

# PERMANENT

TIMBER LINES

VOL. VI

THIRTY-YEAR CLUB

FOREST SERVICE

R-6

JUNE 1952

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PROVIDED FOR THE  
TIMBER LINES

NO. VI - PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN BY R-6 THIRTY-YEAR CLUB - MAY 1952

In the spring, when the green gets back in the trees,  
And the sun comes out and stays,  
And yer boots pull on with a good tight squeeze  
And you think of yer bare-foot days;  
When you ort to work and want to not  
And you and yer wife agrees  
It's time to spade the garden lot

When the green gets back in the trees

Well! work is the least of my ideas - (Ed. Sez Retirees)

When the green, you know, gets back in the trees!

James Whitcomb Riley

Our R-6 Thirty-Year Club is now seven years old. In commemoration of this seventh birthday our genial President, "Vic" Flach, has organized and promoted the publication of a history of the club. Under his stimulating leadership a committee of thirty-year clubbers have gathered data, compiled statistics and edited material for a book which contains not only an account of the founding and development of the club, but a brief history of the establishment of Region Six. Final editing and arranging of the material is now in progress and is being made ready for publication as rapidly as possible, but it is something like pushing a big wheelbarrow full of lead up a steep hill - the going is tough. It will finally be accomplished, however, and when it is we are sure you will be pleased with the result. We are looking forward with eager anticipation to the publication of this interesting and informative book. (Ed. Booklet has been published and distributed)

This is the sixth edition of Timber Lines. The development of Timber Lines has not kept pace with the growth and development of the club. We are still floundering around in a fog of uncertainty trying to develop a publication that will link the present with the past and help attain the second objective of our constitution, which is - "To maintain contact and good fellowship among those nearing retirement and those retired from the Forest Service and keep alive that friendly family feeling so characteristic of relations between Forest Service employees". So far we have been unable to arouse enthusiastic interest or elicit the support the publication must have to properly represent the membership, and so with this issue your editor is relinquishing the task to other and more capable hands. We appreciate the support you have given us and we look forward to the development of an organ which will better meet the needs of the club, and produce the music we all love to hear.

## OUR NEW OFFICERS

When the ballots cast in the recent election of officers were counted and the results carefully tabulated, it was determined that the following officers had been elected to serve the club for another year:

President	Francis E. "Scotty" Williamson,
Veep	Frank Folsom,
Sec'y-Treas.	H. J. "Stratty" Stratford,
Executive Committee	Ira Jones
"	Herb Plumb

## REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-TREASURER

More members are paying their dues and the practice of making special events like the annual dinner meeting and the annual picnic self supporting has resulted in a big improvement in our financial condition. The demand for Thirty-Year emblems is growing, however, and our stock is depleted so it is going to take a rather large slice out of our cash balance to finance the purchase of emblems which are currently priced at \$2.75. So keep up the good work of sending in your dues to the Secretary-Treasurer regularly in January.

The following report on our financial status is submitted by the Secretary-Treasurer:

### FINANCIAL REPORT - 30 Year Club

April 1, 1951 - May 8, 1952

April 1, 1951 - Cash on Hand and in Bank \$ 87.28

#### Receipts

Dues	\$ 152.00	
Return on 1 pkg. envelopes	4.00	156.00
		\$ 243.28

#### Disbursements

Karl J. Klein - 15 Buttons	\$ 37.80	
Stamps and Stamped Envelopes	52.78	
Letter-size envelopes	16.00	
3 x 5 Blank Cards	1.00	
30 Picnic Expenses	4.16	
Miscellaneous	4.95	116.69

May 8, 1952 Balance on Hand 126.59

Expenses incident to the publication of the "Who's Who" and "What's What" booklet will be included in next year's financial report.

# THE CLASS OF '52

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Forest</u>	:	<u>Name</u>	
Bailey, Lawrence D.	Wallowa	:	Engles, Harold J.	Mt. Baker
Barnett, Walter E.	Malheur	:	Lynch, Everett	Chelan
Cluston, John G.	Umatilla	:	Monroe, Fred D.	Wenatchee
Cooke, Ralph F.	Mt. Hood	:	Ritter, Chas. F.	Gifford Pinch
Cooper, Loran J.	Rogue River	:	Watson, Thomas G.	Olympic

Sandvig, Earl D. - Div. Wildlife & Range Management

Welcome to the ranks, men. Your thirty-year emblems are ready and will be presented by the Regional Forester or his representative during the year. We hope your names will all appear on the roster of the Thirty-Year Club where you will find a hearty welcome and much good fellowship.

## LOOKING FOR NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

An even dozen members of R-6 have, or will, retire during the current fiscal year. They swell the ranks of the retired and take with them a wealth of experience and know-how the region can ill afford to lose. May their years in retirement be many, their days all sunny and their problems minor. Retired folks are, for the most part, happy, care-free individuals with an interesting future before them and plenty of time in which to indulge their wishes. Here they are:

### With 30 years or more of service:

Griffin, Mrs. Helen F.  
 Frankland, James F.  
 Hanzlik, Edward J.

### With less than 30 years:

Brazelton, Claude W.	18+ years,	-	Mt. Baker
Butler, Random R.	28+	"	Malheur
Bruseth, Nels	22+	"	Mt. Baker
Frey, Leo	20+	"	Siskiyou
Kunselman, Ralph	20+	"	Operation
Parsons, Glenn B.	14+	"	Umatilla
Phelps, Howard T.	29+	"	Operation
Simons, Charles H.	17+	"	Siskiyou
Tyler, Alfred R.	25+	"	Snoqualmie

"DEATH IS BUT A GATE IN A GARDEN WALL"

Since the last issue of Timber Lines we have had to say a last farewell to nine fellow workers and one collaborator who have been called to their reward. Six were still in active service and four were retired. Good-by dear friends, may your rest be sweet:

Died while still in the service:

Turner, William E.	Allaire, William C.
Hollingsworth, Joe.	Putman, James
Penick, Norman	McArthur, Lewis A. (Collaborator)

Died in retirement:

Bottcher, Reinhold A.	Lambert, J. Robert
Thayer, Ellis C.	Waterbury, Claude W.

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The following letter was sent by Regional Forester Stone to Mrs. Waterbury on April 8, 1952:

"Dear Mrs. Waterbury:

Perhaps the written word of friends at a time like this cannot be of much help to you but we wanted you to know how deeply those of us in the Forest Service feel over Claude's passing.

He accomplished a great deal during his thirty-six years in the Forest Service. His splendid influence on the young foresters who were fortunate enough to work under his direction should make you very proud. Many of them hold positions of large responsibility, both inside and outside of the Forest Service. Claude will be remembered for the friendly relations he established between the Forest Service and the purchasers of national forest stumpage. In this field too, he left a record which has rarely been equalled.

We saw him occasionally in this office since his retirement and it pleased us that his affection for the Forest Service was still as deep as during the many years he served the organization so well.

In behalf of the Forest Service folks of Oregon and Washington, I extend our deepest sympathy to you and your family.

Sincerely yours,

J. HERBERT STONE  
Regional Forester"

ANNUAL BANQUET - 30 Year Club  
May 16, 1952

The Annual Banquet of the Thirty Year Club was held at Ireland's "Lloyds", May 16, 1952.

Preceding the Banquet, a short business meeting was held, with the President, "Vic" Flach, presiding.

30 Year Club buttons were presented to the following by Frank Folsom, Assistant Regional Forester:

Floyd Murray	- Retiree from Mt. Hood
Ray Grefe	- ARF, Engineering
Bob Bailey	- Ranger, Wallowa

New officers for the year 1952-53 were announced by Kay Wolfe, as follows:

President	- Francis (Scotty) Williamson
Vice-President	- Frank Folsom
Sec'y-Treas.	- Howard J. (Stratty) Stratford
Committee	- Herbert Plumb
	- Ira E. Jones

Some 65 members of the 30 Year Club, including husbands and wives, attended and enjoyed a social hour before dinner.

Frank Flack, with his assistants, Albert Wiesendanger and "Stratty", presided at the punch bowl.

Entertainment included showing of motion pictures of last summer's picnic at the John Kuhns' suburban home, an accodianist, a sleight-of-hand artist, and colored movie of a cruise to Honolulu. Highlight of the evening was distribution of a booklet "Who's Who and What's What", recording the history of the Forest Service, and especially R-6 and the Thirty Year Club. This is a most interesting and valuable souvenir to all who are or ever have been members of the Forest Service family. President Victor Flach was the moving spirit in the production and deserves great credit for his tireless work and enthusiasm, which sparked those whose help made the booklet possible - the Division of Personnel Management, the officers and committee, Foster Steele, Kirk Cecil, Harry White, Frank Flack, and others.

Announcement was made that the annual picnic would be held at the country home of Adolph Nilsson. Group singing concluded the program.

Those in attendance included:

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Flach -  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Folsom -  
Mr. and Mrs. Howard J. Stratford -  
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wiesendanger -  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flack -  
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond L. Merritt -  
Mr. and Mrs. Scotty Williamson -  
Mr. and Mrs. Ira E. Jones -  
Mr. and Mrs. Alex Jaenicke -  
Mr. and Mrs. Mel Merritt -  
Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Buck -  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brundage -  
Mr. and Mrs. Kay Wolfe -  
Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Waha -  
Mr. and Mrs. K. P. Cecil -  
Mr. and Mrs. Thornton T. Munger -  
Mr. and Mrs. John Kuhns -  
Mr. and Mrs. Scott Leavitt -  
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ewing -  
Mr. and Mrs. Herman Johnson -  
Mr. and Mrs. Dick Richards -  
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Grefe -  
H. G. Whitney -  
George E. Stevenson -  
Fred A. Matz -  
Emma M. Morton -  
Luella M. Thompson -  
Clyde O. Bloom -  
Mrs. Thomas Sherrard -  
Jim Frankland -  
Fred Ames -  
Harry White -  
Elmer Johnson -  
Wm. F. Staley -  
Grover C. Blake -  
Bob Bailey -  
Floyd Murray -  
Foster Steele -  
E. H. McDaniels -

(Probably several others who did not sign register.)

### THE ANNUAL PICNIC

The fourth annual picnic will be held later in the season (Date to be Announced) at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Nilsson. Where they live and how to get there will be fully explained when the picnic is formally announced. These annual picnics are very popular with club members and friends. Remember the first one at the Thornton Mungers, the second one at the Waha's and the third one at the Kuhns' country homes? They were all very happy affairs and greatly appreciated by all who were fortunate enough to be there. So save a date for the picnic at the Nilsson home later in the summer.

### THE REGION SIX ORGANIZATION

There have been so many changes in personnel in the region in the past few years that the retirees have requested the names of at least the top brass. For this reason, lists of the assistant regional foresters and the supervisors are given here. Just as Timber Lines goes to press, the retirement of Lyle Watts, effective June 30, was announced. His place will be taken by Richard E. McArdle who was connected with the Experiment Station in Portland for ten years beginning in 1924.

The regional office is divided into ten divisions each of which has an assistant regional forester in charge. Mr. J. Herbert Stone is the regional forester who is directly responsible to the Chief of the Forest Service in Washington. The assistant regional foresters are as follows:

Engineering	R. F. Grefe -
Fire Control	Kermit W. Linstedt -
Fiscal Control	L. P. Wilsey -
Information and Education	L. G. Jolley -
Operation	L. K. Mays -
Personnel Management	Bernard A. Anderson
Recreation and Lands	Frank B. Folsom -
State and Private Forestry	Thomas H. Burgess
Timber Management	Walter H. Lund -
Wildlife and Range Management	Avon Denham -

The forest supervisors are as follows:

<u>Name of National Forest</u>	<u>Forest Supervisor In Charge</u> (Oregon)	<u>Headquarters Address</u>
Deschutes	Ralph W. Crawford	Bend
Fremont	John E. McDonald	Lakeview
Malheur	Cleon Clark -	John Day
Mt. Hood	Lloyd R. Olson -	Portland
Ochoco	Henry C. Hulett -	Prineville
Rogue River	Jack H. Wood -	Medford
Siskiyou	Herschel C. Obye -	Grants Pass
Siuslaw	Rex Wakefield -	Corvallis

<u>Name of National Forest</u>	<u>Forest Supervisor In Charge</u>	<u>Headquarters Address</u> (cont.)
Umatilla 1/	Charles M. Rector	Pendleton
Umpqua	Robert Aufderheide	Roseburg
Wallowa	Chester A. Bennett	Enterprise
Whitman	Harold S. Coons	Baker
Willamette	John R. Bruckart	Eugene

	<u>Washington</u>	
Chelan	J. Malcolm Loring	Okanogan
Gifford Pinchot	Laurence O. Barrett	Vancouver
Mt. Baker	H. Phil Brandner	Bellingham
Olympic	Carl B. Neal	Olympia
Snoqualmie	William H. Johnson	Seattle
Wenatchee	John K. Blair	Wenatchee

1/ Portions in both states.

Submitted by:  
A. J. Jaenicke  
U.S. Forest Service  
Portland, Oregon

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HERE COMES THE MAIL MAN

MEL. GETS WANDERLUST:

Greetings to the 30-Year Clubbers!

I'm still living at the same old address, feel and am very well in spite of an upset last summer. Expect to work for the Logging Insurance Pool again this spring but plan to quit June 30 when Carl Ewing will take over. Have very much enjoyed the opportunity it gave me to see what is going on in the logging industry. Fire precautions and forestry measures are much improved over a few years ago and there is a lot of good forest reproduction getting started in Western Washington - where I have worked. After July 1, I expect to do some traveling -- not just sure where but at least part of it in Oregon.

Best Regards,  
(M. L. Merritt)  
3017 N. E. 28th Ave.  
Portland 12, Oregon

GROVER'S CHASING CHICKENS AND "THINGS":

I don't know nuthin' and haven't done anything worth mentioning, so why should I try to write something for Timber Lines? I wouldn't either if I wasn't so deeply interested in what all the rest of you 30-year clubbers are doing and I am really peeved when you fail to have contributions in every issue.

As for 1951. Well, except for a trip by auto over to Great Falls, Montana in October to do a little visiting enroute and to get acquainted with a new granddaughter, I have remained pretty close to home. (Of course these little trips up and down the coast here in Oregon and Washington don't count).

Here at home I just chored around with chickens and things. It takes me a long time to get much done. You see I have to run in low gear about all the time lately. Can't go hunting because my legs give out when I try to walk. So I just putter around and brag about what a good man I used to wuz some 30 or 40 years ago.

Do any of you fellows remember back about 1909 when we had no quarters (except on the back of a packhorse), no trails, no cabins, no horse pastures, no telephone lines, no nuthin' but our bare hands and a determination to bring all these things into being in about one year without money? 'MEMBER? Ira Jones, are you listening? Then again do you remember later on when we began to get a little help from short term men, as funds were provided to hire such, and how the rangers were irked when they were required to take boys from the colleges instead of experienced woodsmen who could go ahead on their own and get things done? I recall a certain ranger meeting when the plans for the following summer were being mapped out and the Supervisor put this question to a certain ranger "Jess, how many college students can YOU use this summer?" The ranger was lost in thought for a moment or two and then replied "Not very many. I'm going to be awfully busy this summer." Well, anyway those boys, for the most part were quick to learn and wide awake and became very helpful in the work program.

It was along about 1907 that our Supervisor at Prineville was drawing down the magnificent salary of \$1200 per year and furnishing his own office quarters in the living room of his home. That was the year and the place that I took the civil service examination for Forest Ranger along with Frank Johnson, Charlie Congleton, Perry South, Alex Donnelly and five other fellows.

Well that is all for this time. We still live in the house by the side of the road in North Roseburg, and the latch string still hangs out.

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

### PLENTY TO DO AT SEVENTY-TWO

Have nearly reached the age of 72, and am enjoying good health. Ray and I own 0.37 of an acre in the City limits, and use ditch water for irrigation and raise a real good garden, plus raspberries, nectar-berries and strawberries and pears. I do a lot of fishing during the summer so always have something to do. No hunting for me as my knee won't allow me to travel over rough ground. Have a real nice home here, 26 x 32 ft., five rooms. Will be glad to see you come in any time.

(Ervin A. Shipman)  
152 Orange Avenue  
Ashland, Oregon

### WEIGHTING FOR RETIREMENT

When a long-time Forest Service employee retires and goes to work for another agency he may find some difficulty changing his ideas. I did not have much difficulty along that line because I have always been a good "States Righter". However, I still find myself saying "we" when speaking of the Forest Service. I guess those habits established over a long period of time are difficult to break.

I find my work with the Wash. Game Dept. very interesting and enjoyable. The personnel has accepted me -- a foreigner and a fed. -- in good spirit and that is a big help. The job changes from time to time but it entails nothing detrimental to my age and health.

Had a physical check-up recently and after a very thorough going-over the Dr. said if I would take off 15 or 20 pounds of excess weight he could find nothing else wrong. So the long days on fires and the tough walks up and down the mountains didn't do me any harm. There were some days, however, as all F.S. fellows experience, that I thought would definitely shorten my life. But if they do I will never know it from here on.

I have taken on considerable sportsman club contact work and during the winter months attend meets continuously -- sometimes eight days a week. That entails considerable driving. I use my own car under mileage agreement which makes it possible to take occasional side trips and visit friends or special places while traveling from one meeting to another. I avoid as much night driving as possible but keep a good car as I figure part of my enjoyment is the assurance of good equipment.

I have frequent contacts with F.S. personnel so keep up on current events partially. Have not had the opportunity to visit the R.O. as much as I would like. My trips to Portland have included week ends and there are always so many things to do around the place there that I can't even afford visiting time.

While this job is the most suitable and enjoyable one I could ever have found, it has served as a tapering-off measure. I find myself thinking of actual retirement but present living costs keep goading me to more realistic thinking. But in thinking back over my working years, feel that I have had a most wonderful opportunity of working at jobs I liked.

My dad used to tell me that it was a shame to see me idle when it took so little to keep me busy. But even now I find it takes less and less to keep me occupied. So it may not be long before the law of diminishing returns catches up with me and I will be doing nothing -- and enjoy it.

(Glenn Mitchell)  
Dept. of Game  
State of Washington

#### ADVENTURES OF A SOURDOUGH

You probably missed me at the club dinner last spring -- or did you? Anyway I wasn't there. Reason: I was back in Alaska at that time, working for a road contractor. Need for a medical check-up brought me back to the States in July. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Smith and I resumed a search for a new residence site -- a project started by the better half while I was up north. We wound up by buying a home in McMinnville, Oregon.

By the last of August we had leased our property on Lake Samamish, near Bellevue, Washington, and moved to the address shown below. It's not that we like Washington less but that we like Oregon more -- especially McMinnville. With a substantial investment still in Washington, we have found it necessary to drift back there from time to time to look after business matters and renew friendships -- not a bad set-up for one who hasn't too much to do.

We are noted for our migratory instincts as we have never remained in one place very long. However, we have no immediate plans for leaving McMinnville but have never felt that we are tied to this place in the event we should find something more to our liking elsewhere.

I suppose plans are shaping up for the Annual Thirty-Year Club dinner, in April as usual. We will see you then if all goes well.

Sincerely yours,  
(Harold E. Smith)  
Rt. 2, Box 38A  
McMinnville, Oregon

#### NO FREE RIDES FOR GEORGE

Seems I remember writing to you before, Stratty. However, much has happened since you seemed to take special delight in returning my correspondence for correction. Remember? "Especially my expense account".

I've been receiving the literature from the 30-Year Club and believe it or not I seem to have been getting a free ride, which has finally got under the old tough hide and enclosed is the buck to pay my fare for the next few trips.

It will be 10 years next May 9th since I left the Forest Service and the best district in Eastern Oregon -- I know I'm right because Avery Perry (present ranger) thinks so too. I went to Ashland, Oregon where the wife and I raised fruit and nuts--all work and no pay. So decided to move to greener fields. Moved to Vernonia. Fishing not very good there so sold out and moved to Rainier. Fishing better there, but old feet began to burn. So sold out and moved to suburbs of Corvallis. Built two houses there and made our last move May, 1949.

We now live at Hines and even though we only manage to collect dollars that only buy about 25 cents worth, we still have three squares a day and always enough left to feed another old broken down F.S. guy or two. So drop in when you come this way. We live at 205 N. Quincy (Corner of Pettibone & Quincy).

(Geo. O. Langdon)  
Hines, Oregon

#### LET'S ALL GO TO MEXICO

Regarding news about myself there isn't much, but I have been in Mexico this winter, mostly at Veracruz. If you want a cheap place to vacation along with lots of service, Mexico is the place to go and there are lots of interesting things to see down here, too.

I am enclosing check which I hope is the correct amount of my dues for 1952.

Sincerely,  
(George A. Bright)

#### THE WALTERS MISSED THE CLEATORS

We enjoy reading Timber Lines but as things are going as usual down here there is not too much news to write about.

There have been many visitors down here this winter from Hood River Valley but only one (Fred Cleator) from the Forest Service and we were out that evening.

Mrs. Walters and I are both well and doing fine.

Hello to everyone.

Yours sincerely,  
(Stanley Walters)  
La Jolla, California

LEASED THE FARM AND WENT FISHIN'

I still live in Joseph, Oregon which is my home. At present my wife and I are in Vista, California visiting our daughter, Marjorie. Her husband, a Marine, is with the U. S. Forces in Korea.

We plan on returning home some time in March and remain through the summer, where we will be close to our farm that we leased out, and where we spend our leisure time clearing the wood lot and repairing fences. Also will put in some time camping and fishing on my old district.

Very truly yours,  
(J. Fred McClain)  
Box 487  
Joseph, Oregon

HIS NOSE KNOWS

Still indulge in mineralogy as a hobby. It is the basis of many an excuse for a trip to the desert or back to the mountains. Just wonderful to get back, away from the hustle, the speed, the worry of modern life.

A Forest Guard once told me, "the smell of ink always did make me sick". Once, in Pendleton, Ranger George Langdon and I were sitting in the lobby of the hotel and a newsboy came by selling papers. In answer to his persistence, Langdon said "I can't read". The youngster said "Mr., you don't have to read these, you can just smell 'em". So it's nice to get away from the stench of modern life and occasionally get back to the clean air of mountain or desert.

(Fred Wehmeyer)  
Rt. 3, Box 529  
Vista, Calif.

SHELLEY HAS A LITTLE LAMB

No doubt you have your problems and so you did not say what the dues are, and I have mine but I can't remember what they are -- or perhaps you did not want to embarrass me by asking for more than my bank balance. Well, it shows a balance of \$2.00 so here is my check for that amount.

I hope it pays for several years but in this inflated area perhaps it's only a few months. At least I'm sure that these annuity checks don't go as far as they did in 1939 when mine started to come -- and not nearly as far as my \$75.00 salary check did in 1906, when I owed \$300.00 for horses and equipment which I was required to furnish and I had made a fine resolve not to get married until there was \$1,000.00 in my "to-be" bank account.

Believe it or not in a year and a half it was there and my bills were paid.

1908 was a leap year so I said "yes, provided you board me as long as I live" -- she said "yes, provided you dig up the dough." We are both doing it and enjoying it, on a farm not much more than a mile long from which Eugene bears S. 70° W. and Springfield bears S. 20° E. Be sure and bring your compass along. (Also the middle Sister bears N. 84° 27' E. out of the front window.) Never mind bringing your transit, you can guess it clearly enough, or stop at the first house on the left after you turn south.

We took in Victoria, some of B.C. and a bit of the Lake Chabon Country where our mining interests are still operating at a loss -- last year also a bit of Idaho where our only granddaughter is operating at a profit.

The tenant in the old farmhouse must have left the barn door open for here come those sheep -- all the ewes are there; yes, and there are the big twins--2 pair of them--the same goes for the little twins, but only one pair so far. Hold on, two ewes are missing as they file past my south window. I better go to the barn and make another count. I need all the ewe lambs I can muster if I'm going to reach my goal of 100 ewes.

P.S. Hello Albert C. How about another game of chess while we watch the flock on the green meadow with the white Sisters beyond, or have you forgotten the old chess club--not too many left now.

Hello Fred C. How about a trip to Cape Perpetua and the Five Rivers country. Well E.A. is busy elsewhere and C.J. won't leave his golf game.

Hello T. T. M. I'm growing a little forest of my own on the old homestead up in Hood River -- the place I left to get even with Uncle Sam for giving it to me. If you don't think I got even C. J., look at their record growth now on the Siuslaw.

Hello George H. Remember that bee tree you robbed on Eagle Creek and the can of salmon and honey you did not send?

Hello all you fellows that took life too strenuously -- be seeing you one of these days.

Hello Sec. (Cooley) back there in D.C. (best one a Sup. ever had). Come on back and we'll write something they can read.

Hello all the rest of you, remember G.P.-- remember "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward; never doubted clouds would break, held, we fell to rise, were baffled to fight better sleep to wake."

Time for breakfast and a piece of cherry pie. Bury the hatchet but don't forget the Father of our Country.

(R. S. Shelley)

## HERB'S HUMPING

RECEIVED AT THE DISTRICT OFFICE

The news of the other foresters of 30 or more years ago are of great interest and I appreciate the copies of the R-6 Administrative News Digest that you send us. So if I expect to hear about the others here is my bit. I am still working for Buffelen Manufacturing Co. in Tacoma. Defiance Mill Co. has folded after 40 or so years of sawmilling because of the difficulty of buying logs or timber but I am also working for St. Regis Paper Co. which keeps me humping. It is interesting work but it is not administrative so is not nerve racking.

Sincerely yours,

(Herb Plumb)

3312 Hunter Boulevard  
Seattle 44, Washington

## LOOKIN' THRU THE WINDOW AT THE SNOW

Naturally we are often reminded of our former work. Just now while a heavy snow is falling, I can recall the various trips made in past years on foot, horseback or by car, during heavy snowstorms and I'm glad that I can now view the beauty of it from a warm place by the fire. But I was even more glad after seeing "Red Skies Of Montana", a spectacular thriller, which while far from authentic in various particulars, does not bring forth a feeling of nostalgia for more harrowing experiences on the fire line.

Yes, I must admit that my present bucolic existence is somewhat more appealing, which after all is only fitting for one who has attained the three score & ten mark.

Am anxiously awaiting the warm days of spring and the opportunity of getting my hands in the soil. In the meantime there is plenty to do in the way of pruning, spraying, fence maintenance, and clean-up work of various kinds. During the really bad weather I enjoy reading and my wood-working hobby. So the time passes, and as it seems, altogether too quickly. Am glad to say that my health is such that I enjoy my groceries as much as ever.

(A. O. Waha)

## FROM THE HAPPY HOWES

We keep "pegging along" quietly and contentedly, and reconciled to sit on the side lines 2500 miles away and view the activities of Region Six by perusing the DIGEST'S interesting pages. We always look forward to them with keen interest, besides greatly enjoying the correspondence with some of our Forest Service friends, both in Portland and in Washington, D.C. I am submitting this brief paragraph just to say "Hello" and to express our thanks for the anticipation and the participation of another TIMBER LINES before very long.

(H. E. Howes)  
42 Gracelyn Road  
Asheville, N. C.

## PRACTICING WHAT HE PREACHED

Mrs. McFarland and the writer are living on the ranch two miles north of Oakridge. Son Harvey, who has a son and daughter, is employed by Pope & Talbot. He worked for the Forest Service the past summer. Increase in wages prompted his transfer. He states they are still the best organization in the U.S. His good wife is active in community affairs.

Son Lee and wife are attending O.S.C. They are each in their third year. They are active in mountain climbing, and skiing being their principal diversion. They climbed the Grand Teton (E. 13,747 Ft.) July 24, 1951.

For diversion we are farming approximately 100 acres. A neighbor and I are running about 50 head of cattle on Grasshopper cattle allotment. We have approximately 200 acres of timber land that we have selectively logged. The storm last winter, 1950-51, played havoc with the plan. This made recutting necessary and about 30,000 linear ft. of fir piling and one hundred ft. B.M. of logs were sold. Cause of blow-down--three weeks heavy rain followed by two days strong southeast and east wind.

We have calls from Mr. J. R. Bruckart, Bill Cummins and Otto Hanell and other Forest Service people which make us feel like we were missed by the old bunch. Don Brown, C. R. Jones, Miss Zoe Strong and a number of other active Civil employees live near or in Oakridge. E. E. West, who worked for the F. S. many years lives in Cottage Grove. The entire bunch keep in quite close contact with one another.

(C. B. McFarland)  
Box 451 - Star Rt.  
Oakridge, Oregon

## SOAKIN' UP THE SUN

The official ballot was forwarded to me too late to get my vote in by Feb. 25, as Mrs. Whitney and I left Corvallis Feb. 13th for our annual vacation to the Southland. After two weeks in Long Beach visiting relatives and fishing we are now settled, for a while at least, in Cathedral City, soaking in the glorious sunshine and just resting.

There has been considerable more rain here this winter than usual and we've been assured it will bring out the desert flowers like it did in 1949 when we were able to get some wonderful pictures. Haven't seen Oliver Ericson and Clarence Adams yet but believe they are both here.

(H. G. Whitney)

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### THE RICHARDS HAVE LIT

Just a line to say hello to everybody. Also we just cannot think of receiving another copy of T.L. without having contributed. Timber Lines is one of the most enjoyable papers we have ever read and sincerely believe the editor, with his clever quips, is to a large extent responsible. Let's hang on to our editor and lend him a hand. (Thanks for them kind words--Ed.)

After having roamed hither and thither during the past 4 years it looks as though we have settled in Portland for the duration. Have full time work to help pay the taxes and board-bill. Our son, John, has returned from the service and is gradually getting squared around. Is engaged and no doubt will leave the old folks fireside soon with a bride on his arm.

We have two enthusiastic grandsons to take our spare time after the chores are done. They also live in Portland. We love that. Lucky, eh!

We are taking more interest in the National Association of Retired Civil Employees. Let's all (retired folks) get behind that organization. It's the only voice we have.

(H. R. Richards, Sr.)

2314 N. E. 45th Avenue

Portland 13, Oregon

### KEEPING THE GREEN IN THE TREES

All 1952 indications point to another vigorous Keep Oregon Green campaign against man-caused forest fires.

Much of this year's program will be directed to the woods workers in order to reduce the number of man-caused fires in logging operation.

In order to prepare for a busy 1952 season Mrs. Wiesendanger and I left after the Christmas holidays for Phoenix, Arizona and Palm Springs, California where we enjoyed two fine weeks of sunshine and rest. On our return to Salem from southern California we managed to keep just a day ahead of heavy rains in the valleys and snow in the higher elevations, so suffered no delays by California's unusual weather.

(Albert Wiesendanger)

860 N. 20th Street

Salem, Oregon

## GO AHEAD, BACK UP

It's nearly two weeks now since the Editor's "Last Call" was issued and although I promised myself I'd try to scribble off something the very next evening it wasn't until just this morning that I realized I had not done so. Well here goes, anyway.

Just exactly what idea the Editor had in mind in stating the date of publication was being advanced (ouch, Ed.), I have been unable to figure out for myself. Reminds me of the story I once heard about an impetuous German farmer giving instructions to his truck driver: "Vell, go ahead back-up, go ahead back-up".

Haven't used the old cruising stick since Sept. 1950 and it begins to look like there must necessarily be many a lost section corner insofar as I'm concerned. Every year since my retirement from the Forest Service the hills have grown into steeper and higher mountains, the brush patches into more and more impenetrable jungles, and then, too, the really dead and down windfall has grown to such proportions that it offers an almost impassable barrier. More and more as time marches on the over-age cruiser, especially in westside conditions, relies on his cruising stick mostly as walking aid rather than as a measuring instrument. I have resolved that if I'm called on for a cruising job, it will be of short duration and in the good old pine belt.

I still have a hankering for the woods and do quite a little planning and spend some time on hunting and fishing trips. Last Fall I was hospitalized during the deer hunting season, so couldn't participate in that - my favorite sport, but later on, with Adolph Nilsson, made a trip into the Arlington area where we had a very enjoyable and really worthwhile wild goose hunt. My high level for fishing last year occurred about middle of December on a trip to the Alsea River which with the help of my friend, R. D. Hutchinson, resulted in enough salmon and steel-heads to make a good little batch for smoke curing. No siwash ever, ever liked his smoked salmon better than I do. This Hutchinson, known to many of the field force as "Hutch", now lives in Corvallis and owns several thousand acres of wheatland in Alberta, Canada, which produce a very good income for him and his family. Years ago, he worked on timber surveys with me when he was a forestry student at Oregon State College. Many others of the Field Assistant status of the olden days, who worked with me on the timber surveys, have really gone places in their chosen profession, but I am doubtful if any have exceeded the financial success that Hutch has attained. Well, as the saying is, "Money Isn't Everything"; however, most of us can well remember when it really was something.

As for me I'm still sticking around at the same address, still have my little berry patch and garden about a half mile from my home and manage to keep myself out of mischief in puttering around when weather permits.

Still drive my old 1932 Model-B Ford and believe you-me, it rattles along better and louder than ever. Makes me proud of it to know that I was offered \$200.00 for it in exchange toward a newer used car. But little did the trader suppose how hard it was to pry me loose from a dollar when he made the proposition. Needless to say, there was no trade. It is said that years ago the man who saved his money was a miser -- now he is considered a Wizard. It's merely a matter of opinion as to the proper classification fellows like I belong under.

It will really be a surprise to me if this communication goes to print in "Timber Lines", so after all if you read it you will know for sure that your Editor was honestly and truly hard-pressed for printable material and I, too, hope you all will get busy and write up something for his next issue. It's only natural that each and every one of us feel that nothing really happened to us that would interest anyone else -- but we all like to learn of the other fellow's doings. So just try to swamp the Editor and see what he does about it. Ringing off now, and will look with keen anticipation for the next issue of "Timber Lines".

Best wishes,  
(Fred A. Matz)  
5805 N. E. 30th Avenue  
Portland 11, Oregon

#### GILDING THE LILLIES

Dear Pals: As has happened before, I'm badly mixed up. I've been graciously receiving and hugely enjoying "Timber Lines" and "Administrative Digests" for some time but never any specific prod to pay. Now, or not long ago, Victor Flach, that erstwhile "Now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't", said in a circular appeal that some are in arrears one year and others even worse. What constitutes being in arrears, I don't know, but anyway I frankly admit it. It's a hellofa heinous habit of mine. Maybe my sober signature on a two-dollar bank check will clear the atmosphere a bit. Anyway, here goes.

As to news about the all-important me--I'm still pushing one of my old evil habits of grease-paint makeup. In fact, the Hollywood influence has persuaded me to broaden the face painting to embrace (well, figuratively speaking) the babies on the street (polite sense intended) instead of just the gals and ginks behind stage. I now carry quite a line--peddle it too--sometimes even sell it. But I still conduct extra curricular classes and supervise stage make-up at La Verne & Pomona Colleges and Scripps College For Girls. Darn little money in it, but helps to keep my hands -- and eyes-- busy. Can't see quite as well as I used to. But I'm still pretty good on close work, which reminds me: Here's Exhibit "A" from Pomona College's program of "Of Thee I Sing" enclosed herewith per se, etc., so you can see, but damitall, you can't see the dark brown shading I spread on neck and limbs to give this "Diana Deveraux" the Atlantic City tan. She's wearing fake eyelashes, also a bathing suit.

The heading of this missive indicates that I am also concerned with a flower shop. Yes, I'm a half-owner and part-time delivery boy (?). This is so my wife can have something to do. We'd like to sell. Anybody interested? It interferes too much with my hobby. That used to be my complaint with the Forest Service. Probably common to some of the current slaves, too.

Well, it's sure good to get news of old timers we've worked with in times past, both old grads. and under-grads., and, better still, to be free to acknowledge such news at one's own sweet time. "Please answer by return mail or else" don't bother me one whit anymore, even in my sleep. Which reminds me, I'm behind on that, too; so here's good luck to all.

(Rudo L. Fromme)  
Res.-777 N. Park, Apt. 5  
Pomona, California

In response to the "Last Call" Rudo submitted another fine letter giving additional details about his life in the land of make-believe. He enclosed a number of newspaper clippings reporting local social events in which he "starred" not only as a make-up artist but as an actor as well. We wish we could reproduce these clippings for the benefit of all who know Rudo, but since that is impracticable we shall file them in the archives of the Club after displaying them at the annual dinner meeting.  
(Ed.)

#### CLAMIN' AN' A SALMON

The Joneses have done nothing very exciting during last year; various things kept us from making any long trips -- made two trips to Oregon and several to the Coast clamming and fishing--very good success. Went out deep-sea fishing once and caught some silver salmon. Wife and I both enjoy very good health.

(Ira E. Jones)  
Rt. 1, Box 27  
Sumner, Washington

#### NOW HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS

Dear Foster: The old apple tree will soon be blooming again, and it's time to assemble material for "Timber Lines." I sympathize with you in your effort to obtain the maximum number of letters for this publication, as one means of keeping members of the Thirty-year Club in touch with each other. It's a worthy effort, and one of the important activities needed to keep our club alive and flourishing.

When I attempt to write about my activities since retirement they seem unimportant. But I'm interested in what all the retirees I know are doing and maybe they feel the same way about me. Besides, if nobody wrote your effort would be wasted, and we wouldn't want that to happen.

At my retirement party (is it possible that it was more than three years ago!) I believe I said that I had no plans. Didn't feel inclined to tie myself down to another steady job, even if I could have found one. Too lazy maybe. Didn't seem to want to travel around much alone. So I went along from day to day doing whatever turned up that seemed useful or desirable to do. And quite a lot of things turned up.

Finally, in November, 1950, I came to this fine little city of Hillsboro (pop. 5122) to help my son-in-law in his office. He is a civil engineer and builder. In addition to his construction jobs, which take most of his time, he and another engineer have an office where building plans are drawn. In past months projects have included dwellings, store fronts, extensions of meat-packing plant and cannery, municipal swimming pool and bath house, and county fairground layout and facilities.

These two chaps, being Oregon State graduates, know where to find and how to use complicated formulae, which are Greek to me, and they're good draftsmen, which I'm not. But I've been able to help by digging up information and working out some of the simpler sketches of things, which has to be done before final drawings are made. It's all very interesting, and I've learned a lot.

A few years before I retired I got an official paper which said I was an equipment engineer. I never really believed it and couldn't do much to demonstrate it, so I just went ahead doing my job the best I could. It was only recently that I learned what an engineer is. I found the definition in a little pamphlet that came to the office. For some reason the author didn't sign his name. Here it is:

An engineer is a person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude infinite strings of incomprehensible formulas calculated with micrometric precision from vague assumptions which are based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopeless chimerical group of fanatics referred to, all too frequently, as engineers.

Sounds a little like the definition of a forester, doesn't it? Maybe someone could modify it to fit. But the engineer and the forester who get things done will tell you, I think, that while technical knowledge, acquired mostly in colleges and universities, is necessary, the major factor in its application to the job in hand is plain common horse sense. During my many years of association with Forest Service men, a great many of whom were college graduates, I found that factor predominant in 99.99 per cent of them. Perhaps that is another reason--besides those mentioned in my last letter--why I ended those workday associations with reluctance.

My very best wishes to you and all your readers.

(Harry White)  
234 East Jackson St.  
Hillsboro, Oregon

IT MUST A BEEN SOMETHIN', HE 'ET

Upon my arrival home from an extended vacation in Mexico, Palm Springs, Oregon City and other places with my big old wife Marge, I found a letter from President Flach inviting me to vote, write autobiographies, etc. Well, its too late to get in with the gang--except for dues. However I won't bother you with dues, don't quite trust you with 'em anyhow; but if you are still editor next year you can just put my stuff in then. Nobody will know what year it is.

So for your own information, etc., etc., I will say that I am now Park Forester for the State Parks Commission of this State; and in my spare time I am staff man in Admiral Barbey's State Civil Defense Organization. Last August 1st, I was sucked into the organization as Fire Chief or Coordinator on Fire for Urban, Rural, and Wild Land Fire Control organizations. Theoretically, I should have dictated to Seattle's Fire Chief Fitzgerald, but about the time I started to get up enough nerve to tell him how to run his business they took the Urban responsibilities away from me and left me with the Wild Lands and country stuff. It made me so mad that I took a vacation and went south to forget it. I forgot it completely when I picked up the dysentery in Mexico. If you have never had this Mexican "Back-Door-Trots" I might explain that your worries about business, society, politics, religion, hobbies, etc. all disappear and you have but one pressing worry and impulse.

We drove 2nd-hand Dodge to San Diego. It was mid-January. I had 12 molars, or anyway, 12 back teeth removed about Christmas time and decided it was a good time to start out and see the world. I explained fully and in detail to Marge that we had only money enough for our dues to the 30-Year Club and a very modest vacation in Oregon or Northern California or Vancouver.

So first thing I know our Dodge was in storage near San Diego, and we were on a plane bound for Mexico City. Well we took a tour to Cuernavaca, Xochimilco, Taxco, which I assume you have visited and know all about.

Among the several climaxes I might say that my memory holds one episode in which a person seized my left leg violently in heavy human pedestrian traffic as I was proceeding down the sidewalk with camera poised to snap a traffic cop on the corner. Marge was waiting on the corner in the shade near where a dog was also taking advantage of the shade. (Feb. 2). Pedestrians were streaming outside the curb, even competing with a street full of autos. Sidewalk merchants occupied islands here and there like rocks in a turbulent river. Well, I quickly pressed hand on pocketbook to save my wealth and started to defend myself. What do you think? I was standing in the exact center of a sidewalk display of metal knickknacks and the merchant was only trying to remove my underpinning from his spread of stock.

So I removed myself with his help, reached in my pockets to see if I had enough pesos to pay the damages. But as soon as I had stepped out of his display he promptly forgot me and started to advertise his wares again. However, I was so unnerved by this episode and a fire department run which charged by, that I never got the photo I wanted so much.

I almost wish I was a traffic cop in Mexico City. Oh Boy! Senoritas, and every one loves 'em. They have a sunshade which has signs "No Sound Klaxon" and also the Mexican equivalent.

Just now I am in Port Townsend on Civil Defense business. Tomorrow Civil Defense in Kitsap Co., Thursday--State Parks business in King Co., Friday--State Parks business at Camano Island State Park where I have a timber trespass to examine.

Although my fellow workers of 30-Yr. Club will not be able to hear what I am doing I will be looking forward to the record of what they are doing and will send dues to treasurer. (P.S. Saw Oliver and Becky Ericson at Palm Canyon.)

Love From Hot Rod  
(Fred Cleator and Marge)  
2406 Buker St.  
Olympia, Washington

#### THE BUDDING AUTHOR

I hope I am not too late to get my name in the next issue of Timber Lines.

I only had fifteen years service at the time of my retirement in 1945, so am not eligible for membership in the Club. However I am on your mailing list and do appreciate very much receiving the R-6 Administrative Digest from time to time up at Trout Lake, Washington, at which place I was when put on your mailing list. I have not changed this address because I spend half the year up there, Spring, Summer, and Fall, and the other half, Winter, down here in Portland. From time to time I make trips up to Trout Lake and pick up mail which cannot be forwarded, during the winter. On my last trip up, this week, I got your letter of Feb. 8th requesting non-members to send in their Timber Line letters.

Here is mine:

Since my disability retirement in 1945 I have been unable to do any gainful work so spend as much of the time as I can up at my mountain cabin at Trout Lake, Washington. I go up there as soon as the snow has melted enough so that I can drive in, and stay until the winter snow drives me out in the late Fall, and then come in to Portland for the winter.

My cabin is only a one room affair but it is very complete and comfortable. Spring water is piped into it and also to several hydrants outside for sprinkling the native shrubs. There is also an outdoor fireplace where parties are held often with pancake suppers, weiner roasts, and feeds of other kinds being the principal "amusements". At one end of the cabin there is a fireplace and on either side of it are double deck bunks so if any of my Forest Service friends happen up that way I'd be glad to have them drop in on me. Anyone in Trout Lake, including the dogs, know how to get there, or ask K. C. Langfield, the District Ranger.

I have  $3\frac{1}{4}$  acres with 354 feet of frontage on the White Salmon river and the cabin sets about in the middle of it (not the river) but the tract, and is surrounded by 200 ft. virgin Yellow Pines and Douglas Firs.

My activities are mostly lying in a hammock or taking my car and going out after kodachrome slide pictures. This may sound lazy to some of you but I've had 5 heart attacks. Also you may wonder, "how does he do it?". Well, my wife has a gift shop in Portland and she has been successful and so that's the story.

I have taken up another hobby to take up my time during the winter months, writing for publication.

Some time this year, "Pacific Discovery", put out by the California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, will publish an article which they accepted from me last fall entitled "Indians of the Mt. Adams Huckleberry Country". It will be illustrated by photos I took for the Forest Service in 1936.

Very truly yours,

(Ray M. Filloon)

4414 N. E. Broadway  
Portland 13, Oregon

#### THIS BEATS BUTCHER BILLS

I will always be glad to get the "Timber Lines". I am enclosing a check for \$2.00 for dues and for another 30-Yr. badge. My badge was burned with the furniture in the van on Stevens Pass. I believe the dues are \$1.00 and the badge about \$1.00. If that is not enough please let me know.

I live on a hundred acre farm four miles west of Friday Harbor, almost in the center of San Juan Island. It is a fine climate here, not as much rain as on the mainland and very little fog. Disadvantage is two-hour ferry trip to the mainland. The people are very friendly.

I have spent most of my time since retiring remodeling the house which is a large, old farm house. I am the carpenter, mason, plumber and painter and have a steady job for some time yet.

Am trying to get the land back in good grass and raise a few baby beef. Have six grade dairy-Shorthorn cows now and plan on keeping about twelve to fifteen cows eventually.

Rabbits! We still have a few. About 800 or more taken off of the place in the past year by sports and commercial hunters and plenty left for reproduction. Leo Isaac and son, Joe, paid us a visit last winter and helped deplete the rabbit population. Joe sure got a kick out of the rabbit hunting and we all enjoyed the visit.

Since Mrs. Wright's passing my sister and brother are making their home here with me.

So long for now,  
(George R. Wright)  
Friday Harbor, Washington

#### CLAUDE'S LAST REPORT

Last year I reported through Timber Lines that I had slowed down to a walk as the result of a heart ailment. Over the months this ailment has slowly improved to where now it looks like, with continued improvement and proper care, I will in reasonable time be as good as new. My work plan makes no provision for long trips, but I hope by the time summer arrives to increase the number of such trips and stretch them as far as possible. This means that in all probability I will be getting back to some of the old favored fishing holes and hunting grounds before the end of another year.

(C.W. Waterbury)

Word of Claude's demise in April, 1952, reached us following receipt of this letter. (Ed.)

#### THE BLOOM'S ARE IN THEIR NEW HOME

In order that we may receive our R-6 Administrative Digests in the future, thought we had better notify the Thirty-Year Club of our new address.

We decided we had too much "farm land" Jr.  $\frac{1}{2}$  acre, and not enough house, so started out to find a new location. After 5 or 6 weeks of looking at new homes and some very old ones we found a 3-1/2 year-old one at 96th and S. E. Yamhill St. After about April 5th our new address will be 9544 S. E. Yamhill St., Portland 16, Oregon.

About the middle of February my boss at the Gresham Berry Growers plant called me out of bed one morning at 9:30 A.M. and asked me to come back to work, so my winter lazy days did not last long. Prior to that I had a lot of fun building and installing storm windows, with some new equipment. We are always glad to receive the Timber Lines to hear from the retirees as well as the old timers that are still in the harness.

(Clyde Bloom)  
9544 S.E. Yamhill St.  
Portland, Ore.

### THEY SPENT OCTOBER IN NEW ENGLAND

Your appeal for contributions to Timber Lines is very persuasive and, although there is little change in my status since a year ago, I will at least report in.

I divide my time very pleasantly between sleeping, eating, farming, household chores, the anti-billboard campaign, Forestry Building rehabilitation, Forestry Procedures Committee of the Western Forestry and Conservation Ass'n., Lewis & Clark College Trustees (Grounds Committee), an SAF committee or two, Presbyterian Church, Chamber of Commerce Legislative Council and Natural Resources Committee, Forest-Park Committee, Audubon Society, etc. All of which I enjoy, especially the second. Most of my interests concern the out-of-doors. This gives me many pleasant associations with forester friends and others.

Recently in my capacity as Collaborator I wrote a report summarizing the changes in the Willamette Permanent Growth plots that I laid out in 1910. The month of October in New England, when the autumn foliage was superb, was the highlight of the year for us. Our older boy is working in Seattle, and the younger is finishing in June the Forest Products course at Corvallis.

Cordially yours in the 30-Yr. Club  
(Thornton T. Munger)

2755 S. W. Buena Vista Dr.  
Portland 1, Oregon

### WATCHIN' THE WORLD GO BY

The vanishing dollar, bad weather in the south and the press of things that just had to be done here at home kept us in Portland during the winter months and prevented our usual vacation in the sunnier climes during the cloudy months here. From all reports we did not miss much in weather. The south was drenched with rain and snow while we were enjoying a very mild winter at home.

Last summer, after recovering from a hernia operation, we moved over to the Metolius river on the Deschutes Forest, established our camp and proceeded to continue the work of building a summer home. Due to the late start we were not able to complete it and so plan to do so this season. That and many "goat feather" jobs occupy all my time and keeps me pretty busy - Strange how little it takes to keep one busy at our age.

Last fall, while I batched in camp on the Metolius, Mrs. Steele took a trip back to her birthplace in Minnesota with three of her sisters. They all had a wonderful time reliving the days of their youth in the old familiar scenes of their girlhood.

We both enjoy good health - that is there is nothing the matter with us that twenty years deducted from our ages would not cure. I can still put in eight hours at manual labor and then enjoy a couple of hours of fly fishing in the evening. That is what I like about the Metolius country.

I greatly enjoy getting the News Digest from the RO, and the Alumni Notes and other matter sent to retirees from the Chief's office. It is also a fine pleasure to visit the RO and the various supervisor's and field offices. It is hard to maintain close contact with all of our old associates still in the harness without appearing to be a pest - but I do the best I can at it. Finally it is a fine pleasure to just sit in the shade of a big pine tree on a summer's day and watch the rest of the world go by.

(Foster Steele)

#### EDNA IS GETTING WELL

Some of you may not know that I had some bad luck when I suffered a slight stroke on Jan. 28th and my left side was paralyzed. I was in hospital in Portland for over 2 months when my sister came from San Diego and moved me here. I am very comfortably located in a nice rest home here where I am being well taken care of. The food is good. I have a good appetite, sleep good and have a porch to sit on and take sun baths. I am making a remarkable recovery so everyone tells me, slow though it seems to me, and walk all over the place just by taking hold of the arm of the nurse. I can move all my fingers and lift my hand to my face but still do not have much use of it. That will come in time, I have faith to believe. Every day shows a slight improvement. Being paralyzed is a terrible experience and all of you should watch your health so it won't happen to you. I cannot figure out why it ever happened to me but it did. I had to bring a nurse with me from Portland but I stood the trip well. We had one laughable experience. At Martinez, Calif. have to change trains and there is also a 3-hour layover. The station is a very undesirable place to wait 3 hours, which I wasn't able to do, and as I couldn't walk had to have an ambulance company transfer me from one train to the other. We went to their establishment too, for the 3-hour layover which was a lot like a morgue. So I say I was in the morgue for 3 hours but they decided I was too much alive to keep me any longer. They had a nice room for us to wait in with no evidences that it was a funeral parlor.

I could write pages about San Diego but no doubt most of you have been here and know what a nice place it is. Good climate, warm day -- cool nights and summer all year. The flowers are beautiful now and so many of all varieties. They grow just as beautiful roses as they do in Oregon. I've had a couple nice rides around the city. As you know, it is a large Naval & Marine Base and when you see all of it you realize somewhat why we have to pay so much taxes. We saw one of the big B-36's take off and it was a sight to behold. The big jet bombers roar over the city all day and cost so much to fly.

All the family I have are living here and it is nice to be near them. Food is so much cheaper here than it is in Portland but it is very expensive to be sick, so one should take care of themselves. I worked all my life to save a few dollars and then had to spend them in just a few months, so I hope Uncle Sam will do something for us retirees, although I'm not complaining too much. I'm very thankful for what I have but in times like this with illness, I could use a few more dollars nicely. As soon as I am able to do more for myself I'll be moving in with my sister, who has a small home. But I'll probably have to keep someone with me all the time as I get my feet tangled up and am not too sure of my balance,

I enjoy the oranges, fresh vegetables and the mocking birds which start in singing very early in the morning.

I'll miss all my faithful Portland Friends but am looking forward to the time when I can come back and visit you. I don't expect to be an invalid all my life. I don't like it. Wish I could be there to pin your names on you and take in the cash, but whoever helps Zella will do just as good as I did and I hope enjoy it as much also. So I'll be with you in spirit though I'll not be in person. If any of you come down this way I hope you will take my address and call on me. It will be good to see you. The address is my sister's but I am only a few blocks away. They have the 6-lane free-ways here and one can get over the city in a hurry. Things move fast here and as I'm somewhat of a slow-poke I have to have someone look out for me until I am able to go on my own steam. I'll be looking forward to the report of the May 16 meeting which I know will be nice. I'll try and be with you all next year so reserve a place for me and Keep Oregon Green.

Best wishes and regards to all,  
(Edna Patchin)  
3819 Monroe Ave.  
San Diego 16, California

Good luck Edna, we all missed you at the Annual Dinner Meeting - Ed.

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