Mr. President:

The attached is forwarded for your information and will be handled routinely unless otherwise indicated.

[Signature]

Ron Nelson
Staff Secretary
April 28, 1975

Dear Jerry:

You may already have this article, if not, I am pleased to send it on to you. It is very interesting, to say the least, especially "kicking the grizzlies."

All best wishes,

Sincerely,

John H. Stender
Assistant Secretary of Labor

The President
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500
President Ford's Heroic Days as a Yellowstone Park Ranger

Picture President Gerald Ford with a Smoke-tree bear hat on and you have some idea how he looked 37 years ago — as a stout-hearted Yellowstone Park Ranger.

The ENQUIRER tracked down three men who were Ford's closest pals during that time and, as they recall, there was never a dull moment when 25-year-old ranger Jerry Waldron was around.

Wayne Replogle of Lawrence, Kan., remembered vividly the day Ford directed a dangerous cliff-top rescue.

A park visitor had slipped on some loose gravel and fallen down the steep cliff to a tiny ledge about 50 feet above the swirling waters of the Yellowstone River.

"When we were called, Jerry reacted like lightning," recalled Replogle. "He streaked out to our rescue — with me behind him — and we raced to the scene.

"When we got there, the man — badly battered and on the verge of fainting — was holding onto some bushes with only one hand. His other hand had been injured in the fall. Ford immediately took charge. He slipped a rope around a tree, bound himself to one end and tied the other end to Replogle.

As Ford fed out the rope, Replogle lowered himself down and grabbed hold of the desper-ate man. Ford then pulled the two up.

Ranger Ford's strength and composure evidenced itself in other harrowing situations.

John Thune, Ford's roommate at Yellowstone, recalled the night the two arrived home to find a huge grizzly tumbling through the cupboard.

"When the big bear saw us he rushed at us with his paws flying," said Thune. "We jumped to the side and as the bear passed, Jerry gave him a hefty kick in the backside.

"That sure made him move and Jerry chased him off."

But there were less hair-raising incidents, too, reminisced Charles Waldron, one of Ford's ranger friends and now a retiree living in Portland, Ore.

"We used to throw pillows at Jerry and Ford between the scenes."

One night Ford and Replogle were throwing each other and pillow cases over the place when they crash- ed right through the wall.

Replogle recalled with a laugh: "There was plaster everywhere, as we ran out, bought some new plaster, and patched up the wall before our less could find out.

"But wrestling, recouping and kicking pears can take it out on a guy at the end of the day — even a strong man like Ford.

"He would go out like a light at night and it was hell waking him up," said roommate Thune. "I'd throw pillows at him. I'd yell — but nothing worked.

"Finally, in desperation, I would throw my boots at him."

"There I was," said Thune, "with a touch of awe, throwing my boots at the future president of the United States."

— Richard Cowan
The attached letter was returned in the President's outbox with the following notation to you:

-- I don't recall these heroics
but they sound good 37 years later.
Make a copy for me.

Please follow-up with the appropriate action.

Thank you.

cc: Don Rumsfeld
Bob Linder