down the hill every day with his two pack horses. And cooked great meals all week.

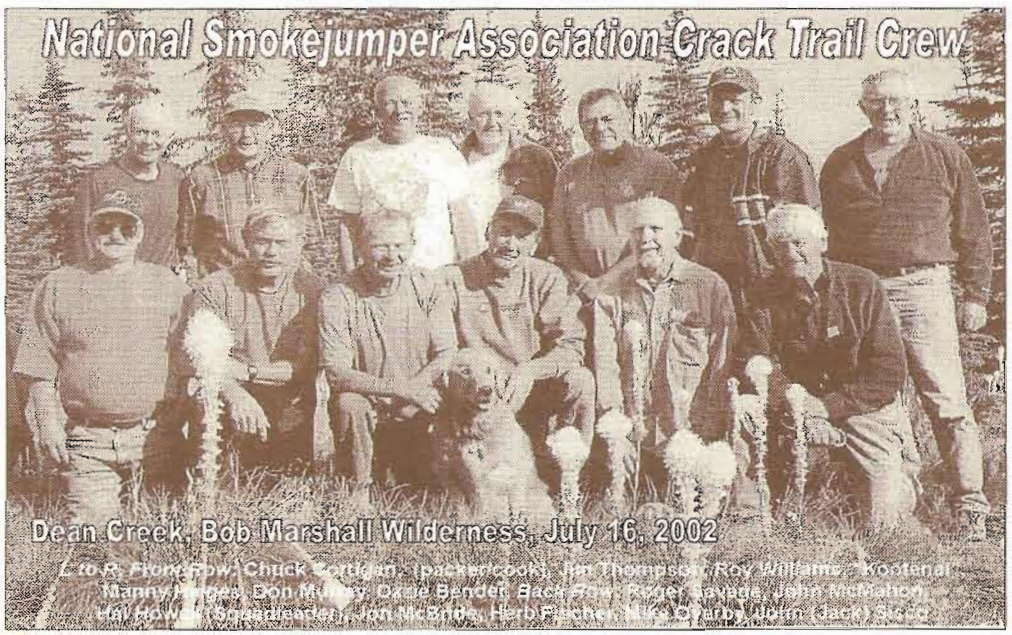
Our crew was both diverse and talented, from Ozzie Bender; mso 47,48 "the map man" to Mike Overby; mso 67,72, the "youngster". Manny Haiges; mso 58, and his dog "Kootnia" kept the bears away. John McMahon; rnso 58,60, GPS expert kept us on course, Herb Fisher; mso 57,60, entertainment chairman, never ran out of stories. Jack Sisco; rnso 60,62, worker extraordinary and Jim Thompson; mso 63,65, crosscut expert set the pace. In addition to the regular crew we had Jon McBride; mso 54,56, Roger Savage; mso 57, 61, 63, 64, 66, Roy Williams; mso 60,65, and Don Murray GPS consultant as scouts for a day to flag the trail since no trace of the old trail could be found.

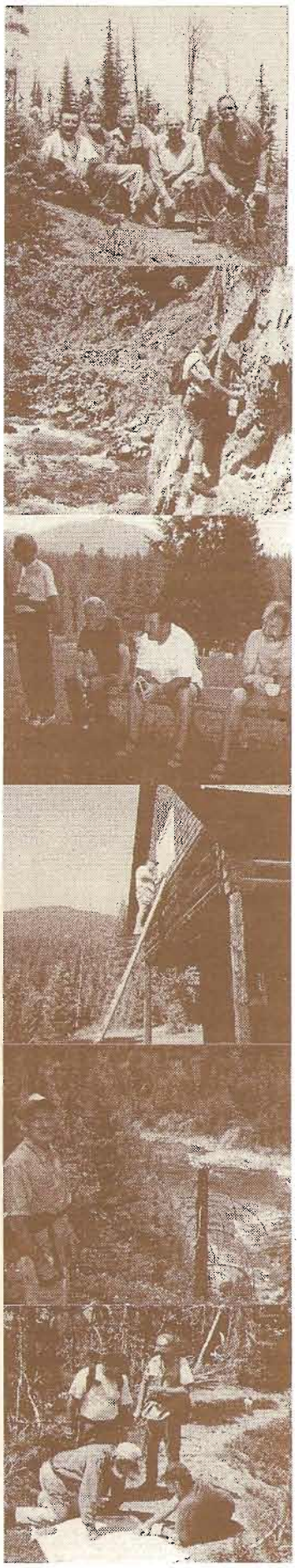
After 3 days of steep downhill work every morning and very steep uphill walking every afternoon we connected with the existing Dean Creek trail. All in all over 300 logs and trees were cut in only 1.66 miles of trail.

Congratulations to all! A great crew and good fun.

Hal Howell, mso 55,56
Squadleader







BLACK BEAR GUARD STATION by Hal Howell

The day was sunny and warm as the crew arrived at Spotted Bear Ranger station from the Missoula send off Breakfast, the jumping off point for the 12 mile hike the next morning to Black Bear guard station. Evening found us at the guest ranch across the river from Spotted Bear. A few beers and get reacquainted time was followed by a great meal.

After a 5:00 AM get up, the crew arrived at the Meadow Park trail head. We were on the trail by 7AM accompanied by our Forest Service Guru Charlie and his faithful dog. The trail follows the South Fork of the Flathead River all the way. Better scenery is hard to find. The Guard Station overlooks the river and is accessed by way of a long pack bridge. The station was a welcome sight as the temperature was now 103 degrees. After setting up tents, the crew elected Bill Breyfogle (MSO 55, 57, 58) as the chief cook. He accepted only after everyone promised to assist, especially clean up.

The next morning at breakfast, Skip Stoll (MSO 51-54) was heard to say, "These hotcakes are burned", "Just the way I like them." Squad leader Bill Kolar had everyone on the trail by 7AM for a 4 mile hike to the Black Bear Creek trailhead which was our first project. Working uphill all the way, the entire crew wanted to finish the job in one day which was accomplished at the cost of arriving back at camp at 7PM after a 12hour day and 19 miles. The youngster in the group, Jim Lee (MSO 77-78) stated, "I thought this would be a picnic, you old guys are wearing me out!" Some of the old guys like Tom McGrath (MSO 57-85) and Rod McIver (MSO 64-88) could have done another 19 miles.

The crew split up the next few days with some working in camp on new screens for the cook shack, jacking up the old hay shed and repairing the corral while other did more trail work on Hodag Creek, Helen Creek and Hungry Creek.

Every day after work, was Hit the River time to cool down from the 90 degree plus temperatures. No one stayed in long as the river was ice cold and swift. Hal Howell (MSO 55-56) and J. B. Stone (MSO 56-59) tested the river for the wily Cut Throat trout and came away about even.

As the crew stated the hike out, Jim Hutchinson (MSO 57-58) expressed everyone's sentiment when he said, "We shall return." Like most of the smokejumper trail projects, Black Bear saw a lot of good work done, a lot of silk stories told and a lot of friendships made or renewed.

Hells Canyon Trail Project a First for NSA

By Carl Gidlund

Mary Asker, who hikes the six-miles between Pittsburg Landing and Kirkwood Bar in Hells Canyon at least twice each year, said she's never seen the trail in better shape.

"I've been walking it for the past 15 years," said the Lewiston, Idaho Head Start employee, "as a volunteer in projects like river cleanups and cleaning fire pits. But the trail has never been so free of rocks and brush as it is this year."

That good condition was due to the efforts of 9 veteran jumpers and an associate NSA member who took on the trail rehabilitation task as a project for the NSA.

NSA Trails Boss Jon McBride, a team member, said it was the first project the association had tackled on either the Nez Perce or Wallowa-Whitman National Forests.

"Based on the beautiful country and the terrific support the Forest Service gave us, I guarantee it won't be our last project in this area," he said.

The crew spent the week of April 22 working out of their camp at Kirkwood Bar, rehabilitating 21 miles of trail, constructing one footbridge rebuilding another and cleaning 47 waterbars.

They worked on both the Idaho and Oregon sides of the Snake River, thus in two national forests. Forest Service Recreation Specialist Earl Baumgarten provided guidance and jet boat transportation to the crew.

McBride said that, during the previous three years of the NSA program, volunteer smokejumper crews have rehabilitated 100 miles of trail, built or rebuilt 11 bridges, cleared 332 waterbars, cut some 1,300 logs that had been blocking trails, and refurbished several Forest Service guard stations.

The Hells Canyon smokejumper crew comprised all Missoula jumpers with the exception of Neil Satterwhite who rookied in McCall in 1965.

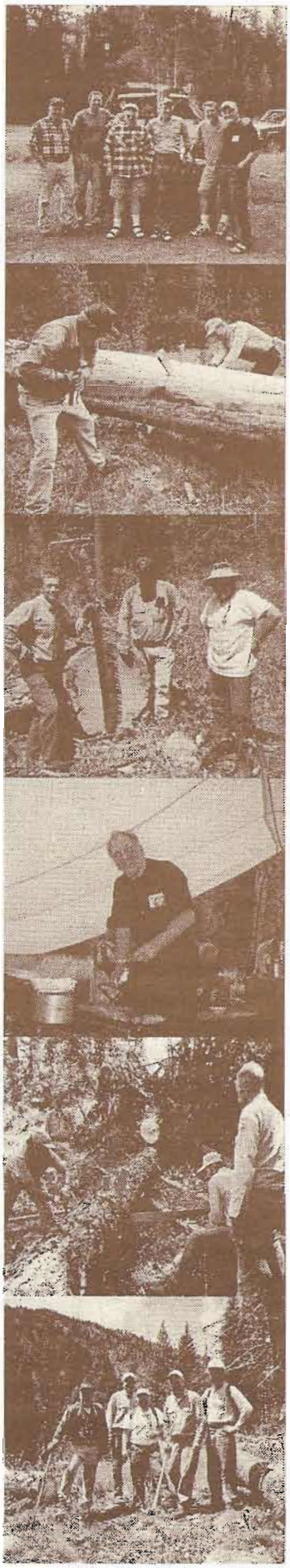
It included retired Nez Perce National Forest officials Ron Stoleson ('56), Tom Kovalicky ('61) and Dave Poncin ('58).

Stoleson was the Salmon River and Slate Creek District ranger from 1972 through 1979. He retired from the Forest Service's Intermountain Regional Office in 2000 with 42-1/2 years' service. He lives in Ogden.

Kovalicky, a Grangeville resident, was the Nez Perce Forest supervisor from May 1982 until his retirement in January 1991.

Poncin, also of Grangeville, served on the Nez Perce Forest from 1983 to 1997, initially as its resources staff officer, then as fire staff officer for both it and the neighboring Clearwater National Forest.

Besides McBride ('54), the other crewmen were Don Courtney ('56), Roger Savage ('57), Roy Williams ('60), Associate Tom Blunn and me. I trained in 1958.



Crew Works Trails in Two National Forests

By Ron Stoleson

In the NSA's second year of work in Region 4, the Forest Service's Intermountain Region, our team spent five days maintaining three trails on the Boise and Sawtooth National Forests. We worked out of a trailhead northwest of Atlanta, Idaho, a historic mining community on the Boise River.

Our team comprised Stan Linnertz (Missoula '61), Charlie Brown (Idaho City '56), Gary Weyerman (Missoula '63), Neil Satterwhite (McCall '65), Doug Daniels (Missoula '61) and me. I trained in Missoula in 1956. It was a nice mixture of bases and people.

We completed 16 miles of trail. In doing so, we rehabilitated 158 water bars and removed 54 logs, some, up to 40 inches in diameter, with crosscut saws. We cut another 49 logs with smaller Oregon saws, and also brushed many yards of trail.

We were accompanied by two hard workers from the Sawtooth Forest who were grateful for not having to cook their own meals for a week.

The project was a reunion of sorts since all but one of us had been on the same crew together last year. Stan Linnertz was the newcomer and we were real happy that he traveled all the way from his home in Lincoln, Nebraska to be with us. Stan distinguished himself in the cooking department. In fact, we no longer refer to him as a cook but call him "Chef Stan".

Doug "Digger" Daniels distinguished himself by demonstrating how to build a water bar using only one's nose and forehead. Ask him for details. At least it wasn't a lost-time injury.

The campsite was handy to water and an outhouse, and we even drove into town one night for ice and a tour of the old mining community and its prison. Deer were all over our camp at night and we saw elk just outside of town on our way to the trail. There were mountain goats in the area but we only saw one. It had succumbed to an avalanche the previous winter.

We all are already looking forward to next year's project, hopefully in Idaho's White Cloud Mountains.

How can you help support volunteer projects in the Bob Marshall Wilderness?

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Ear Mountain Crew Finds Lots of Jobs

By Carl Gidlund

In addition to obvious benefits -- hot showers, comfortable chairs and refrigerators in which to store sodas -- guard station assignments offer intangible bennies: variety, and a chance for those not in the best of shape to contribute to the overall effort.

The Ear Mountain Project on the Lewis & Clark Forest's Rocky Mountain Front provided a sampling of just about every kind of work that a NSA crew might encounter. And, each of the dozen veteran jumpers assigned found a job or two to his liking.

The crew members were all Missoula jumpers with the exception of Clyde Hawley who'd worked out of Idaho City.

We laborers, supplemented frequently by cookie Don Courtney ('56), a lapsed spy, did a mess of chores around the station. And we were damn safe while doing them, guarded by retired FBI agents Monti Leraas ('60) and John Payne ('66).

Our major task at the station was rebuilding a quarter-mile stock exclosure. That entailed pulling out and replacing rotted posts and rails, brushing the fence line, setting wood and steel posts and new rails, stringing barbed wire, building and hanging two gates, staining the new wood (until the stain ran out), then mowing and weed-whacking within the exclosure.

Lots of supervision and a passel of work were provided by the Lord himself, agriculturalist Joe Lord ('56) that is, and retired FS planner Jim Hagemeier ('57).

A one-mile fence around a pasture was in need of swamping, so we did it, led by the only non-Missoula jumper crewman, retired nuclear expert Hawley ('48). The Idaho City vet had us thin aspen, wild roses and other flora. It's work that will lessen the chance that the fence will be knocked down by deadfalls, and the "trail" we built will provide easy access for repair work as needed.

We found an outhouse in terrible shape, a huge accumulation of dirt and weeds within it and surrounded by several years' accumulation of "horse apples" and weeds. Thanks to the efforts of Carolinians Dennis Pearson ('62) and John McIntosh ('60), those are gone now, and the door to the biffy has been repaired and rehung.

Dennis is a commercial artist, so the outhouse has taken on a certain insouciant air. Lawyer John ensured it now meets OSHA standards.

The station's flagpole had collapsed, probably years ago. Crewmen scouted nearby woods for a suitable lodgepole pine, felled and stripped it, then we erected it in a scene faintly reminiscent of the Iwo Jima flag raising. The district was fresh out of suitable flags, so tool buck and EMT Hank Jones ('53), retired National Park Service superintendent, donated his personal ensign. It's tiny, but it does the job.

Hagemeier and former Small Business Administration executive John Mackinnon ('57) got stuck with the most distasteful job of the tour, pulling hounds tongue, a noxious weed, from a station pasture. They filled 15 large sacks – about 10 percent of the two-acre infestation – before calling it quits and for help.

They recommended spraying the remainder, which district personnel accomplished before the end of our week.

On the last day, most of the crew pitched in to paint the station's kitchen and dining room.

Whenever the work outside was too rigorous, Courtney and I ('58), both aspiring journalists, retired to the station dining room and edited the forthcoming "History of Smokejumping." We didn't complain while doing it, but at the end of the week compared symptoms and found that each of us had developed painful blisters on our index fingers. We're mostly recovered by now, thank God.

All of the above is in addition to trail work. We were assigned four trails just outside the east boundary of the Bob Marshall. All the work was accomplished, including two miles of brushing, clearing of 27 deadfalls, building a number of cairns and cleaning six water bars. The work resulted in opening 19.5 miles of trail.

Lawyer Don Marble ('60) and retired Alaska skipper Harold Hoem ('57) gave a hand to most of the projects but, because they spent a considerable amount of time discussing the law of the sea, we gave them a wide berth and aren't sure just how much they really accomplished.

West Fork Crew Works Trails, Fixes Station

By Charlie Brown

We set up tents around the small West Fork Teton Guard Station cabin except one who decided he would guard it by sleeping inside on a bed with a mattress.

Our crew had a varied list of work to accomplish around the station and on three trails. Over the week we had groups alternating, working the trails and on jobs around the station,

On the 7-½ mile East Fork Trail, we cleared downed trees, cut brush and did some major retread work. We also cleaned several water bars and constructed new ones. The views were spectacular along the trail and especially at the top of the pass

We cleared about three miles of the Mount Wright trail including removing windfalls, brushing and some spot re-treading. The scenery from the Mount Wright trail also was very spectacular.

Trail #107 followed the Teton River, and we cleared about three miles including removing windfalls, brushing, and some drainage work. The trail crossed the river several times so the crew returned to camp with wet boots and socks and sore feet.

Overall, we worked 13.5 miles of trail, brushed them, cleared 30 trees, cleaned and constructed about 21 water bars, and rocked and completed tread work over several sections

The work at the station included repairing the entrance gate. We cleaned and sorted material, discarded the junk and loaded the usable material into a trailer. We rebuilt the corral by replacing a post and several rails.

Our crew also built one feed tray and repaired others, replaced the outhouse seating, put on new shingles, painted the cabin, cut some dead trees into blocks and split those into firewood, installed crossings over two pools, and pruned and thinned trees around the station.

Our group -- All Missoula jumpers with the exception of Howard Betty from the North Cascades base, Associate Tom Blunn and me -- was a talented one with diverse skills and interests. Each evening we recounted our smokejumping experiences and discussed current events.

Jim Cherry ('57) has the most vocations: minister, youth counselor, beekeeper, master carpenter, magician, and purveyor of scientific information. He presented us all with a jar of honey and taught us magic tricks and how to tell time using our hands.

Wendy Kamm ('82) kept us entertained with her experiences as a game warden. She was also a pioneer in smokejumper history. She was in the first group of women jumpers at Missoula.

Hans Trankle ('51) remembers jokes, sayings and songs based on the subject being discussed. He also made the first smokejump in Alaska in 1959.

Howard Betty ('48) is a master carpenter along with other skills. He has some interesting stories of his experiences jumping from Winthrop. He also is a marvel of medical technology with his recent Cochlear ear implant so this year he was able to participate in all our discussions. Some thought he was making up for lost time since he had an opinion on most subjects and wasn't shy expressing them. (Just kidding, Howard!)

Bob Derry ('43) had some interesting stories of his older brothers and their barnstorming and parachuting in air shows in the 1930s. Also he related the story of their development of the Derry Slots in the smokejumper parachute. Bob has been involved with scuba diving for many years and has been part of many underwater searches. He still suits up to clean screens for some businesses on the Columbia River.

Tom Blunn is a master with food, and we ate like kings. He surprised us with special deserts like berry cheesecake pie and German chocolate cake.

Spud "Smooth Sailing" Dejarnette ('49) is an avid sailor with a boat on San Francisco Bay. He also plays clarinet in a swing band back in Auburn, California, and his fellow band members were unhappy he was going to miss some gigs to work in the woods for a week.

Tom Oswald ('58) is a retired Ohio schoolteacher who returned to the Montana woods after a 40-year absence. However, he had not forgotten any of the skills he learned while smokejumping. He handled the crosscut and Pulaski with a seasoned woodsman's skill.

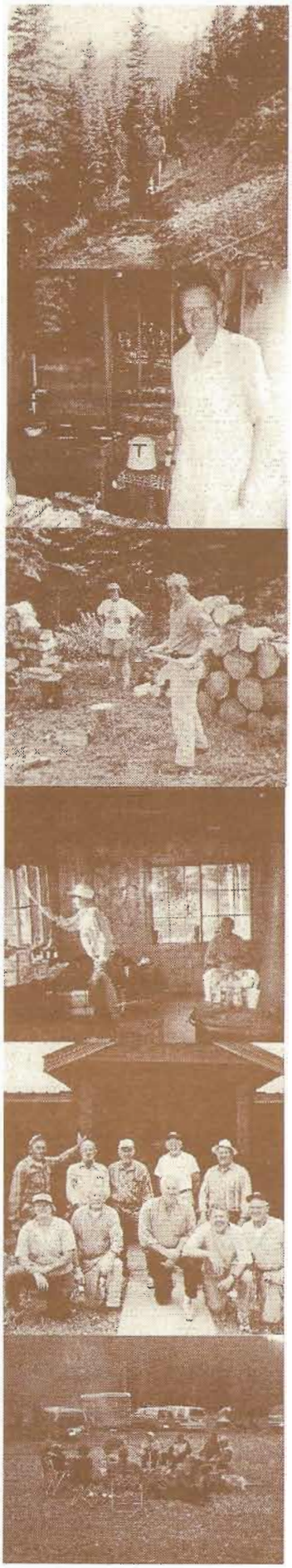
Larry Nelsen ('56) and Ted Nyquest ('54), the work horses of the trails and best dishwashers, had the most smokejumper years and related some very interesting stories.

I was the squad leader, and I'd started jumping from Idaho City in '56.

Before our last evening meal, Jim Cherry included in his prayer thanks for the beautiful area where we camped and worked and for the special jumper fellowship we all had enjoyed.

It was a truly memorable week; interesting, productive, and enjoyable, in a beautiful setting, with a group of special people.

West Fork Teton Project By Ted Nyquest



The work list seemed daunting, the weather was hot, there were plenty of bugs, and my air pad wasn't quite masking the ground bumps. "What am I doing here?" flashed through my mind.

Then, that combination of humor, cooperation, good will, talents, skills and abilities began to emerge and work its wonders. All this, and in an awesome site on the east slope of the Rocky Mountain Front.

Squad leader Charlie Brown took a mellow approach, focusing on safety and everyone's well being. Each crew member had complete discretion on their work and the effort that would be expended to get it done. Accomplishments were rapid, of good quality and quite gratifying.

Jim Cherry was skilled in his "fix-it" abilities. Those fit well with his repertoire of puzzles and rope tricks. He's of a philosophical-religious bent and, because he's a Lutheran pastor, we called him "Reverend Jim."

Wendy Kamm, who has witnessed many lies, deceits and backpedaling as a game warden, had just finished educating us on this litany of deceptions when a very talkative lady visited our camp. She was waiting for a group to emerge from the wilderness and she began her description of fishing with no license and other infractions when someone informed her there was a warden in the group.

The camp erupted in hilarity as she displayed the same deceptions and backpedaling just related to us. The lady retreated quickly. Wendy said she doesn't like to work on vacations unless someone drags an elk through camp.

Other visitors included an amiable couple from the Midwest, probably in their early 50s, who had walked the Appalachian and Pacific Rim Trails. The lady had long, strong lithesome legs. (Tom Oswald said he didn't notice). They were going to climb Mt. Wright and would report back since we had cleared the trail and wanted to know if there was further work above timberline. They established their bonafides, reporting back in detail after only 5-½ hours on the trail the next day. Our next wonder was just how they managed their lives to take six-month stretches walking the continental trails.

Hans Trankle loves humor in the form of jokes, limericks and wisecracks. A five-second silence at campfire was guaranteed to be filled by Hans. Between him and Tom, we always had a smile and an occasional belly laugh.

We received inspiration from Bob Derry, Spud DeJarnette and Howard Betty who have kept themselves fit. They experienced the early years of smokejumping. Bob told us about his barn storming, daredevil brother who finally connected with the Forest Service to do the startup parachute work. Spud related experiences in the Korean War, and Bob told us what it was like to be a Seabee in the Pacific during WWII. They were good productive workers and, in the best sense of the word, gentlemen.

A poignant fireside session had Bob reciting Robert Service's poem "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Charlie Brown delivered a response with another Service poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee." Both lengthy missives were done beautifully from memory. Larry Nelsen is a man of special good will, a tireless worker and a "never give up" fisherman.

NSA Associate Tom Blunn's work started early and lasted until late. His cooking was a treat, and he met many challenges. Those included horseflies by the score and moving our food stores back and forth for bear protection. We all helped where possible, understanding fully that his efforts made our project that much more enjoyable.

That memorable week at West Fork was a fully satisfying adventure and will be "gentle on my mind" for a long time to come.

Breaking New Ground: Trail Maintenance in Oregon's Kalmiopsis Wilderness

By Chuck Mansfield

A team of four Cave Junction veterans and an NSA associate tackled the Mount Billinglsea/Lucky Creek Trail in Oregon's Kalmioposis Wilderness in late June. Our prime objective was to restore it. Secondary objectives included defining a new water source, removal of brush along it and, if time permitted, restoration of tread.

The prime objective was met. The trail is now open for pack stock from the trailhead to Lucky Creek Flat. We removed over 120 deadfalls ranging from four inches to over 2-½ feet in diameter. Two sections were sidestepped to avoid heavily eroded and deadfall areas, a new trail was opened to a series of water holes, and some brush and material that impeded both pack stock and hikers was removed.

In addition, we removed many obstacles from the "Frog Pond" to the Granite Spring side trail. This effort was completed with a great deal of camaraderie and no accidents (other than a few blisters).

The trail formed part of the fireline in the 1985 Silver Complex. Since then, there had been no removal of deadfall, accumulated primarily as the result of the fire. That deadfall prevents access by pack stock and makes it difficult for hikers to get to water.

Lucky Creek Flat is a good camping spot and it has two branches of the creek on the north and south sides. The trail has not been maintained beyond the flat for many years.

The team began at the campsite at around 7:30 a.m. on June 26. We removed some brush along the trail, but in general brush clearance was left as a low priority. By late afternoon the logs had been cut and rolled out of the way and smaller deadfall thrown aside to a point within a couple of hundred yards from the Granite Mountain saddle.

We returned the following day and continued clearing the trail. The section from the saddle to Lucky Creek Flat had the highest percentage of large deadfall of the entire trail; 10 to20 snags had fallen since I'd counted them two years before. At an area that had been eroding heavily and was covered with a jackstraw of deadfall, we had to build a bypass. Our clearing efforts paid off in being able to walk the trail to camp in near darkness.

On June 28, we left camp for the new trail area a half-mile west of the trailhead. At that point, erosion had cut a narrow channel into large rocks, brush had heavily covered the trail and deadfall had covered both erosion and brush. We cleared around 200 yards of new trail on the east side of the old trail and marked the path.

We then concentrated on the trail from the saddle to the water source. As with the bypass, there was neither enough time nor enough people to construct new tread, but we marked a wide swath to a pool that can be accessed by at least one horse at a time. Other pools are available for human use. The team returned to camp and worked the trail between the camping area and the trailhead. That day of comparatively light work allowed us to rest for the next day.

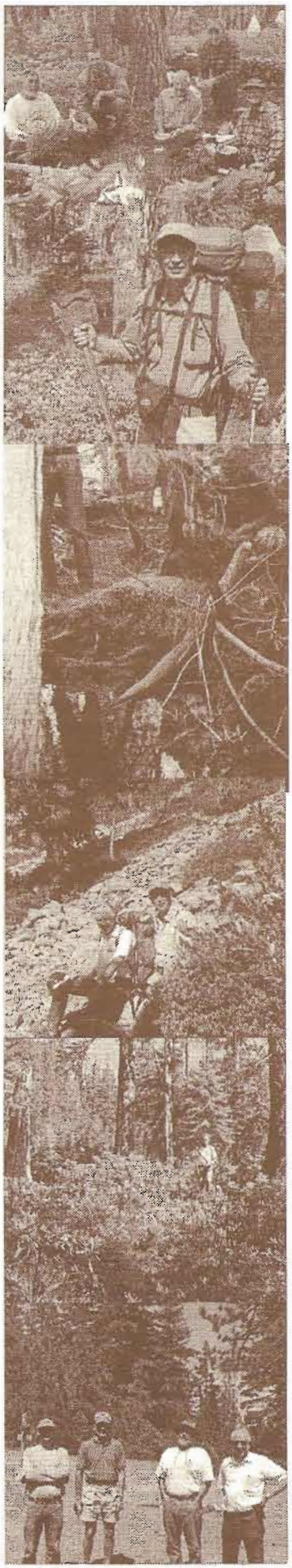
Overnight there was a rainfall that continued most of the day. By our estimate it totaled about a quarter-inch. Our plan had been to return early to the work site at Lucky Creek Flat, complete the deadfall removal, and then hike to the top of Mount Billinglsea. However, we sloshed around camp until around 9 a.m. before we could get started. In the last 100 yards to the creek crossing there was a mess of overlapping logs, some stacked three deep. We were able to open the trail to a clear area that will serve as a tie up point for animals.

It was late afternoon when we returned to camp and built a fire to dry boots and clothing. Since our major objective had been met, opening the trail for pack stock to Lucky Creek, and since a couple of members of the team were running out of food, we decided to break camp and return to the trucks a day earlier than planned.

We didn't finish the trail work due to the lack of time and manpower. I estimate that five to six man-weeks of work remains to be done.

All of the team members provided their own food, shelter and sleeping bags. A couple of them ignored my advice on rain gear. They improvised with garbage bags and now believe my recommendations.

Our team consisted of Jon Klingel ('65), Cliff McKeen ('58), Ron Price ('56), NSA Associate Dave Mansfield and me. I rookied in 1959.



THE EAGLES OF EAGLE CAP

Back Row, L to R: Neil Satterwhite, Gary Weyermann, Rod McIver, George Cross. Front Row: Bill Thomas, Tom McGrath

Wallowa-Whitman N. F.

Eagle Cap Trail Project 2002

2002 was the first time for a NSA Trail maintenance project in the Eagle Cap Wilderness of the Wallowa-Whitman National Forest in NE Oregon. As crew members were invited to work the project, the first question usually was "what is the Eagle Cap like?" Most of us hadn't been there before, and had only heard that it was a great place. We were a crew of six: Bill Thomas (MSO '75), Tom McGrath (MSO '57), George Cross (MSO '74), Rod McIver (MSO '64), Neil Satterwhite (MCY '65), and Gary Weyermann (MSO '63). A Forest Service employee was scheduled to work with us for the week also. There was excitement along with the curiosity about going to a place new and different. One of the first differences noted was the 7 hour drive on Sunday from Missoula. It sure helped having George living at the halfway point, giving us lunch and a rest break while enjoying his $1,000,000 view off his back deck. This project was starting out great.

First night we camped at the Two Pan Trailhead so we would be ready to meet the Pack String 7:00 AM Monday. We had a nice 6 mile hike starting at 5000' and ending at 7400' at our campsite on Minam Lake. Coming from lower altitudes, there was some acclimating to the altitude the first day, but not much of a problem for the rest of the week. It was amazing the amount of use the Eagle Cap Wilderness gets. The 50 cars at the trailhead gave the first indication of use followed by number of people on the trail. There were boy scout groups, families, small parties and outfitter groups. Some carried their own gear while others used mules, horses, llamas, goats, and dogs to pack gear. Got to see about everything. It didn't take long on the trail to realize why it is so popular: good trails, beautiful high country scenery, very few bugs, snow banks, elk, and no bear problem.

Like a first time on a project – we didn't know what to expect for work except that that there wouldn't be any crosscut saw work. A Forest Service person was to work with us and the week's project was scheduled to be 1-1/2 miles long. It did sound like some serious trail work and there was a little bit concern about what we may be in for. It all changed when we reached the camp as our gear was being unloaded and we were told that the Forest Service employee would not be able to stay and work with us – and anyway "you guys have been involved with trails and know what to do". They would try to get someone by Wednesday – if not then it would be Saturday to get gear. We were left with a radio and told to call in the morning and afternoon if possible. Bill carried the radio all week but could not get out once. Little disconcerting that we couldn't make contact especially if we would really need to, but not enough to slow down the work

Our assignment was now changed to work segments of the trails from the lake; clearing rocks. Building or repairing water bars, and blocking multiple parallel trails, and what ever else may be needed. We made a plan for the weeks work starting with the trail up to Blue Lake at 8000 feet and to the pass into Lake Basin at 8500 feet to be done in the early part of the week to be sure that we would get to do those because they were such scenic areas. Then we would do the Minam Lake, Minam River and Lostine river trail segments at the end of the week. That is where most of the parallel trails and deep tread problems were and we were hoping for a little guidance on how they wanted that work done.

With all the traffic on the trails and the surprising amount of soil in many areas, it was not uncommon to find the tread worn down a couple of feet, or find that the traffic would start traveling adjacent to the original trail to get out of the deep tread making a parallel trail (three or four in many places). All except the original were to be blocked and filled with brush, logs, or big rocks to block traffic, prevent additional erosion and allow vegetation to get reestablished. It will take a long time for it to recover.

The best part was being part of a crew of such hard workers most anxious to get some work done. Some were ready to start moving along the trail and get the regular maintenance items done; others had a greater interest in analyzing some of the more challenging rock or switchback reconstruction problems areas for the best solution. We were fortunate to usually have enough variation in the work to split it according to each ones interest. Even with as much varied experience crew members have had through the years, there were still some aspects of trail maintenance it would have been helpful to have had more training.

Even Neil our cook was out working on the trail. Our original assigned cook had to cancel out and Neil agreed to cook, but he still wanted to spend time on the trail work with the rest of the crew. The crew helped with some of the kitchen duties so Neil could be away from camp much of the day. It worked well for everyone.

And what is it Smokejumpers do after a hard day of work? When there is a snow bank nearby to hold the appropriate liquid refreshment, and there is a place for a big camp fire (the Forest Service left fire pits intact at some of the camp sites and encouraged us to use them), the stories of the past live again. It was especially interesting since members of this crew were represented in six decades of Smokejumper history. To top everything off one night a cow elk got in under the cook fly to rout through the mule boxes to dig out a loaf of garlic bread.

Wednesday came and went and the Forest Service employee didn't show up so we continued just as if we knew what we were doing and worked final three trail segments. On Saturday we packed up all the gear for the packer and carried our tools to touch up the trail on the way out. Our gear was out by late afternoon and George already had it figured that the Missoula bound crew members would stop at his place to cleanup, have dinner, stay overnight in his bunkhouse, and have breakfast before heading on home. This is a special bunkhouse, complete with a wonderful collection of Statue art figures that George creates, and two noisy donkeys outside the window to get you going in the morning This project just kept getting better every day.

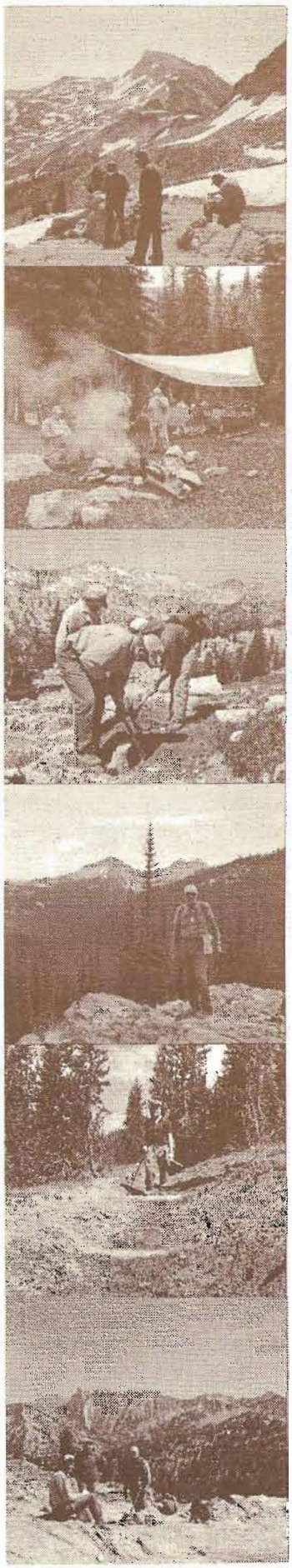
For the week we worked a total of 10 miles on segments of 5 high use trails emanating from Minam Lake, we cleaned 180 waterbars, built or repaired 26 check dams, rebuilt 3 switchbacks, blocked and closed 94 parallel trail segments.

While working we were surprised at the number of hikers we met on the trail who said things like "you must be the Smokejumper crew that came here to work on the trail. Thanks for the work". Also, two different outfitters came out of there way to thank us for the work. This business is starting to get a little heady. It feels great just to be back out in the woods, and it really makes you feel good when your work is appreciated like that.

The question in the beginning was "what is the Eagle Cap like?" At the end of the week the question was "I wonder where they are going to have us work on the Eagle Cap next year?"

A special thanks to the NSA, Jon McBride-trails coordinator, and the Walla-Whitman National Forest for a great project.

Gary Weyermann



NSA TRAIL MAINTENANCE SMOKEJUMPER OF THE YEAR for 2002

Robert L. Derry
mso 1943 - 1946
by Robert S. McCarl

Bob Derry: In Harm's Way So We Aren't

Maybe you have wondered who first discovered that nightshade was deadly or that poison oak can cause discomfort in your nether regions if you aren't careful in the woods. In smokejumping these kinds of questions might be asked regarding the origins of the unusual gear worn by the fully-loaded jumper as he or she lumbers into the air above a two-manner. You need look no farther than the Derry brothers. Bob Derry, who followed his brothers Frank, Virgil "Bus," and Chet into jumping at the ripe old age of fifteen, in 1943, first at Nine Mile and then (after WWII) out of Missoula, recalls the price paid for some of these early innovations. Bob now lives in East Wenatchee, Washington. Since those early days he has worked as a Fireman, Seabee and Diver. Bob still dives in the Columbia River when emergency conditions require. He is in excellent physical condition and continues to do more than his share of the tasks on the Trail projects. Bob says that in an effort to impress the Forest Service with the efficiency of jumping, the brothers Derry made lots of jumps with the old Eagle parachute. The Eagle had an opening shock that not only "kinda woke you up a bit," as Bob puts it; it also sounded like a howitzer going off. Bob recalled that on one of his practice jumps he checked his canopy to find a lot of blue sky and very little silk. He was reaching for his reserve when he happened to look over and noticed that he was descending at the same rate as his jump partner. After that, he figured, what the hell, he'd ride it out. His brother Frank thought, why not just keep the holes and make them useful and the Derry slot was born. Bob also recalled seeing his older brother Bus stumble into the kitchen one day with his cheek ripped from cheekbone to chin. It turns out that in the early days of Smokejumping one of the prototype jump suits had the oversized collar but it was made out of shoe leather rather than fabric. When Bus jumped, the Eagle chute exploded and the whipping shroud lines sliced the collar through his cheek. The canvas and later Nomex jump suit was born. Today Bob Derry has continued the family tradition of selfless disregard for personal safety by volunteering for the NSA trail crew during the last three summers. Word has it that with no regard for his personal hygiene, Bob Derry was the first to use the refurbished outhouse at the West Fork Cabin project this past summer, on the Lewis and Clark National Forest. This architectural monument to human need was fitted out with crown molding, a chandelier, a (discrete) but impressive picture window and wall-to-stall carpeting. No one really knows what went on inside the "Cadillac" two-holer that day, but some things are best left to the imagination. Those Derry brothers. They'll put up with anything to make life better for another jumper.

The following descriptions of pictures in the Special Report apply to pictures from top to bottom.

Cover Page 1
Raising the new flagpole at Ear Mountain Guard Station, Lewis & Clark National Forest, L to R: Carl Gidlund, Joe Lord, John McIntosh, John MacKinnon.
Scouts Page 4
L to R: Chuck Fricke, Jon McBride, Roy Williams, and Don Murray, scouting high in the Pentler Mountains.
North Fork of the Blackfoot Page 5
L to R: Bob McCarl Carla Cline, Chuck Fricke, Jim Phillips, Joe Kroeber, Bill Tucker, Terry Danforth, Karin Connelly, and Jim Anderson taking the picture.
Crew at dinner in front of Guard Station.
Jim Anderson and the North Fork of the Blackfoot river.
The completed, rebuilt bridge across the N. Fork of the Blackfoot river
Crew on bridge admiring their handy work.
Back at the Trailhead: L to R: McCarl, Tucker, Kroeber, Fricke, Anderson, and Danforth.
Webb Lake Page 6
L to R: Bob Reid, Bill Tucker, Roland Pera, Jim Phillips, "Jake", Dianne Tiowell, Bill Murphy, Bob Whaley, Bill Breyfogle.
Bob Whaley taking a well earned break.
The finished gate, produced by Bill Tucker and Bill Breyfogle.
Jim Phillips and Bob Whaley pulling stumps.
The new water tank "in progress"
Bill Breyfogle, Roland Pera, Bob Whaley and Jim Phillips in formation in front of the Webb Lake G.S.
Dean Creek Page 8
L to R: The crew at Big Bill Trailhead, about to start the hike in.
Going through the bear grass.
Chuck Corrigan at the cooking stove.
Taking a lunch break on the Dean Creek Trail.
Mike Overby and Jim Thompson taking in the view.
Manny Haiges cutting his way through.
Black Bear Guard Station Page 9
L to R: Helen Creek Trail. Jim Lee. Rod McIver. Bill Kolar. Tom McGrath, J.D. Stone.
Hal Howell navigating above a creek.
At Black Bear Guard Station: Tom McGrath. Jim Hutchinson. Jim Lee, Rod McIver "The Wild One "
Jim Lee on ladder "The Brave One"
Bill Kolar hiking out, south fork of the Flathead river.
Jim Lee, Rod McIver. Bill Kolar and J.B Stone trying to figure out where they are
Hells Canyon Page 10
The crew loading the jet boat at Pittsburg Landing.
The crew back at Pittsburg Landing. L to R. Roger Savage. Roy Williams. Tom Kovalicky. Carl Gidlund, F.S. Rec. Specialist Earl Baumgarten.
The camp at Kirkwood Bar on the Snake River.
The crew around the fire in camp.
L to R: Tom Blunn. Tom Kovalicky. Ron Stoleson, Roger Savage.
The crew: Roger Savage. Tom Blunn, Neil Satterwhite, Cark Gidlund. Tom Kovalicky, Jon McBride. Roy Williams, Ron Stoleson, Dave Poncin, Don Courtney.
Saw Tooth/Boise Page 11
The whole crew. L to R: Doug Daniels, Gary Weyermann, Neil Satterwhite, Ron Stoleson, Charlie Brown, Stan Linnertz.
Bucking a big one: Doug Daniels & Gary Weyermann.
Just another sawtooth log: Gary Weyermann, Doug Daniels, Neil Satterwhite.
Chief cook getting it all together: Stan Linnertz
More bucking: Deb Peters (Sawtooth N.F.), Doug Daniels. Gary Weyermann, Ron Stoleson.
Just another photo opportunity: Doug Daniels. Gary Weyermann, Neil Satterwhite, Charlie Brown, Ron Stoleson.
Ear Mountain Guard Station Page 12
The Flag Pole Boys.
The Ear Mountain Guard Station
Dinner outside as Carl Gidlund (left) holds court.
Don Courtney "Chief Cook and Bottle Washer" down in the dirt.
Monti Leraas and Harold Hoem.
The full crew, back row. L to R: John Payne, Carl Gidlund. Don Marble. John MacKinnon, Joe Lord, Clyde Hawley, John McIntosh, Don Courtney. Front row: Jim Hagemeier. Monroe Leraas, Henry Jones. Harold Hoem. Dennis Pearson.
West Fork Teton Page 14
L to R: Larry Nelsen and Charlie Brown, cutting tread on trail #107.
Tom Blunn cooking in the kitchen.
Wendy Kamm and Howard Betty splitting wood at West Fork Cabin.
Hans Trankle killing flies as Howard Betty oversees the project.
Back Row L to R: Larry Nelson, Tom Oswald. Ted Nyquist. Spud DeJarnette, Hans Trankle. Front Row L to R: Wendy Kamm, Howard Betty, Jim Cherry, Charlie Brown, Bob Derry
The crew around the fire telling "Can you top this?" jump stories.
Siskiyou National Forest Page 15
L to R: Jon Klingle. Cliff McKeen, Chuck Mansfield. Ron Price. Dave Mansfield
Cliff McKeen with Jon's axe
Water Source, just off the trail
Cliff McKeen and Chuck Mansfield taking a break.
Ron Price clearing flowers.
Dave Mansfield. Ron Price. Jon Klingle. Chuck Mansfield (picture taken by Cliff McKeen)
Eagle Cap Page 16
Eagle Cap crew working above snowline in late July.
Crew at camp with smoke and dinner.
Tread work high up in high mountains.
George Cross in the Eagle Cap Wilderness.
Bill Thomas and check dams.
"Near the top" L to R: Gary Weyermann, Neil Satterwhite, George Cross.

NATIONAL SMOKEJUMPER ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 4081
Missoula, MT 59806-4081
Phone: 406-549-9938
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Remember to fill out and mail the enclosed
2003 NSA Trail Maintenance Volunteer Form!

ROBERT G. CUSHING
1801 LAVACA ST APT GL
AUSTIN TX 78701-1311

NATIONAL SMOKEJUMPER ASSOCIATION

Mr. Fred Brauer
2520 Strand Avenue
Missoula, Montana 59804-4722

August 12, 2002

Hi Fred,

During a volunteer send-off breakfast in Missoula on July 21 you donated two cross-cut saws for use in the Wilderness trail projects. Knowing the scarcity and value of these saws, we want to express our very sincere "Thanks" for you great generosity.

Each year, it's becoming increasingly difficult to obtain quality tools, especially saws for use by our volunteers. I assure you that the saws you donated will be sharpened and cared for by professionals and will be used only by NSA jumpers working on NSA projects. I might add that many of the sawyers will be men you trained as boys in the proper use of the cross-cut many years ago.

Thanks Fred for your continued support for and confidence in the trails program as attested to by your presence each year at the send-off breakfasts. Your "Good Deal" speech has become a tradition and adds humor as well as a sense of importance to the work the volunteers are performing each year.

Hope to see you in the near future.

Sincerely;

Roland M. Stoleson
President--NSA

A SPECIAL THANK YOU

The Missoula Smokejumper Base
(Ed Ward) for their strong support of the NSA trail projects. They continue to loan the NSA high quality cross cut saws, pulaski's and essential high quality trail maintenance tools for the summer projects.

Northern Rockies Fire Cache
(Phil Mason) Missoula, MT, for their continuous donation of trail maintenance tools and equipment.

U.S. Forest Service, Redmond Air Center
(Mark Corbet) Redmond, OR, for their continuous donation of many trail maintenance tools and special equipment.

Bob Marshall Foundation
(Carla Cline) Kalispell, MT, for their continuous support with tools, equipment, planning and financing.

Tom Blunn, Hal Howell and Tom McGrath
For their showing up early in July and taking care of the dirty work.