

WOOD N YOU LIKE TO KNOW

Elmsdale Lumber Company Limited

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Issue # 263

Notes from the Editor

People of my generation will be familiar with the famous editorial published in the September 29th, 1897 edition of the New York Sun entitled, "Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus". History has it that a young 8-year-old girl was questioning the existence of Santa Claus and her father advised her that if she "sees it in the New York Sun, then it is so". The columnist who answered Virginia's enquiring letter responded with the now famous editorial pledging that yes, indeed there is a Santa Claus.

I remind you of this story because our world is changing and that if you read something in the newspaper or on Facebook or any other media, it may not necessarily be so. It is important for you to fact check. Lately, the forest industry has been subjected to many misconceptions and misinformation, both in print and in conversation. I caution you that before you pass judgement, do your homework and check your facts. It seems that every day I hear the expression "fake news". Keep in mind that there is probably some truth in most news articles, it is left to us to do our homework before we pass judgement.

As most of you are aware, our industry is campaigning forest industry families to have their voices heard by our provincial government. For years we have gone about our business with pride and professionalism. As our elected politicians work towards a future forest strategy for our province, it is critical that we tell them that our industry has successfully employed several generations of Nova Scotia families. Each generation has worked toward improving our practices and our sciences to ensure that we have a sustainable future here in Nova Scotia.

In my 25-year experience in this industry I have gained a respect for the folks in our industry. I have witnessed firsthand their desire to "get it right". They respect our forests.

Notes from the Editor, Con't

They enjoy the fresh air, serenity, recreational and economic value of the forest. They pick up their garbage, they clean up others' abandoned garbage, they plant trees and they are very aware of the risk of fire. They are true stewards of the forest. The folks I deal with everyday are mindful of their responsibilities and they continually study, research and improve their industry practices. They help develop the regulations that are in place to ensure that these best practices are adhered to by all workers.

But, please don't rely on my endorsement alone. Do your own homework. One of my best resources for the history of our industry is Downey Thompson. At 86-years young, Downey will be quick to tell you that from a very early age, he has been educating the voices that have concluded that "if we don't soon curtail the cutting of our forests, we won't have any left." And of course, the data supports the fact that we have more forest inventory in our province now than we did when Downey was a youngster.

Until next month, I believe in the spirit of Santa Claus and the forest industry of Nova Scotia and our families.
Gennie

Notes from the Safety Committee

2017

Jan	0 lost time	0 medical aid
Feb	0 lost time	0 medical aid
Mar	1 lost time	0 medical aid
Apr	0 lost time	0 medical aid
May	1 lost time	0 medical aid
Jun	0 lost time	0 medical aid
Jul	0 lost time	0 medical aid
Aug	0 lost time	0 medical aid
Sep	1 lost time	0 medical aid
Oct	1 lost time	0 medical aid

Notes from the Safety Committee, Con't

The minutes from our last safety meeting are posted on the bulletin boards around the property. Please take a moment to review them and be sure to ask your supervisor or any member of our safety committee about any questions you may have.

Thanks to Darren and Brian for completing our quarterly inspections this month. We have a few action items to address and will get those completed ASAP.

Our next group safety meeting will be held on November 1st at noon in the planer mill. We've added a few new faces around the yard recently, so this will be a great introduction to our safety committee for our newest team members, as well as a great refresher for our not-so-new employees. Lunch will be served.

Our WHMIS GHS update will begin late November. We'll be doing the updates in small groups and will update all employees when they are scheduled as the time gets closer. It will take several sessions to get us all updated and each session is expected to last approximately 2 hours. We'll keep you posted as we finalize the details.

Halloween is next Tuesday, October 31. Just a reminder to go through your kids candy before they start eating it to make sure it's safe for them and you.

Until next month, Angie Kainola, Mark Wilber, Craig Isenor, Brian Giddens, Don Isenor and Darren Isenor

Notes from the President

During this past month, some environmentalists have organized a parade in Halifax that they called the Funeral for Nova Scotia Forests. These folks tend to paint those of us who make a living in the forest industry as the bad guys who don't care about the forests. Frankly, I find this disturbing and insulting. As we all know, here at ELCO we are celebrating our 100 years in business and looking forward to the next 100 years. There are 2 kinds of ultimate deforestation; concrete and pavement. The other is farming, which is as equally important to our Nova Scotia economy as forestry. A farmer's crop is harvested annually, and a forestry crop has a much longer cycle.

I have heard comments from people that they long for the day of horse logging, where it was less damaging to the forest. Again, guess what, those days we thought we were doing it right, we weren't. We were selectively cutting. A horse could only haul one or two logs at a time. There was no time or money to harvest a poor-quality log. We ended up high-grading our forests. Of course, there are many areas of Nova Scotia that have low quality wood and we need to harvest those areas to grow a new, healthier forest.

There is an area that my fishing buddies and I walk through every time we go to our camp near Musquodoboit Harbour. That is in an old dead, dying forest. This area is so rocky that it was never horse logged and because this forest did not have the advantage of a forest management plan, the quality and quantity of wood became less and less and therefore it is no longer viable to harvest. There was one area that was marginally economical for logging, and much to my surprise the landowner logged it. The fellows I fish with are not in the forest industry and therefore, not as knowledgeable as I am in this area.

Notes from the President's Corner, Con't

When we walked through the logged area, the forest looked terrible at the time and they made that comment to me and I told them that it looks bad now but give it a few years. Soon, the 5 years passed and as we were walking up a big hill, I stopped all the guys and asked them to have a look around and count the young fir, spruce, pine, hemlock and tolerant hardwood trees growing. They survey their surroundings and said that they couldn't count them because there are hundreds of thousands of them. "Exactly", I responded, "This is how a new, young, vibrant forest begins and it will be even more awesome in the near future." That was 6 or 7 years ago and now the trees are all 15 to 20 feet high and it is growing like crazy. It is beautiful, and it could stand to be silvicultured and possibly thinned in the next few years. This is a just a prime example of a poor-quality forest that had nothing to offer wildlife that now has tons of food and shelter for all kinds of birds and animals.

We must be careful believing everything that we hear. One of those environmentalists is Bob Bancroft. You will see articles written by him yearly in the paper and he quotes 95% of Nova Scotia is clear-cut. That is very misleading. Bob fails to tell you what he has included in this calculation is all the trees that have been selectively cut or clear-cut to accommodate all the powerlines, highways, parking lots, subdivision, and farm lands, etc. He is trying to shock the general public into believing the forest industry is bad.

The Wilber family is proud to say that we have been a Nova Scotia forestry employer for 100 years and we are looking forward to another 100 successful years. This doesn't or won't happen from a lack of forest management.

When this conversation comes up with you and your friend and relatives, be proud of your industry. Don't be shy to tell them that we are not ruining the forest, we are managing it for future generations. Not just for building materials and paper but for wildlife and recreation.

Notes from the President's Corner, Con't

A new, young, healthy forest does as much or more than an old growth, dead and dying forest for the environment and wildlife.

On Thursday, October 19th, Chris and I had the honour of attending a reception hosted by Sunlife at the new Discovery Centre on Hollis Street. This is a wonderful facility where young and old alike can learn so much about things we just take for granted. Adults will surely enjoy a visit but if you have children or grandchildren and you are looking for a few hours of entertainment at a low cost, the Discovery Centre is the place for you.

I have listened to Peter brag about his beloved HABS and his winning streak with the bets he has made over the years. The HABS have had their fair share of good teams but you have picked on the Toronto Maple Leafs quite often. I am a hockey grandfather and by no means does that make me a hockey expert but I have listened to other friends and they are telling me that Toronto has a very young, awesome team this year and they will do very well this year and even better in the following year. My advice, you might want to slow up on those \$5.00 bets. Personally, I have never been one to sign on as a fan to any one specific team. I have always been the underdog guy. I think it is great for the sport and I love to see the underdogs come and take over from the guys that are expected to win. It has always been great to cheer for the team that hasn't won the cup for a long time, so guess what team I am on for the next couple of years.

Until next month, Robin

Notes from Sales

Well, another month has gone by and here we are into mid fall with summer temperatures. The only changes have been shortened daylight hours and the odd cooler night. It has been a great fall for business and lumber markets continue to push forward as a result.

Notes from Sales, Con't

The longer building season continues to keep demand for lumber sales higher than normal and inventories at mill levels are at an all-time low. This should play out very well for lumber prices heading into November. It will most likely slow down sometime, but we will certainly take it while we can.

There has not been much news on the USA/Canada softwood lumber issue lately, however, we are expecting a final ruling from US Dept of Commerce any day now which will most likely initiate CVD duties being paid again. After this, International Trade will rule on the Department of Commerce final determination sometime in December. It's all very complicated, drawn out, expensive and is now over-shadowed by all the NAFTA talks going on. It has been 2 years since the 2006 SLA expired. There has been a lot of talk, meetings, negotiations, money spent and rumors. I expect we will see a lot more of the same in 2018. These issues are never settled fast or easy and cause our industry on both sides of the border a lot of grief. Stay tuned for more updated information next month. Here on the home front we have been very busy negotiating next year's contracts. Once again stay tuned for an update next month, things are looking very promising!

Until next month, it's hunting season, play safe!

Notes from Woodlands

With hunting season now upon us, we hope that all our hunters enjoy a safe season and respect other hunters and the land where they are hunting. As always, we welcome hunters to use Elmsdale Lumber Woodlands responsibly and respectfully and encourage anyone that plans to do so to let Greg Grant know so we can keep track of who is hunting where and Greg can advise you who else may be hunting in your area of interest.

My dog Sam has been on the mend for the last month. A year or so ago, I pulled a tick from her and I believe it caused an infection which over time developed into a mass on her neck. We got it checked out by a vet who determined it was not a health risk, and decided to let it go since it did not seem to bother her. However, it continued to grow and earlier this month we finally decided to have it removed.

Notes from Woodlands, con't

While recovering from the surgery she became quite ill for some reason. We are not sure if it was related to the surgery or if she got into something. Sparing you the unpleasant details, I will just say we were in a bad way. Where I am going with all this is we were hesitant to take her back to the vet right away in case it was something minor resulting in unnecessary costs on top of an already expensive October vet experience. However, after a few days we were getting desperate to wrap up this uncontrollable fluid transfer in our home.

Courtney decided to contact the vet to see if there was anything they could do before bringing her in. To our surprise, they offered to call in a prescription to our local Elmsdale Guardian that they were sure would cure her symptoms. I did not realize animal prescriptions could be accessed through pharmacies. When I headed down to happily pick up the \$13.00 bottle of pills, I asked if this was "normal". The pharmacist answered that it was and in fact they have over 200 animals on file. I left a very happy camper knowing Sam would soon be relieved of her symptoms and that I dodged another vet visit bill. I also thought what I had learned was a nice little piece of information and worth passing along to our readers who have pets.

I am excited to write that Courtney and I are taking our son Logan to Walt Disney World this Friday. We were lucky to have a volunteer in-house Disney travel agent by the name of Angie Kainola who graciously helped us plan our trip in impressive fashion. Services included pre-booking rides, valuable recommendations, and helping us organize our day to day activities. It was quite evident throughout the planning process that we would have likely been in a mess and probably had no business planning a trip of this complexity as first time Disney goers. Thanks to Angie, we are feeling a little more confident heading into the storm so to speak. Of course, being in Florida next week also means we will be there for Halloween. We have tickets to the Disney Halloween party which sounds like it should be quite the bash and I am looking forward to this experience with Logan.

Notes from Peter Dillman's Corner

In Demand

Earlier this month, I spent a couple of days down in the garage cutting gluts. I was given a radio to take with me so I could communicate when I needed more lumber or have a rack moved. Over the course of those 2 days I heard one word more than any other. I constantly heard, Bubba, Bubba, Bubba, can you do this, can you do that? Bubba, there's a truck that needs loading. Bubba, can you help over here? I quickly concluded that I'm glad my name is not Bubba.

Which One?

Small things amuse small minds and that is why I never get bored I guess. For those of you that may or may not know, Mark drives a Black SUV and sometimes he drives a pickup truck that soars high into the sky.

Shortly after dinner one day, I was in the garage when I heard a voice come over the radio. "Anyone in the office", the voice questioned? "Yes, I am here", came the returned response. "Is Mark's truck over there Angie?" To which she responded, "Mark's truck?" "Yeah, his truck", was the response. Not wanting to make a mistake, Angie asked, "You mean Mark's truck, truck?" "Yeah, I am looking for his ¾ ton truck." "No, it's not over here", Angie replied.

So, that's how you tell the difference. The SUV is a truck and the pickup is a truck, truck. Thanks for clearing that up Angie!

And That's How It's Done!

I participated in a golf tournament this month. There were teams of two and we went out in groups of four, playing best ball. About halfway through the round, as we were walking to the next hole, one of the players on another team was overheard saying, "I feel a birdie coming up". So, having heard this, and me being me, I asked, "For you guys or for us?" I didn't receive a response.

Notes from Peter Dillman's Corner, Con't

After our tee shots, we were on the green about 5 feet from the hole. The other team was off the green on the righthand side. As we got down to the hole, we were sitting pretty while they were about 6 to 8 feet off the green. I thought to myself, I know who is getting a birdie on this hole. We had to wait as they chipped on. After sizing it up, the chip was made. "Hey, that's a good-looking chip. It is still coming across the green, it's got a good line.", I thought to myself as the ball went plunk, right into the hole. That puppy just got chipped in off the green. I will be honest, I just didn't think that was going to happen. Who was it that made that chip you wonder. Well it wasn't me. That was our very own Gennie who called her shot. Just remember, "It ain't bragging if you back it up!"

For Shame

Earlier this month, I had the misfortune of losing a bet to Rob H. I guess it was bound to happen after winning 14 or so times in a row. I'm not even going to mention the fact that the tying goal was reviewed in Toronto and it went against me (wow, what a surprise). I am bigger than that. I was talking to Rob on Facebook on Sunday and I told him I had his lunch money and I would get it to him as soon as I saw him. Then he started. Let's just say he wasn't very gracious. But, like I told you earlier Rob, it is not your fault. There is a way to win and a way to lose. You've got the losing part mastered but you really must work on the "winning" part. Try to conduct yourself with some class. And, that would put an end to his banter, or so I thought.

Rob was over on Wednesday, his first day back and I paid my debt and congratulated him and promptly told him to "F.O."

On Thursday morning, I dropped my truck off for repairs at Dean's Auto. I locked it and put my keys in the service bay and walked to work. After work I went to pick up my truck and pay my bill. I unlocked my truck, threw my gear in the truck and put the key into the ignition. It was then that I realized that my truck was vandalized.

Notes From Peter Dillman's Corner, Con't

As I drove home, my thoughts turned to Rob but I couldn't figure out how he did it. It was locked when I dropped it off and it was locked when I picked it up. Just as I pulled into my driveway, I had a lightbulb moment. He had help!

Rob was over on Friday to check the lumber. I walked up to him and said, "I think I know how you did it." He was smiling and said it wasn't him. He told me he didn't know anything about it until Doreen told him. That's right Doreen. He threw you under the bus quicker than the driver could punch your ticket. I was right! I am not angry or mad Doreen but I am disappointed. Although I don't know you that well, I always held you up a little higher than all the other guy's wives and girlfriends. Although I can't put my finger on it, I always thought there was something special about you. Just remember, it's a long, cold, dark winter so be careful and be safe. I am so looking forward to seeing you at the Christmas party. Go Habs Go! (PS, I really wasn't feeling the love).



This type of vandalism is clearly unacceptable.

The Girls in Blue

As some of you know, I work part-time at the Legion. On the weekends, the Legion opens at noon. I must be there by 11:30 a.m. to get ready to open. I have several tasks that must be done before I open the doors to our membership

Notes from Peter Dillman's Corner, Con't

Usually, a ½ hour is sufficient but not always. Regardless of any problems I might encounter, the doors must open at noon. More times than not, I have customers waiting outside and they want in on time.

Years ago, I started going up to do my "count" in the early morning shortly after getting out of bed. This could be any time after 4 a.m. I grab a coffee at Tim's, go to the Legion and then kick it back home. Earlier this month was no exception. I arrived at the Legion around 5 a.m. and unlocked the door and went to punch in my security access code. For some reason, it didn't work. It began blinking red and beeping. I tried again but it still didn't work. I know you have 2 minutes before the alarm goes off. I don't know what's happening, so I make a mad dash for the bar and grab the phone to call the security company. I remembered that I was given a card some 11 years ago with a phone number and password for just such a time. I started digging through my wallet and much to my surprise, it was still in my possession. By this time, the alarm was going off. It seemed like forever before someone answered my distress call and I told her my problem and my name and where I was and the password I was given. After about a minute, the lady informed me that the Legion was no longer their client. Apparently, we discontinued our service with them a few years prior. You gotta be kidding me! Now I am really cranked up. I went back to the keyboard and re-entered my code. It stopped. Silence! Praise the Lord! I finished up my business and headed back home. I told Maggie about my morning excitement and told her that I would be in contact with the Building Manager to find out what is going on. It was not the way I hoped my day would go but I assumed it would only get better as the day went on.

Around 3 p.m. that afternoon, some of my regulars were drinking beer and playing cards at the BS table when an RCMP officer approached my bar. We exchanged hello's and she asked me if our alarm had gone off this morning. I smiled and started to laugh and told her about my 5:30 a.m. visit

Notes from Peter Dillman's Corner, Con't

She put a piece of paper on the bar and told me that it was for me. I asked if she wanted me to sign it and she told me that wasn't necessary.

It was just a copy. I asked what it was, and she looked at me and smiled. "It states that I did not respond to the alarm." I couldn't help myself. I started to giggle like a little school girl. I said, "Let me get this straight. You drove up here to give me this piece of paper to say that you didn't respond to my alarm." She smiled back and said, "Yes". The boys at the table are laughing, I'm laughing, and she is really smiling. She told me she was on her way here with lights and siren on when she got a call saying the security code had been successfully entered and told not to respond.

I told her about my call to the security company and that we were no longer their client. I showed her my card. She told me that we were no longer with that security company and she was also able to tell me that our current security provider is Bob Revert. I asked her how she knew that information and she told me that our current provider called and told them about the alarm and she also noted that she saw their sign on the front door as she came into the building. I embarrassingly told her that I never noticed the sign on the door. I suggested that I would check it out after she left. She had a better idea. She got the phone number from the sign on the door and gave it to me to make a call.

Bingo, I have reached Bob Revert. While I was on the phone with her, I asked if I could also test our panic button. She told me to go ahead and I pulled it in the presence of the RCMP officer. The security gal acknowledged that it was working, and she was seeing it on her screen. That's wonderful but now I have a problem. The button is stuck in the on position. She told me that she would have to put our system on hold until we resolved the problem. While she was still on the line, I tried to pry it back with a pair of scissors. No luck. The officer reached across the bar to try her luck. I invited her to come behind the bar and have a look. She quickly joined me and sized up the situation. She asked for the smallest Phillip's screwdriver we could find. I found one and passed it to her and she proceeded to remove the outside case and manually pull out the button. No sooner had the button been freed the security lady acknowledged that our distress signal was gone from her screen.

Notes from Peter Dillman's Corner, Con't

When the officer returned to her side of the bar I asked her what would have happened if there was an actual security breach and she found me dead on the floor. She smiled and said, "Let's be thankful that that was not the case because you would not believe that amount of paperwork that would generate." We both shared a great laugh.

My heartfelt thanks to Officer Heidi Stevenson. She made my day!

Things I Have Learned After the Fact.

1. If an RCMP Officer responds to a false alarm, the Municipality of East Hants charges you \$400.00.
2. Once a panic button is engaged, the only way to disengage it is like Heidi did, manually.

October 50/50

October 6	Tara Isenor
October 13	Jason Isenor
October 20	Robin Wilber
October 27	Stephen Molnar



November Birthdays

Leslie Isenor	November 21
Ron Miller	November 8
James Sawler	November 30
Robin Wilber	November 10



October Anniversaries

Gennie Himelman 25 years

