



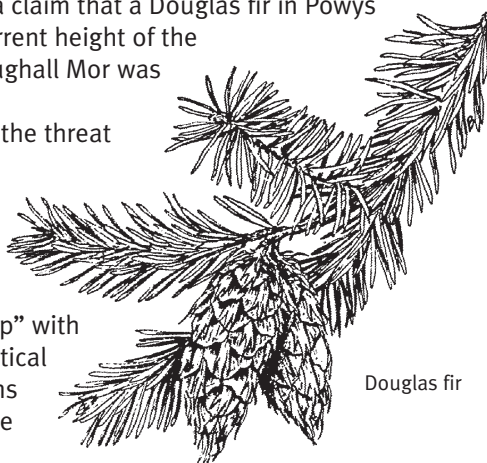
Dughall Mor

That's the name given to the tallest tree in Britain. It's a Douglas fir in Reelig Glen, just outside Inverness, and its name means "big dark stranger" in Gaelic.

It was recently measured following a claim that a Douglas fir in Powys Castle, Wales, had surpassed it. The current height of the Powys Douglas is 62.5 metres, while Dughall Mor was 62m in 2003.

However, big Dughall, well aware of the threat from a mere stripling in the Land of my Fathers, put on a late burst of growth and came in at 64m this year.

Staff in Inverness Forest District, the location of Reelig Glen, are rumoured to have a "special relationship" with big Dughall, performing all sorts of mystical fertility rituals, with the beating of drums and the painting of bodies, to encourage its vitality! Let's hope they keep it up!



Douglas fir

Tsunami in Scotland

Yes, one really did occur in Scotland, but about 7000 years ago. So you can sleep easily in your bed, but will one occur again?

For years a curious layer of sand was known in the Forth Valley sediments. Today it is recognised as a tsunami deposit. Geophysical work over the past 20 years has shown that it happened as a result of a huge underwater landslide off the coast of Norway.

A vast scar has been identified, about 150 kilometres long, which slumped into the deep abyssal waters of the Norwegian sea over a distance of 800 km. It started about 500 metres deep and came to rest on the sea floor at depths of up to 2500m. Individual slabs were 10km wide, 30km long and 150m thick.

Investigations of the sediments on the eastern shore of Scotland from Sutherland to Northumberland indicate that the tsunami reached between 4 and 6m above high tide level, but on Shetland it was more than 25m. It was even more devastating on the Norwegian coast, where the sea level might have initially fallen by 8m, then risen by more than 16m in the next few hours.

A study of the sediments in Sutherland revealed a wild cherry stone. Its condition suggested that the tsunami occurred in autumn. Given the television images of the Indian Ocean tsunami, one can imagine the fate of the Neolithic people who lived on the coast of eastern Scotland one autumn day 7000 years ago.

Douglas is best

Douglas fir has been selected for the construction of the new Resource Centre for the Scottish Ornithologists' Club (SOC) at Aberlady in East Lothian.

The Forestry Commission became involved in the project as a sponsor of the UK lobby group Wood for Good, and donated the timber.

It suggested that, because the design by Simpson & Brown called for very large-sized timbers, Douglas fir should be used. This could be supplied from Guisachan in Glen Affric.

The DF were planted by Lord Tweedmouth about 100 years ago, and were well known to many foresters as the Plodda Falls stand. It has been managed according to the principles of Continuous Cover, so selected trees are removed at about five-year intervals to encourage natural regeneration. Malcolm Wield, the then FDM, said that the Commission always looked for special uses for this very fine timber.

The logs were taken to the James Jones sawmill at Kirriemuir, another project sponsor. No kiln was large enough to dry the wood, so it was worked green. This was where the specialist frame designer and constructor came in. Carpenter Oak & Woodlands said that there was no problem with green timber construction provided long-term shrinkage was taken into account. The frame would become stronger as it dried. This company specialises in working with heavy and large-sized, home-grown timber.

After sawing, the sections were planed, joints cut and peg holes predrilled. To meet

AGM 2007

By Bart Venner

We have booked the Yarn Market Hotel in Dunster, close to Minehead in Somerset, for our gathering in 2007.

We had to book early, because most of the larger hotels are already almost full from late April to September. It is important that delegates, members, spouses and any others who wish to attend and want to stay in this hotel should book as soon as possible.

Dunster is a beautiful spot, for those who don't know it. The village is within the Exmoor National Park, with a castle at the end of the street. It takes about an hour to reach Dunster from Junction 23 on the M5. Alternatively, you can travel by rail to Taunton, then take the Minehead bus, which goes through Dunster.

The AGM is on Tuesday afternoon, May 8th. There will be the usual forestry visit to woodlands on Exmoor the following day, where we shall be looking at the interface between forestry, tourism and the conservation of the park. For steam buffs, the West Somerset line runs through Dunster, while Exmoor also offers fine walking.

The hotel has a website, so for more details log on to www.yarnmarkethotel.co.uk. A block booking has been made for the three nights Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 7th – 9th.

If anyone has problems or wants more information, please contact me at or at Fern Cottage, High Street, St. Briavels, GL15 6TB; telephone 01594 530504.

the high thermal standards required by the SOC, recycled car windscreen glass fibre was used, and was donated by Superglass Insulation.

The framed building was then clad in untreated larch, while the Scottish oak floor was provided by Russwood Timber of Newtonmore. In all, it is another "Grand Design" to enjoy.

The Centre is open to the public - visit www.the-soc.org.uk for details. There are great walks in the vicinity, especially around Aberlady Bay; it's a must for bird watchers the year round.

Why not go – now?

merry christmas
to all our readers



The Forestry Commission's Dublin Bothy in the 1950s

By John Keenleyside

Part 1: My Arrival, Food & Accounting

The Dublin Bothy was not, as the name suggests, situated in the south of Ireland. It was in Ardross Forest of the old North Scotland Conservancy, which was based at Inverness and had a District Office in Dingwall.

Ardross was a forest unit in its own right in the 1950s, complete with head forester, forester, clerkess and squad of men. The bothy was situated up the Glen beyond the office at Mid-Ardross and close to Ardross Castle. The name is said to have originated from the fact that it was originally a bothy for the navvies who built the castle, many of whom were from Dublin.

I don't know when it became a Forestry Commission bothy. My experience of it started on January 3rd, 1957, when I was posted as a young assistant forester from Bush Nursery to Research North East Scotland, which had an office at Mid-Ardross.

I had a car in Edinburgh, but it was so snowy that the A9 was completely blocked. I made the journey by train and was met by the late Geoff Bartlett. When I arrived there was no sign of him, it was snowing heavily, and blowing horizontally. Eventually a Landrover appeared in the blizzard.

Geoff said, "Getting lodgings in Ardross is difficult so I have booked you into Dublin." I looked at him and wondered where this hotel was situated, and why that name. He explained that it was a Commission bothy, and although it was beyond his house, he would drive me there.

I arrived at the bothy after 6pm, having been on the train all day. I was introduced to Wattie the cook, who said,

"I kept a bite of dinner for you: I thought you might be hungry after being on the train all day". Dinner amounted to a plate of broth and some frizzled potato offerings on a plate. I wondered when the next course was coming, to which he replied,

"The lads dinna tak a pudding. You could mak yoursel a mug o' tea, and if you're still hungry you could mak a slice of toast." I asked what time breakfast was.

"The lads dinna tak a cooked breakfast because it's ower dear." I said,

"I like a cooked breakfast," to which he asked,

"What day is it?" I said "Monday", to which he replied,

"I couldna mak a cooked breakfast till Sunday, as the butcher's van disna come till Saturday".

I enquired about the provision of packed lunch. He said,

"Ye can hae four slices o' bread the same as the rest, and put on it what you like - there is either marmalade or jam."

I went to work next day and stopped at the first shop. This was my opportunity to buy a pound of bacon and a dozen eggs, thinking that it would make good breakfasts for a while. Most of the inmates at the bothy started work at 7.30am. As a non-industrial my starting time was 8am, so on day two I was up in the morning looking forward to this cooked breakfast. Here they were munching their way through my bacon and eggs. Wattie emerged and said,

"I kept an egg and a puckle bacon back for you".

One of the inmates said it was a good idea, breakfast before going out to work on a cold, frosty morning, so that changed the eating habits.

The next thing I discovered was that the Saturday arrival of the butcher's van was another big occasion. He sold Wattie the biggest lump of boiling beef on the van, with the amount of string holding it together equal to the amount of string in the meat. This was the start of its long career. On Sunday it cooked all day on the ex-Army cooking stove, which consumed a hundredweight of coal per day.

On Monday the meat was carefully hauled out and diced vegetables were put in. These were then gathered with a spoon with holes in it and placed on the plates. A little stock was added, so Monday: Scotch broth.

On Tuesday a handful of dried peas were added, and carefully retrieved with the now famous spoon, so Tuesday: pea soup.

On Wednesday the left-over tatties were added and stirred in; no need for the famous spoon, so Wednesday: potato soup.

On Thursday a little water was added. The inmates called it Allsorts soup.

On Friday more water was added. They called it Siren soup because it was all clear. This ended the career of the soup. No soup on Saturday.

The meat itself was boiled beef Monday, cold Tuesday, then minced from Wednesday to end its existence.

We twice had a variation to this diet. An enterprising digger driver once scooped up a salmon with its bucket whilst obtaining gravel from the river. On another occasion a deer which had been maimed in a traffic accident ended up in the cooking pot. These were the rare delicacies which appeared on the menu.

The long history of the soup was perhaps OK in the depths of winter, but it was much shorter when warmer weather came. If it was of dubious vintage by Wednesday one of the inmates would volunteer to go to the kitchen and pour the remnants down the drain. On Saturday at lunchtime, when the meal was finished, the

only things left on the pantry shelf were the salt and pepper pots, half empty. Everything else had been devoured.

The billing system was very complicated. There was a basic charge of 15 shillings (75p), which entitled you to the shelter of a tin roof, a bed with sheets and 2 ex-Army blankets. In fairness, if you got up in time on a Saturday and gave your sheets to Wattie before 9am, you were formally presented with a pair of freshly laundered replacements.

Wattie paid all the food bills and entered the costs in a book. He divided the total bill by the number of bothy inmate nights, and presented it on a Thursday evening after the boys had been paid. If he marched in smiling, that meant it was cheap; if he was dour it meant costs had gone through the roof. The lowest I remember was 2 shillings and 7 pence per day - about 13p in today's money.

On one occasion it rose to 5/3d a day, and there was nearly a riot. Wattie explained to the regular inmates that he had bought more food because the road squad was in and on subsistence of 15/-, or 75p in today's money. The cost would be much lower the following week after the road squad had departed, because he had secreted away some of the additional purchases.

Incidentally, 2/7d was the price of a packet of 10 fags at that time.

There was another charge for newspapers. Alex McLeman, the HF, obtained the papers and calculated the charges. I do not know how he arrived at them, but remember being accosted in the middle of the High Street on a Saturday morning. He was on the way to pay the bill and needed my fee of 2d. Traffic drove merrily past whilst I fumbled in my pocket for the necessary coins.

The inmates claimed on one occasion that the papers had been read when they arrived at the bothy. They even claimed there was a fingerprint on the infamous page 3 of one of the well known tabloids.

Can you help?

David Aston is trying to obtain information about **Alan Bacon**.

David's father, Thomas, was forester at Friston Forest in the early 1930s, later moving to Alice Holt Forest. David was born in 1934 while his father was there, and later the family moved to Challock Forest. Much later David returned to Alice Holt and worked with Bob Hendry and foreman Chas. Thorn.

David remembers Alan Bacon, who worked with his father at Alice Holt, and last heard that he had married and moved to North Wales.

If anyone can help, please contact **David Aston at 31 Redhall Drive, Hatfield, AL10 9EB.**

The Aspen in History and Folklore

By Karen Bell



The aspen tree was considered sacred to Mother Earth in pre-Hellenic Greece. Golden head-dresses of aspen leaves were excavated at Mesopotamian burials sites of 3000BC, giving the aspen tree some connection to death and the afterlife.

It is also said that the cross of Jesus was made of aspen wood, and in Highland Scotland the wood was considered sacred for this reason - so much so that babies' teething rings were made of aspen to give the child protection. The aspen is also known as the shield-maker's tree because of the strength and durability of the wood. Yellow and black dye was obtained from the young leaves, and brown from the bark. Aspen is one of the few surviving trees left in Orkney and the outer islands.

Tools for self reliance

Martin Fletcher, now retired to the New, is one of the many active supporters of TFSR.

He has a request. Does anyone know of the whereabouts of one of those useful crosscut saw sharpening horses used in the Forestry Commission during the 60s? They were portable and folded flat. TFSR needs one at its headquarters at Netley Marsh, Southampton, from which drawings and plans can be made.

Copies of the plans would then be included in all tool kits which include a crosscut saw. Local carpenters would then manufacture them in Africa. Collection could be arranged, or it could be delivered to one of the 60 TFSR bases around the UK.

Please contact Bob White or Rob Westcott at the TFSR HQ at Southampton, telephone 02380 869697

There has to be somebody out there who knows of one or, failing that, could themselves make a pretty good attempt at a working drawing. Another idea - have any of you seen one in a museum of forest and agricultural tools? The museum could be put in touch with TFSR. It is worth the effort, so why not have a go?

One of the Edinburgh TFSR workers recently visited Tanzania, and was impressed with the small tailoring groups that had been successfully set up. They depended on donated hand sewing machines that TFSR had refurbished. If you know of any such machines, please contact TFSR on the above phone number, where you will be told the address of your nearest collection point.

Group Activities

At the 2006 AGM it was proposed that the activities of groups should be published in the hope that it would encourage more to participate and renew friendships. I have taken the following from group reports at the 2006 AGM.

South Wales - The group has 40 members and spouses. They visited a 14th-century village, Aberglasney - "a village lost in time" - and had a well attended Christmas lunch. Take part!

Alice Holt - The group has 50 members and 29 spouses. Events were usually well attended, with talks and a bring-and-buy sale. Get involved!

Edinburgh and South Scotland - The group has 105 members, with a core of 20 stalwarts. Among outdoor events they visited Aberfoyle, had a National Trust for Scotland tour, enjoyed a barbecue and had a cheese and wine event (and yet more wine and song!). During last winter they had four talks, using a Silvan House room. A great opportunity to catch up with friends still working, or at least at work. Come along!

North Wales - The group has 49 members and 40 spouses. They visited the Centre for Alternative Technology, the Lloyd George Museum and Dolwyllelan Castle, and had a hugely successful Christmas lunch with 105 people! Surely they can attract more members - Join now!

Yorkshire - The group has 61 members. They visited Alnwick Castle, Harrogate Spring Flower Fair, Chatsworth House, the Yorkshire Aerial Museum and held a successful Christmas "do". Be there!

Breckland - The group has 38 members. They visited Stamford, Burghley House and Hampton Court, held a barbecue and had a Christmas lunch. Norman Dannatt, a former Conservator, gave an illustrated talk at Santon Downham village hall. We want you!

Chilterns - The group holds monthly meetings at varying venues. Welcome!

Peninsula - The group had three lunch meetings at Okehampton, Launceston and Jacobstowe, the latter being at Christmas. See you there!

Mid-Argyll - The group visited the Lochgilphead communal wood-fuelled boiler scheme with a talk on alternative home heating and insulation. They also had further talks on the Jubilee Sailing Trust, Scottish International Relief, the National Trust for Scotland garden at Arduanie, and from Charlie Greenlees on his European wanderings. The Christmas lunch was at Kilmartin. See youse!

Dean - The group has 26 members. The annual outing was to the Royal Welsh Show. Winter activities revolve around various hostels with skittle alleys, while the Christmas lunch was at Parkend. More needed!

FCA Group Officials

The following is the current list of FCA group officials. Full contact details can be obtained from Bart Venner or Richard Toleman.

North Scotland - chairman: Roy Harvey, Inverness; secretary: Ken Davidson, Inverness.

Lorne - contact: Pat Ferguson, Oban.

Mid-Argyll - chairman: Phil Risby, Lochgilphead; secretary: Betty Maule, Lochgilphead.

Cowal - contact: Tony Rees, Dunoon.

Edinburgh & South Scotland - chairman: Richard Toleman, Linlithgow; secretary: David Chadwick, Aberdeen.

Yorkshire - chairman: Geoff Barry, Pickering; secretary: Mrs Munn, Pickering.

Forest of Dean - chairman: Bart Venner, St Briavels; secretary: Hilda Jones, Coleford.

Breckland - chairman: Norman McCreath, Brandon; secretary: Mrs M Mayes.

Chilterns - chairman: Warwick Payne, Berkhamstead.

Alice Holt - chairman: Mike Whitlock, Liphook.

Peninsula - chairman: Peter Webb, Okehampton.

North Wales - chairman: Chris Griffiths, Llandudno; secretary: Eifion Jones, Denbigh.

South Wales - chairman: David Hughes, Brecon; secretary: Peter Walker, Caldicott.

North Scotland - Indoor meetings were held at the Scottish School of Forestry. Members heard talks on the work of mercy ships to Africa, forestry through the ages, bee keeping and mountain biking. Among outdoor events they visited Glenurquart and Fort Augustus, the Caledonian Canal Museum and the Pringle Woollen Mill. Nae bother!

From the Editor

John Keenleyside will be known to many. He has written some detailed reminiscences of bothy life in the 50s. His introduction to the world of forestry no longer exists, so it is important to record it for posterity.

Many readers will recall bothy life with its hardships, friendships and pleasures. None will deny that it was a robust way of life, but it certainly produced characters. Perhaps time mellows the memory and romanticises incidents, but I am sure no ex-bothy dweller will forget forest life at the sharp end!

John's story is in 4 parts, the first one is opposite, the others will follow.

Also in forthcoming issues I shall include short but fascinating articles by Karen Bell of Cashel on the history and folklore and myths of trees.

OBITUARIES

Martin Fletcher and Geoff Waygood remember **TONY JOSLIN**, who died earlier this year in Canada, where he and his family had lived since 1998.

Tony came from Oxfordshire farming stock, and because there were very few openings in farming he decided on a career in forestry. However, before embarking on his forestry career he served in the Army as a sergeant in the Royal Engineers, and spent the latter part of his time in Egypt.

On his return he entered the Dean Forester Training School in 1950, and on completion of the course in 1952 went on to Aberdeen University, where he took his degree in forestry.

He entered the Forestry Commission in late 1955, and was stationed initially as a DO II at Bernwood. He was later transferred to South East England Conservancy, taking up his first DO I post in South Hampshire in 1960, where he is remembered by one of his foresters for robustly marking beech.

In 1963 he returned to the Dean School as assistant education officer to John Goodwin, the principal. Here he was very popular, because the students always appreciated his hearty, jovial and outgoing personality. It was a great challenge amongst the students to see how long he could be diverted off the intended subject of the lecture. He served at the school until 1968.

He then went on to become District Officer Dean at Whitemead Park under R.G. Sanzen-Baker, the then Deputy Surveyor. On the latter's retirement, he was appointed Deputy Surveyor Dean, and retired in 1986.

Tony was a great dog lover, and his English Springer spaniel, "Juno", was well known in the Forest. He was also a keen gardener, and was most generous with his surplus produce and fruit, which he distributed around the office.

A keen sportsman in his day, he played rugby and tennis and was a winter sports enthusiast. As a lover of the outdoor life, he would often be found coming to the forestry school or the office in shorts, and even as Deputy Surveyor he thought nothing of doing a TV interview in shorts.

Fast cars were another love of Tony's life - various Triumph Vitesse in this country and a powerful Chevrolet saloon in Canada would kick up the dust with him at the wheel.

He was well liked and respected by his staff throughout the Forest, and would mix and talk to all and sundry. On retirement he and Mary, his wife, ran a smallholding in Bromsash, Herefordshire, and he played mine host to his many friends and former colleagues. A wine buff, he loved to entertain.

In April 1998 he, together with Mary and Oliver, his eldest son, moved to the prairies in Manitoba, where he had bought 1000 acres of farmland - he was always a farmer at heart! His youngest son, Mark, an engineer, remained in England. Tony, Mary and Oliver ran the farm together. Tony's speciality was running an extensive vegetable garden, securing firewood supplies for the winter, and maintenance of the farm barns as well as, of course, doing some tractor haulage.

He will be missed by the many former colleagues and friends who visited them whilst on holiday in Canada, where they were always assured of a great welcome. The 52 Club in the Dean, of which he was a founding member, will also miss his farming letters and detailed commentary of life in Canada.

Rod Stern recalls **JOCK LOW**, who died in June after a short time in hospital. He would have been 92 in October. He had a stroke in 2005, and had not been well since then.

He was brought up in Dundee. His father was a

Presbyterian minister and Jock's young life was strict. His father was also a keen golfer, and Jock learned to play from an early age.

In 1936 Jock went to India as mechanical engineer for the Caledonian Jute Mills in Calcutta. In 1938 he joined a territorial force - the Bengal Artillery - and in 1939 was commissioned in the Indian Army, with which he served throughout the war in India and Burma. He met his future wife, Peggy, in India when she was on a WVS assignment, and they were married there.

At partition time in 1947 Jock returned to Britain, and in 1950 he joined the Forestry Commission, serving many years as Conservancy Mechanical Engineer in North Wales. When the Conservancy office moved to Aberystwyth, Jock went to West Scotland Conservancy, where he stayed until he retired.

On retirement from the Commission Jock moved south to Littlehampton, but continued to work part-time with harvesting machinery for a number of years. He joined the Ham Manor Golf club and the Arun Yacht Club, and it was in the latter that we met again. He was in great demand at the yacht club for frequent repairs of the safety boats. He was also Chairman of the Arun Neighbourhood Watch Association, and received an award from the Sussex Police for his work with this when he retired at the age of 90.

Jock was a most valued colleague in my days as a District Officer in North Wales. It was a time of rapid developments in the use of machinery in the forest, and Jock was always on hand to deal with the many problems that arose in this respect. He had a fund of anecdotes, often about hazardous operations in which he had been involved. Some of these were described in his frequent contributions to the Slasher and FCA Today. Those who knew him would still have found him as the "same old Jock", outspoken at times, but with a heart of gold.

Jock continued playing golf until he was 90, and he and Peggy were popular members of Ham Manor Golf Club, and there were a large number of club members at his funeral. He was an accomplished golfer, but he will probably be remembered there for planting many hundreds of trees on the course to improve its appearance and interest. He deserves perhaps to be regarded as an "honorary forester" for this work and for what he did in the Forestry Commission.

After war service with the Royal Engineers, **ERIC HALE** joined the Civil Service in 1945 with the Imperial War Museum, later transferring to the Forestry Commission's Research Station at Alice Holt.

He moved to a house in Farnham overlooking the Bourne cricket ground and, being keen on community matters, he helped to persuade the council to name the road Cricket Lane.

On promotion, he moved to the Forest of Dean and worked at Lightmoor engineering depot, then later in silviculture and harvesting & marketing.

He became the Dean representative for the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, gave talks for them and the Commission, and wrote a serial entitled "Oak Tree Story - A History of Trees in the Forest".

A keen observer of nature and weather, he kept meteorological records and gave information to the River Severn and River Wye Water Boards. He also recorded the proximity and intensity of thunder, lightning, hail and rain for the Electrical Trades Industry.

Promotion entailed another move to the old Commission headquarters at Basingstoke. Always

interested in natural history, he wrote a weekly nature column for the Herald for seven years, and contributed articles to gardening magazines as well as giving illustrated talks.

When the Commission moved its HQ to Edinburgh, Eric was promoted and moved to that city. Before the move, Eric became the Commission's first full-time welfare officer, and prepared a book with information about Edinburgh to encourage staff to move there.

On retirement he went to Haslemere, continuing to do a lot of photography and amassing a large collection of slides and prints. For family reasons he then moved to Bentley to a house with a large garden on the banks of the River Wey, and was clerk to Bentley Parish Church for 13 years.

He played a major part in the establishment of the Bentley Station Butterfly Meadow SSSI. Owned by the National Butterfly Conservation Body, a plaque lists six benefactors, the only individual being Eric, the other five being large public organisations. His last move was back to Alton, where he and his wife, Joyce, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 2000.

He was a staunch member of the Alice Holt branch of the FCA.

In the previous issue I included an obituary for **TOM COULSON**, which appeared to have been written by his wife, Inga. This was incorrect, because there were references to her in it. It was written by Dick Richards, and references to meetings in 1946 were between Tom and Dick. However, the story of Tom's life is correct. I am sure that those who knew Tom would have realised that it was, yet again, an editor's error. These are far from unknown, but I haven't been thrown out yet! Sorry.

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