

VOL. 1

NO. V

TIMBER LINES

JUNE 1951

Official Publication

REGION-SIX THIRTY-YEAR CLUB

T I M B E R L I N E S

NO. V - PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN BY R-6 THIRTY-YEAR CLUB - JUNE 1951

"You've reached middle age when your
Wife tells you to pull in your stomach
--- and you already have."

Some one said that seeing ourselves as others see us wouldn't do much good - we wouldn't believe it anyway. So here we go with another publication of TIMBER LINES. Reader participation in what goes into Timber Lines is encouraging, but we could use a lot more of it. One reader said that Timber Lines is like spring - it comes when it is most needed. But another likened us to an editor who was fond of making speeches. On one occasion a baby started fretting just as the editor was getting warmed up. When the embarrassed mother got up to take it out the speaker halted and said, "Never mind the baby, lady. It's not bothering me one bit". "The baby may not be bothering you," the mother retorted, "but you sure are bothering the baby!" So, if this issue reminds you of sulphur and molasses, or causes the baby to fret, think nothing of it but resolve to send the editor a good long letter about yourself, or somebody else, before another year has passed, in order that the next issue of TIMBER LINES will be even more interesting.

THE ANNUAL DINNER MEETING:

The seventh annual "eatin' meetin'" was held Friday, April 20, at "Iloyds" Ireland restaurant where we have been meeting for the past several years. Fifty-six members came to the party and all signed a roster. Unfortunately we do not have the list of those who attended and so cannot give it here, but be assured that if you were not there you missed a mighty good time and a fine dinner.

Our "Veep" Kay Wolfe was chairman and kept things well in hand. The Chairman explained the absence of President Glenn Mitchell by reading a letter he had received from Glenn. All agreed that Glenn's custom of letting business take precedence over pleasure should be curbed.

Walter Lund, Frank Flack and Francis E "Scotty" Williamson were present to receive their Thirty-Year pins which were presented by past-President Foster Steele.

The meeting was saddened when the Secretary reported the passing of members Martin Prash and Harvey Welty since our last meeting. Secretary Frankland also reported the circumstances of the accident which took the life of Regional Forester Andrews in Washington D.C. Illness of members Claude Waterbury, Fred Matz and Mel Lewis was also reported.

Secretary Frankland also reported action giving membership in the Club and presentation of the Thirty-Year pin to Chief Forester Watts at Washington D.C., on February 14, 1951.

Shirley Buck then took over as Toastmaster and did a swell job of bringing out hidden talents amongst the various retirees present.

Albert Wiesendanger entertained with two recent colored movies of Oregon Highways and Trails, and the Bud Worm Spraying project which were educational as well as very entertaining.

Chairman Wolfe closed the meeting with the announcement of a summer picnic and corn roast at the country home of Past-President John Kuhns and Mrs. Kuhns. In anticipation of that pleasurable event every one went home happy at 10:pm.

ELECTION RESULTS:

After the ballots were duly counted by the "election board" it was determined that the following candidates had been elected to office for 1951:

President	Victor H. Flach
Vice President	James Frankland
Secretary-Treasurer	Howard J. Stratford
Executive Committee	R. A. Botcher
"	Carl Ewing
"	"

FINANCIAL STATEMENT:

FOREST SERVICE 30 YEAR CLUB

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

April 20, 1950 to April 1, 1951

April 20, 1950 Cash on hand and in bank \$86.96

Receipts

1951 Dues \$87.00

Profit on Picnic Held
September 9, 1950 3.00 90.00

\$176.96

Disbursements

Banquet - 1950 11.20

10 Thirty-Year Pins 25.20

Stamps and Stamped Envelopes 50.68

Banquet - 1951 2.60 89.68

BALANCE ON HAND, April 1, 1951.....\$87.28

READY FOR THE BRANDING CHUTE:

The 1951 crop of eligibles for the 30-Year emblem is the largest since the initial presentations were made some years ago. We congratulate these men and extend to them a hearty invitation to become members of the Thirty-Year Club.

We also wonder why there are no gals on the list. Could it be the gals have decided to boycott this thirty-year business! Come now, girls, we have some cute little 30-Year emblems just for the ladies.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Assignment</u>
Bryan, William D.	Olympic
Lund, Walter H.	Timber Management, RO
Langfield, Karl C.	Gifford Pinchot
Flack, Frank	Engineering, RO
Grefe, Raymond F.	Engineering, RO
Bowman, Richard F.	Operation, RO
Murray, Floyd F.	Mt. Hood
Williamson, Francis E.	Information & Education, RO
Ritter, Hugh A.	Siskiyou

THE ROCKING CHAIR BRIGADE:

The list of those who have retired since June 30, 1950, is an impressive one. We do not have the record of past retirements but our guess is that this is the greatest number for any like period in the history of the Forest Service. We who have preceded you in retirement extend a hearty welcome to our ranks and best wishes for a happy, restful future. Take it easy, Men.

With 30 years or more of Service:

Simpson, Chas. D.	Box 541, Baker, Oregon
Harper, Robert H.	Pine, Oregon
Moses, Arthur T.	4320 Scenic Drive, Eugene, Oregon
Elliott, Roy A.	Route 2, Box 95a, Eugene, Oregon
Ewing, Carl M.	315 NW Gilliam, Pendleton, Oregon
Cambers, Royal U.	Address unknown

With less than 30 years:

		<u>Yrs.</u>	
a - For Disability:	Lambert, J. Robert	(25)	Toledo, Washington
	Neff, Lewis H.	(28)	48 Grand St., Eugene, Oregon
	Keyte, Harley T.	(17)	Grants Pass, Oregon, GD
	McGinley, Chas.	(19)	McKenzie Bridge, Oregon
	Christy, Henry	(13)	Joseph, Oregon
	Mitchell, Henry	(9)	2208 Adriatic Ave., Long Beach, California
b - For Other Reasons:	King, Ralph E.	(21)	224 E. D. St., Grants Pass, Ore.
	Peterson, Oscar	(15)	Forks, Washington
	Brown, Thomas	(17)	Box 228, Estacada, Oregon
	Merritt, R. E.	(19)	6107 SE 34 Ave., Portland, Ore.
	Sibray, Edgar E.	(15)	3725 NE Hassalo, Portland, Ore.

To those of you who are eligible for membership in the Thirty-Year Club we extend a hearty invitation to join us and keep in touch with your associates of years gone by. Eligibility consists of thirty years of service or retirement for disability after 20 years.

THINGS WE JUST HAPPEN TO KNOW ABOUT:

Clubbers Cooperate with L & C College

Several 30-year clubbers are active in giving of their time for work on the Lewis and Clark College campus. Jim Frankland is now president of the Lewis and Clark Rose Club that maintains on Saturday afternoons in spick and span condition the great rose garden. Thornton Munger is chairman of the Grounds Committee of the Board of Trustees and spends considerable time on the campus at this season. Mel Merritt and John Kuhns join the work party some Saturdays.

The Lewis and Clark campus is on the former Lloyd Frank estate where some 20 gardeners used to be employed regularly. Since the college can afford but two or three this volunteer help is much appreciated, and it is a beautiful garden for any outdoorsman to enjoy working in.

Merritt New President of Myrtle Organization

Mel Merritt was elected president of Save the Myrtle Woods, Inc. at its recent annual meeting succeeding Thornton Munger who had had the job for three years. Though four nice tracts of virgin myrtle have been acquired and turned over to the State of Oregon for Parks or State Forests there is more to do to complete the objectives of saving for posterity and for the enjoyment of present day tourists and ourselves a few examples of the original old growth pure myrtle forest. Vernon Harpham continues as Honorary Vice-president for Douglas County.

OTHER PERSONAL ITEMS:

A. O. "Woo" Waha has made a nice recovery from a major operation at Providence Hospital last fall. Woo and Mary are busy taking care of their fine vegetable garden and beautiful flowers and trees on their country place out on Lake Road east of Milwaukie.

Ye editor can now qualify for membership in "Our Operations" Club having survived a major operation for hernia March 19.

Bill and Mrs. Weigle passed thru Portland recently on their way to Seattle. They are travelling by train. Bill says it is much better to let the engineer worry about the hazards of driving. Operative No. 6532, who interviewed them said the Weigles were looking younger every day and that both were feeling fine.

Julius and Mrs. Kummel spent several months in California last winter where they spent some time at Palm Springs and La Jolla.

C. J. Buck and Mrs. Buck made their annual trip to southern California during the wet months here. They spent most of their time at their favorite town of San Clemente. The Bucks are feeling fine and getting much out of life. C. J. swings a mean golf club and works at it every time the sun shines and sometimes when it doesn't.

Oliver and Mrs. Ericson worked like the dickens painting and polishing their home in Portland. When it was all fixed up spic and span Oliver said, "Let's sell the darned thing". Mrs. E. said "OK, let's do". So they sold it lock

stock and barrel, cranked up the family bus and headed for California. At Cathedral City they found a fine trailer camp with trailers for rent, so they rented one. They liked it so well they bought one for themselves and about May 15, they headed for Evergreen Trailer Park, Leucadia, California, where they now abide. Oh yes, Oliver said the best thing for moving a trailer is a new Chrysler car so they got a new car and now everything is fine with the Ericsons.

We know some more gossip about folks you know but neither time, space or the laws governing what you can and cannot print enables us to tell it here. This gossip column could become quite popular if we had more operatives like No. 6532. We are especially interested in getting items about those who do not write letters to the "Mail Bag", so if you have anything on these birds just pass it on to the editor. He will immediately assign to you an operative number by which you will ever after be identified. We will print anything, that is almost anything. The things we can't print we shall enjoy reading.

LETTER TO A RANGER is taken from the R-6 ADMINISTRATIVE DIGEST of March 1, 1950. Neither the ex-supervisor nor the ranger to whom it was written are known to us but the sentiment expressed and experiences portrayed awaken memories in every old timer who served in that era. It is republished here for the benefit of those who may have missed it in the digest.

"Now that I learn that you are retiring from 'The Service', a mass of crowding memories separate the years one from another. My, how young we were! The forests were young -- the service was young -- even the mountains seemed young because our hearts were young, and only youth and loyalty to the service mattered. Youth is gone -- and association in the service, like some faded leaf pressed in a book of long ago, still possesses a power to kindle again our hearts in warmth. Friendship formed under the stars fostered by miles of Indian trails, by an incomprehensible something, will ever endure. It is hardly conceivable that when we started there was naught but Indian trails -- no telephone lines, no auto roads, no ranger stations, just the forest, a few men, that loyalty thing, and God. Somehow, I sometimes feel that in the end that is about all there is anyway, or ever will be. The forest -- men, and that funny something we don't know much about; that keeps our 'chin up' when there is hardly hope; that lets us finish 'standing up', or at least keeps us from going all to Hell. For myself, I could almost wish that the forest was as untrammled and devoid of men as it was when old Cy Bingham carved his name on every tree and tossed it to us. It would even be enjoyable to once again find my bedroll fly-blown, and my neck red; to cook a six course dinner on a frying pan, each course, another flap-jack. Mosquito camp -- French Pete Creek -- Ollalie Mountain -- Box Canyon -- even Scott Mountain, with its sombre, sinister story of the man afraid -- the rotten blackened corpse -- the stench of maggot-torn flesh, oozing out the final chapter of one man's destiny while the fibrous ends of some once-lovely branches, and a few mute shells threw the shadow of a gallows across the destiny of another. Small, disjointed paragraphs from the random pages of our lives, and yet, you nor I can sit before the open fire without memory creeping silently forth, and live again those hours when fate gave us our parts, watched us play them, and then -- laughed. I would not wish it otherwise. Few men can claim from me the high regard I have for you. If 'The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on', -- Splendid! -- let it write. And may the unfolding scroll but duplicate the zest we had for life, our friends, and 'The Service', for, though I am out of it these many years, still to me it was the most

glorious experience of my existence. I will always feel proud that I had the advantage of your association and friendship; that I met such men as Allen, Chapman, Buck and Heintzleman -- men of real worth. I miss it terribly, and so will you. But be assured of this; you will carry with you the affection and deep respect of every man. To that let me add not only the admiration of your first supervisor, but a happy landing from one who feels himself a better man for having known you."

ABOUT MEMBERSHIP IN THE THIRTY-YEAR CLUB:

Following is a list of members who have paid their 1950 and/or 1951 dues. If your name does not appear on the list or if you have not paid your 1951 dues, you should immediately forward a dollar to Secretary-Treasurer, Howard J. Stratford, c/o Forest Service, Builders Exchange Building, Portland 4, Oregon. You will note that the financial statement contained in this issue shows an expenditure of \$50.68 for postage alone. This is to insure your getting the News Digest each month as well as your annual copy of TIMBER LINES and other matters of interest to you. In addition to Postage we are also committed to the policy of furnishing the 30-Year pin to all who qualify. Last year this item amounted to \$25.20, so you see it is quite necessary that dues be paid if we are to continue to receive the benefits of our membership in the club. Do it now:

ROSTER OF PAID UP MEMBERS

<u>Name</u>	<u>Address</u>
Ames, Fred E.	University Club, Portland, Oregon
Anderson, J. O.	Forks, Wash.
Blake, Grover C.	2440 N. Stevens St., Roseburg, Ore.
Blodgett, L. D.	704 S. Percival St., Olympia, Wash.
Bloom, Clyde	2741 S. E. 153rd Ave., Portland 66, Ore.
Brown, Gilbert O.	608 Hawthorne St., Wenatchee, Wash.
Bruckart, John Ray	Box 1272, Eugene, Ore.
Brundage, Fred H.	3290 N. E. Irving, Portland, Ore.
Buck, Clarence J.	7720 S. E. 30th Ave., Portland 2, Ore.
Buck, Shirley	2730 McLoughlin Blvd., Milwaukie, Ore.
Burge, W. F.	Winthrop, Wash.
Carter, R. Thomas	P. O. Box 186, Estacada, Ore.
Cecil, Kirk P.	3104 N. E. 34th, Portland, Ore.
Cleator, Fred W.	2406 Baker St., Olympia, Wash.
Collins, Chas. H.	Tiller, Ore.
Conroy, Gertrude	5226 E. Burnside, Portland, Ore.
Cousins, A. H.	1912 Belmont Road N.W., Washington 9, D.C.
Croxford, Harry	RFD #1, Naches, Wash.
Douglas, L. H.	750 E. 2nd Ave., Denver, Colo.
Elliott, Roy	Rt. 2, Box 95A, Eugene, Ore.
Ericson, Oliver F.	2820 N.E. 32nd Ave., Portland 12, Ore.
Ewing, Carl	13709 N.W. Mill Cr. Dr., Portland, Ore.

Flach, Victor H.	3524 N.E. Alameda, Portland 13, Ore.
Flack, Frank	3127 S.E. Kelly, Portland 2, Ore..
Flynn, Theodore P.	3630 N.E. Glisan, Portland, Ore.
Folsom, Frank	Box 4137, Portland, Ore.
Frankland, James	2524 N.E. 16th Ave., Portland, Ore.
Griffin, Helen	Box 4137, Portland, Ore.
Gordon, J. B.	11710 S.E. Powell, Portland, Ore.
Haefner, Henry E.	4242 N. E. Failing, Portland, Ore.
Harper, R. H.	Pine, Ore.
Hilligoss, Ralph	Hoodsport, Wash.
Howes, H. E.	42 Gracelyn Road, Asheville, N.C.
Isaac, Leo A.	3520 N.E. Hancock, Portland, Ore.
Johnson, Elmer	214 W. 38th St., Vancouver, Wash.
Jones, Ira E.	Route 1, Box 12, Sumner, Wash.
Kilburn, Winifred A.	25 24th Place W., Eugene, Ore.
Kuhns, John	Rt. 1, Oswego, Oregon
Lewis, M. M.	3520 N. Winchell, Portland, Ore.
Livingston, Mont	4105 N. Castle, Portland 11, Ore.
Manwaren, Zella A.	1826 N.E. 32nd, Portland 12, Ore.
Matz, Fred A.	5805 N.E. 30th, Portland, Ore.
Merill, Gertrude L.	412 N. Cayuga Street, Ithaca, N.Y.
Merritt, Mel. L.	3017 N.E. 28th, Portland 12, Ore.
Mitchell, Glenn E.	c/o Washington Game Dept.,
Moses, Art T.	509 Fairview Ave., N., Seattle 9, Wash.
Munger, Thornton T.	4320 Scenic Drive, Eugene, Oregon
McClain, Fred	2755 S.W. Buena Vista, Portland, Ore.
Milsson, Adolph	Box 487, Joseph, Ore.
Noren, Dave	13720 S.E. Arista Drive, Portland 20, Ore.
Pagter, Lawrence B.	147-6th Ave., Seaside, Ore.
Patchin, Edna (Miss)	2905 N.E. 21st, Portland 12, Ore.
Plumb, H. L.	2363 N.W. Irving St., Portland, Ore.
Raphael, John	3312 Hunter Blvd., Seattle, Wash.
Richards, H. R.	1715 Yew St., Salem, Ore.
Shelley, Ralph	2314 N.E. 45th Portland, Ore.
Sherman, Minet	1025 Norckenzie Rd., Eugene, Ore.
Simpson, Chas. D.	328 W. 8th St., Claremont, Calif.
Smith, Harold E.	Box 541, Baker, Ore.
Stastney, Enid	Route 3, Box 622, Bellevue, Wash.
Steele, Foster	415 Fed. Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
Stratford, Howard J.	3815 N.E. 34th, Portland, Ore.
	444 N.E. Mariner Pl., Portland 15, Ore.

Thompson, Luella M.

2249 N.E. Burnside, Portland, Ore.

Waha, A. O.

5504 S.E. Lake Road, Milwaukie, Ore.

Walters, Stanley

523 Bon Air Way, La Jolla, Calif.

Waterbury, Claude

John Day, Ore.

Watts, Lyle F.

Washington D.C.

Wehmeyer, Fred

Rt. 3, Box 529, Vista, Calif.

White, Harry M.

234 East Jackson St., Hillsboro, Ore.

White, Henry G.

Rt. 5, Box 238, Eugene, Ore.

Whitney, Horace G.

4348 N.E. 33rd Ave., Portland, Ore.

Weigle, W. G.

1111 Pine St., S., Pasadena, Calif.

Weisendanger, Albert K.

P.O. Box 471, Salem, Ore.

Wilcox, Arthur R.

1248 Oak Street, Eugene, Ore.

Wolfe, Ken

2847 N.E. 30th, Portland 12, Ore.

IN MEMORIAM

:"Now the labourer's task is O'er:
: Now the battle-day is past;
: Now upon the farther shore
: Lands the voyager at last.
: Father, in Thy gracious keeping
: Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

Graves, Henry Solon
Andrews, Horace J.
Sabine, H. Gray
Karcher, Ralph E.
Prasch, Martin W.
Welty, Harvey A.
Molloy, Margaret
Huseby, Andrew C.

THE MAIL BAG:

For this issue we have 18 fine letters for you to read. Last year we had over 40. Did some of you folks just forget to write, or is the "Mail Bag" too much of an undertaking? We think you will all be disappointed that more have not written in for this issue and we hope more of you will resolve never to let that happen again. Last year we had some fine letters from retirees who are not members of the Club and we hoped they would repeat for this issue. It was our intention last year to mail every contributor a copy of TIMBER LINES regardless of membership in the Club. Perhaps they did not all receive a copy and thought their effort had been wasted. We hope that was not the case, and if it was we hope it will not happen again.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE:

I had a good time at the last annual meeting of the Thirty-Year Club - until Shirley Buck called on me to speak, that is. I don't have that easy way of speaking some folks are blessed with. Then, the time limit - that MC runs things on schedule. As usual, I thought of several things after it was too late (on the occasion of my retirement party I dreamed a speech all night). But I think I should have talked about an apple tree. Mr. Waha, though he didn't know it, tossed me the ball when he mentioned the beautiful blossoms out his way, but I muffed it.

In the backyard where I live stands a large apple tree, the largest I ever saw. It's thrifty and symmetrical, in spite of some rather drastic pruning in the past. Awhile ago it had a profusion of blossoms and later the petals came down like a snowstorm. I was admiring the tree one day when the owner said it was 100 years old; then I really began to examine it. I threw a tape around the smallest part of the trunk and it read 78 inches, which of course, meant a little over two feet in diameter. What a lot of things have happened in this country, and in the world, since some early settler planted that tree! It was in full bearing when the Civil War started. And it has stood there through all the wars, through all the ups and downs, the failures and successes of our civilization, ever since. It just goes on putting forth its green leaves and white blossoms every spring and following with a crop of delicious apples (Gravenstein) for the benefit of its owner and the neighbors. And apparently it will keep on doing that for a good many years to come.

As I stood there in the sunshine one afternoon, admiring that old tree and taking a picture of it, I couldn't help philosophizing a bit. What difference do a few years make in one's life anyhow? What's the difference whether a man is eighteen or eighty if his heart is young and he keeps interested in the activities of his world and continually studies how he may contribute something, however small it may be, to make that world a little better? "Everything in God's universe expresses Him," and man, of course, is the very highest expression. And we can express beauty and bear good fruit just as that old tree does year after year. Those of us who have retired from the work in which we spent more than half our lives have extra time to broaden our thinking and our activities, because we are released from the daily routine on which we formerly had to concentrate. Call it sentimental if you will, but I said to that old tree, "I'm going to remain on this plane of existence just as long as I can and do my best to spread a little sunshine wherever I may be."

Forest Service people are a wonderful bunch of folks. I've said so many times and I say it again. I think that's the main reason I'm a Forest Service retiree with a record of over 38 years. Because I got into the Service quite by accident; I liked the folks and the work, but especially the folks, so I stayed on and on. Sure, I knew only a few of them for the first six years, but later when I became acquainted with many in Region Six, and still later with many in other regions and the Washington Office, I wasn't disillusioned. They're all the same kind of folks. With all their individual differences, they have "that something" which appealed to me in the beginning and always has. I can't take the space to try to define it, but I saw evidence of it at the meeting. Many there were retirees, some retired for a good many years. Many others could see retirement near at hand. But were they down-hearted? I didn't notice it.

All of them seemed to be doing things - worth-while and satisfying things - and they seemed to be happy about it. They looked as well as the year before, or even better. I said so to some as we shook hands, and I meant it. The whole evening was an inspiration to me.

So you see, Foster, why I wished I'd thought to tell the folks about the apple tree. Because it's a symbol. My Forest Service friends who have retired are going cheerfully on with constructive activity, just as the old tree continues its blossoming and fruiting regardless of its age. And they, and others as they come to retirement age, will keep on doing useful and satisfying things. Because they're that kind of folks.

Gracious! if I'd used this many words at the meeting the LC surely would have been shaking his watch to see if it was still running. But it's your responsibility to use the blue pencil, that is if you think any of this is worth a spot in Timber Lines.

Yours for bigger and better apple blossoms,
(Harry White)
234 E. Jackson
Hillsboro, Oregon

HE MISSED THE BUS:

Well I presume that the 1951 issue of Timber Lines is in the making so had better let you know that I am still at the same old address and watching and waiting for same.

I had been planning for weeks to be with you all on April 20 and help you enjoy the 30-year Club dinner. I had my suit pressed and got all dolled up. My wife took special care in cutting my hair (you know beef steak and barber shop haircuts are among the things we, in the low income brackets, have had to cut out). I then proceeded to the bus depot and bought a nice, brand new ticket to Portland. The bus pulled in from the south on schedule and I stepped up to the entrance very important like and heard the driver say "sorry but I am loaded. No more room." Naturally I was disappointed but what could I do. It was the last bus which would get me to Portland in time for the dinner. I phoned the airport but "no soap." So I gave up and decided you fellows would have to get along as best you could without me.

The highlights of my adventures during the past year include a trip to Great Falls by plane and on to Detroit by train. Then back across the continent in a new automobile. It was late September and the weather was perfect. I had often heard of the corn belt but never dreamed it was so massive. Miles upon miles of corn in all directions through Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, corn and more corn. What do they do with all that corn anyway?

I visited the scenes of my boyhood in Colorado. I left there 46 years before and had never been back, yet I found a number of old friends and schoolmates. Saw two old school teachers in Denver, one 81 years of age. Enroute I spent some time on the Custer battlefield near the Little Bighorn and found it very interesting. Saw many things of interest and had a wonderful trip. It really meant a lot to me.

After arriving home and getting rested up, I went up into central British Columbia on a moose hunt. Had another most enjoyable trip. Brought home the bacon (I mean moose) too. Been eating moose ever since. There's a lot of country in Canada. If you don't believe me just take a trip over the Caribou Trail.

I certainly enjoy the letters from old timers in Timber Lines. Bill Weigle's letter in the last issue deserves special mention. He did a swell job of summing up history as most of us remember it.

Will see you all at the next 30-Year Club dinner. Next time I will not be depending on Greyhound to get me there.

(Grover C. Blake)
2540 N. Stephens
Roseburg, Oregon

THE BUSY BUILDER:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for dues. We are both in good health and very busy. There is lots of home construction here but they do not have plenty of them as yet. Say hello to every one.

Yours sincerely,
(S. Walters)
523 Bon Air Way
La Jolla, California

DOIN' WHAT HIS DAD SAID:

It is reassuring to know that Timber Lines will again invade the mail and carry to our friends the message so many of us would like to relate in person.

It has been just about a year since I retired from the good old Forest Service. Even now I say "we" when speaking of Forest Service activities. As most of the readers know I retired on Friday and started this job on the following Monday. One reason was that the job had been held open for me for some time and I didn't feel that I could ask them to hold it longer. Another reason was that I didn't feel the need of a rest or vacation. This last statement has certain implications. My dad always told me it was a shame to see me idle when it took so little to keep me busy. Possibly I didn't do enough to get tired so I needed a vacation.

When I retired I made up my mind that so far as I could control things, I was not going to do anything I didn't want to do. That stand has worked out pretty well. I have done a few minor things that I didn't want to do but by and large I have enjoyed my new job.

I spend most of my time attending sportsmen meetings together with the Grange, the Farm Bureau and stockmen meetings. I have made a lot of new acquaintances and have found many old friends whom I had not seen for years. As an example, in Walla Walla recently, I hunted up former forest supervisor Schmid. In 1910 I took the ranger exam under him and I was amazed to find him so mentally keen. He remembered an incidence of that exam and even remembered the name of one of the fellows connected with that incidence.

As might be expected, I do a lot of driving. I have a new car and enjoy the scenery, climate and the people as I go from west side to east side and back again.

There is one nice thing about the work I am doing, that is nearly everyone is interested in the program. The Farmer-Sportsman Relations program is designed to make it possible for sportsmen to hunt on parts of a farmer's land and it still be possible for the farmer to live on his land safely. Considerable has been accomplished but there is much more to do but one of the most valuable things accomplished is the good relations developed between the Game Dept. and the farmers.

The sportsmen in this state are no different than in other states. They feel a definite responsibility to administer or dictate administration of the Game resource. The possibility that they may be doing the game an unkindness does not worry them.

Washington-Oregon or Good Old Region Six is blessed with a combination of climate flora and fauna that cannot be duplicated any where else in the U. S. For that reason we have a heritage to guard and a combination of resources to enjoy. I think I am doing a small part in encouraging management of our organic resources and conservation of the inorganic resources.

I am hoping for the day to come when I can get back with the 30 yr. club and renew interests and friendships.

Best of luck for another year.
(Glenn Mitchell)
509 Fairview Ave. N.
Seattle 9, Washington
c/o State Game Dept.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL IN N.C.:

The notice of May 10th regarding the "Mail Bag" for the next issue of "Timber Lines", has just reached me this morning.

There is nothing new to report about ourselves at this time. It is now the season of the year when we can sit on the large porch of our small apartment on the 2nd floor of a 4-apartment building, located on high ground in the suburbs, and revel in the grand views of the Blue Ridge Mts. that surround us. There are close-up peaks with beautiful homes scattered on the sides and tops; and there is the Pisgah Range several miles away, very lovely, and made famous by George Vanderbilt, Gifford Pinchot and the Forest Service.

None of these views however can equal the one we once got at Olallie Lake on a clear autumn morning. The gorgeous beauty of the foliage, and the reflections mirrored in the water surface of Olallie, created a scene that was inspiring and never forgotten. How we would love to see it again!

We have made very few contacts with the Forest Service people here in Asheville, except through the First Congregational Church, where Mrs. Howes is the one woman member of the board of trustees. Several of the men from the Southeastern

Experiment Station, with their families, attend this church regularly, including Dr. and Mrs. Irvine Haig and son, until they left for Italy a few weeks ago. But the point of all this is the fact that here, as in Portland, we find the personnel of the Forest Service, east or west, at office or church, made up of some of the finest folks that live; and we are glad that we had even a small part in the activities of such an organization.

Our kindest regards to all those we know in Region Six.

With very best wishes to yourself,
(H. E. Howes)
42 Gracelyn Road
Asheville, N. C.

RETIREES SECOND TIME:

At 1:30 AM February 15 I was suddenly awakened from a sound sleep with severe pains in the chest cavity and in both arms which has resulted in my retirement the second time, after five years of private employment with the lumber and timber industry. Immediately the doctors stripped me of the collar and harness saying my working days are over. The Missus says my retirement offers no relief to her ever present household duties since I still require three meals a day. The biggest job I now have is short drives with the car with hopes that in time I shall become able to make longer drives. We extend a cordial invitation to all our friends in the 30-Year Club and the F. S. to stop and see us at 374 Church Street, John Day, Oregon, when stopping or passing through this section of the country.

(Claude Waterbury)

WATCHIN' THE BEES:

I have always been greatly pleased to receive issues of Timber Lines and thereby learn of the doings and whereabouts of fellow members of our Thirty Year Club. Somehow, it never occurred to me seriously that perhaps some reader may be interested in my "deeds and/or misdeeds" since my retirement nearly six years ago, but I will now try to comply with the Editor's request for something to fill in space.

Since retiring, time it seems, has slipped by incredibly fast, perhaps due largely to the fact that I sort of kept myself in light working harness during much of the time.

As many of you already know, the big sticks beckoned my return soon after retirement took place, and only quite naturally involved me in numerous jobs of timber cruising. All of the jobs were on a good paying basis, excepting possibly just one, which took place on a timbered forty of my own in a land exchange deal on the Whitman N.F. Just how badly I got gipped on that deal I'll perhaps never know, but should you be interested in knowing of it, I'd suggest you call on that grand old top hand trader Kenneth Wolfe in R.O. If you get any dope from him let me know because I can't.

Well, all-in-all things haven't gone too badly with me. Fortunately got in sufficient service credits for insurance under Social Security, and now draw a little monthly pay check from that source, so it seems like a sort of post-retirement. I have a small berry patch and garden wherein I may while away

many hours just to keep out of mischief. Also keep a colony of bees at the garden and if I feel too ornery for work, I get quite a kick out of just watching them tirelessly toil away. Years ago, I could stand around for hours just watching them at work, but now I think how very foolish I was then, because I find it's much easier to just set and watch.

Now, in closing off for this, my first time at bat in Timber Lines, I know many of you who already know of the facts will never forgive me if I fail to confess my recent heart-felt flirtation with a certain dame known to the Medics as "Angina Pectoris". A rather pretty name, you think. Well, should you be really interested in her true identity, just refer to Webster's dictionary under that name. But oh brother, if possible, do nothing on your part to attract her affections.

To you all, retirees especially, I'm advising "take it easy", because that's about the only thing that may prevent some doctor from using that name concerning your own case at some future date. Many, many times I got that "take it easy" advice from friends, all for free, but it wasn't until I paid out good coin of the realm for the identical information that I fully realized its true meaning. Luckily, my attack was a light one, and now nearly two months after its occurrence, I'm feeling quite myself again and have my doctor's assurance that if I behave myself I'll make it OK.

Am circulating about, out of doors a bit and offering the Missus a little assist with the yard chores. However, Doctor says no cruising for the remainder of this year and just take it easy. So with that order to be strictly enforced it means I'm not only retired but out of harness too.

So, it's thirty for now and I'm looking forward with pleasure to the next issue of Timber Lines to learn of what's happening relating to other Club members.

(Fred A. Matz)

HEAP SMOKE - NO FIRE:

I've been asked to tell you my deeds or misdeeds to be recorded in "Timber Lines" but must approach rather timidly since I am not sure that you will recognize a half-termer. However, I have been glad to hear about others through various communications, the source of which has been somewhat of a mystery to me. So far I seem to have missed the explanation for all this interest and attention. Might even help pay some of the expense of this if I knew the directions.

Am a member of the National Association of Retired Employees but did not join the local group because I got smoked out the first time I attended their meetings. As a member and Director of the Portland Health Education League and the National Tobacco Research League, and through long years of observation and experience I am satisfied that the effects within an enclosure are about the same whether one is a smoker or not. I simply have no toleration for it.

As to what I am doing otherwise than indicated above, I am doing my best to beat the high cost of living and am quite happy over the results. Am glad I retired as it gives me some opportunity to look after my own affairs. Have never been busier or spent more time working. Have little time to read or

sleep but can certainly enjoy it when I do. Have never felt better in my life. In fact I have not had even a headache in five years. At this rate I could go on for a good long time yet.

I should add that I am continuing to study and feed the birds and see even the swallows come to earth to gather insects - presumably ants from the ground. All birds seem to have an extremely difficult time to find enough food to feed their young. Apparently this situation has been developed through the widespread and general use of insecticides. Many species of birds are so few in number that they have either died out or else are passing us by for unpopulated regions farther North. There they find the Summer days longer and insects more numerous so they can manage to feed themselves and their broods. Foolish man thinks he can do it better and poisons the insects, the birds and himself. More and more of our food is poisoned clear out of reach and out of a market. Those once famous Deschutes potatoes for instance, are now just about impossible to eat. Too many other products too high priced and unfit to eat at that. So we just quit buying them and use something else instead. Most people eat too much and the wrong kind of stuff rather than proper food. Then they wonder what is the matter with them and the World. I spent most of this day grinding and mixing my own breakfast cereal for the next few months. Come watch me eat it. You probably wouldn't want to eat it. Walked 2222 miles last year and am at 1235 to date since last November first.

My kindest regards and best wishes to all.
(J. W. C. Williams)
2265 N. W. Northrup
Portland 10, Oregon

TIME MARCHES ON:

It doesn't seem possible that you (Vic Flach) are in the Thirty Year Club. Time must be going somewhere fast. Anyhow in response to your letter of May 10 here is what I am doing.

Since March 1, 1950 I have been working on a consulting basis for two Tacoma firms, Buffelen Manufacturing Co. and Defiance Mill Co. Neither firm had any appreciable supply of timber but they do have a lot of people dependent on them so they are anxious to keep going. My work takes me to the various supervisor's and district rangers offices and these contacts help to make the work much more enjoyable. When it is hot and dry I don't jump when the phone rings. I had forgotten how beautiful the Puget Sound summers could be. I am enjoying retirement even if I do work every day.

Sincerely,
(Herb Plumb)
3312 Hunter Blvd.
Seattle, Washington

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW:

I am very much interested in the other retirees as to where they live and how they pass the time so am writing this letter for the Mail Bag. My wife and I have our home in Joseph, Oregon which is the headquarters of my old district and where we spend the greater part of our time. We raise a small garden and some fruit trees and small berry bushes but go to Southern California in winter.

We have spent the past five winters in Vista and San Diego. Our daughter Marjorie and her husband have their home in Vista, California, and as he is a Marine is sometimes at Camp Pendleton and sometimes at the Marine Base in San Diego and we wish to spend a part of the year near them.

Grady Miller who was on the adjoining district to my old district during most of our thirty years service and who retired two years ago comes up to Joseph once and a while and we go fishing together and talk over old times on the forest and drive over portions of our old districts in cars where we used to go with saddle horse and pack mule and note the great change which has taken place. We were glad to get enough improvement money to open up pack trails that could be hardly gone over each spring until worked out; however, we think these were the good old days and many a trip was taken that lasted from three days to two or three weeks. I also note the change in the livestock which is pastured on the National Forest, especially the sheep industry. I have counted as many as thirty or forty bands on my district. Now there is only three bands. The heavy demand for timber is causing all the matured timber to be cut and makes the untouched forests of thirty years ago look very ragged and denuded in spots. However, there is quite a difference to the logging of the private lands and on the National Forest lands, thanks to the U. S. Forest Service for conserving the young growth and seed trees.

Very truly yours,
(J. Fred McClain)
Joseph, Oregon

TEN YEARS OF RETIREMENT

On June 14, 1941 I retired. The last six years I have been living in Ashland. Brother Ray and I own a home here. Gardening and fishing are the hobbies.

Am enjoying good health.

Yours truly,
(Allard Shipman)
152 Orange Ave.
Ashland, Oregon

P.S. We will welcome all present or retired employees.

HOW TO GROW ORANGES:

Expect every one, among the retired, gets equal pleasure from news of what the other fellow is doing these days. My contribution, in the fields of interest, would be feeble. However, if everybody thought they had nothing to offer, the issue would be disappointing to all, would it not?

I am still here on a subsistence ranch. Vainly endeavoring to prove to myself that there is wisdom in raising oranges at a cost of \$3.00 per box, whereas the grower has been given around four bits, out of a two bit dollar, as his share of the loot in the economic spoils system.

Those, not engaged in farming, assure us that the vocation is so healthful, so honest and so ennobling. Maybe their outlook is influenced by the fact that they enjoy the fruits of the labor without contributing to the physical exercise?

All four sons are back in Service. Three have been serving in and around Krea since last fall. By the grace of some higher power, they are still alive, despite the best efforts of political and diplomatic blunderers, who have the blood of near 70,000, less fortunate, on their filthy hands.

We have about every insect racketeer, known and a few unknown, I believe. We spray or dust continuously. Have fed the aphids so much black leaf, they have acquired the tobacco habit. The other day one had the temerity to greet me with "got any snooze, Fred?"

A tiny kitten and I batch. So far he hasn't complained too bitterly about the quality of the cookery. He loves to hide behind chair legs, blades of grass, or other equally obscure places, then frighten me, by jumping out with a boo!

Am thinking of - and shall continue to keep it in that stage of development - writing a book, titled, "How to Support a Small Subsistence Ranch, on a Small Annuity", for the benefit of future retirees.

kindest thoughts to all.

(Fred F. Wehmeyer)

Rt. 3, Box 529

Vista, California

NO DUTCH OVEN:

Ruby and I have settled at 13709 N. W. Mill Creek Drive, Portland 1, Oregon. That at least is our mail address. As yet we have no telephone number but now are told we may expect service by June first. It will be a ten-party line through the Beaverton central - operated by the West Coast Telephone Co.

We'd like to have you come out and see us. Ours is one of about a hundred homes comprising "McCain's Village" or Cedar Mill Part, on the new Sunset Highway eight miles west of down-town Portland. Canyon Road is the easiest and fastest route so long as you remember to take the Sunset Highway at the top of the hill at Sylvan and do not continue via Canyon Road to Beaverton. The surest way to find us on your first trip out is to come out Lovejoy to and on the Cornell Road.

Our life here so far is similar to that of a homesteader, except I have no dutch oven to sit on and we have lawn grass and red clay instead of sagebrush and sand. But it's exactly the same old perpetual picnic. Our crop this year should amount to seven pie cherries and four crab apples. We don't want to break up ground for our garden until we can hit upon a better landscaping plan than we have been able to dream up.

So come out and give us your ideas. We need them.

(Carl & Ruby Ewing)

13709 N. W. Mill Cr. Drive
Portland 1, Oregon

A TRUE CONFESSION:

Having paid dues I herewith send life story to date. Glenn Mitchell and I have an apartment together in Seattle where my office is now at. In this

partnership venture of some 2½ months Glenn and I have managed to share the apartment together one night or part of it. Glenn came in at midnight and left at 6 am - legitimate business I'm sure. I opened one eye - said "Hello" and that was it.

Marge and her mother and I still live on our acreage 75' x 140' in Olympia where I have a magnolia garden and mediocre (according to Marge) landscaping. We have no cats, no dogs, no birds, no horses, no fleas, no bed bugs. Otherwise we are OK except commuting which is not bad now with plenty field work and much in Southern Washington.

See I. E. Jones occasionally.

(Hot Rod Cleator)
2406 Baker St.
Olympia, Washington

12 POINTS IS A LOT OF BULL:

It has been a year and five months since I retired. But instead of being people of leisure the Kuhns have been terrifically busy.

Early in 1950 we sold our Eastmoreland home and built a ranch-style house overlooking the Willamette River in Glenmorrie, just out of Oswego. What with building the house and reclaiming about 1-1/3 acres from jungle and landscaping it, I still am behind in my fishing. Al bottcher lives a couple of hundred yards down the road, and I am looking to him to instruct me in the fine points of sturgeon fishing.

In anticipation of being hosts at the next 30-year-club picnic I am struggling mightily to get in enough corn to insure that there will be an ample supply of roasting ears for everyone. So far my best crop has been Johnson grass, crab grass, or quack grass - I don't know which. It already is a foot higher than the corn.

Just to keep my "hand in" on one of the ranger jobs of by-gone days, I constructed 125 feet of trail into one of the most inaccessible portions of our domain. It leads down into a draw where the principal attraction is a patch of skunk cabbage and a small creek.

Last fall I visited the Whitman a couple of times on hunting trips and helped bring down a 12-point bull elk at Moon Meadows.

Otherwise I have been too busy living the so-called life of leisure of a retiree (and, incidentally, I've lost 20 lbs. in weight) to do much visiting.

(John Kuhns)
Glenmorrie Drive
Oswego, Oregon

STILL KEEPING US GREEN:

It seems "Keep Oregon Green" has me working harder than when I was a district ranger on the Mount Hood. However I enjoy it. In fact I feel in this work like

I am still in the Forest Service since my work brings me into close contact with rangers and Supervisors in my field trips to all parts of Oregon.

Mrs. Wiesendanger and I are enjoying our home in Salem. Its now almost three years for us here at Salem. When we walk down the street here now its nice to get the same "HELLO ALBERT" as we received in Portland where I was born. The first year and a half at Salem it seemed strange to go down town or to a Masonic Lodge meeting and not know some one. However it does not take long to make friends and now its as good a place to be as one would desire.

So if any of you come to Salem stop in at the Keep Oregon Green headquarters on the State Forestry grounds or stop at 860 N. 20th Street Telephone 3-6307 or 3-3606.

(Albert Wiesendanger)
860 N. 20th St.
Salem, Oregon

FLEETING DAYS:

The days and weeks and months roll by so fast that birthdays, holidays and the time to get out another edition of TIMBER LINES are upon us like mosquitoes in a high mountain meadow. Mrs. Steele and I did take time out to spend a couple of months in California and adjoining states between January 1, and March 5. We spent the whole of January in and around the Bay Region with our daughter and son-in-law and other relatives and friends. We then went by train to Los Angeles and Long Beach for about ten days. From there we travelled by train to Salt Lake, Ogden and Logan, Utah, returning to San Francisco February 28. We were met there by our daughter and son-in-law who live in Portland, and with them motored back home. While in the Bay Region we made a side trip out to Placer-ville (Old Hangtown) which we found very interesting and full of '49 lore. Also from Los Angeles we motored with friends over to Hoover Dam, Las Vegas, and Death Valley. We enjoyed Hoover Dam and Death Valley but the one-armed bandits and other wicked devices in Las Vegas got most of our money. It was fun while it lasted.

Since returning to Portland I have spent some time in the hospital getting a hernia fixed up, and the rest of the time at home recovering from the effects of the operation. Am almost as good as new now, however, and plan on moving over to the Metolius soon to complete the summer home we started last year.

We shall be looking forward, however, to seeing you all at the big picnic at the Kuhns place later in the season.

So long and good luck to all of you.

(Foster Steele)
3815 NE 34 Avenue
Portland 13, Oregon

TRAVELLED FAR:

Another year has passed and we are still among the living and enjoying life very much.

Last spring Mrs. Jones had undulant fever and was under a Doctor's care for about 4 months but she finally came out of it and is now feeling fine.

Last fall and winter we took a very interesting tour, leaving here the fore part of October we went to Illinois and visited Mrs. Jones' old home state which she had not seen for 42 years. Then we went South to Florida, then North to Texas and visited my old home and relatives. Then to Monterey, Mexico, then to California and visited my son, returning home the first of February just in time to get all the winter weather. Would not of returned so soon but our son was called in the army February 12th and we wanted to be with him a few days before he left. We drove 12,000 miles, covered 19 states and Old Mexico.

I am not in the berry game this year, At present I am building an apartment for my sister-in-law and after I get this finished I don't know just what I will do unless I catch up on fishing.

Yours truly,
(Ira E. Jones)
Sumner, Washington

And that, dear friends brings us to the close of another edition of TIMBER LINES. We hope that you will be inspired to send in a letter for our next edition. Do it any time. You need not wait for publication time.

We shall all look forward to the annual picnic which has become so well established thru the hospitality of the Mungers and the Wahas - and now the Kuhns. You will be notified well in advance of the time for the picnic and you will note by John's letter how hard he is working to provide roasting ears for the gang.

May the Good Lord take a liking to all of us.

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