



The First Loggers.

FOREST BRANCH NEWS LETTER

An entirely unofficial budget of news, nonsense, 'n'opinion compiled from time to time for the profit, amusement, and annoyance of the staff.

No. 23

Victoria, B.C., April 25, 1938.

08581

As the Governor of North Carolina might have said to the Governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between News Letters." If people would stop bothering us about timber sales, protection, trespass, coupes for Rangers, converting sedans into deliveries by cutting a hole in the back end, proposed pulp mills, and other such time-consuming trivialities we might do something about it but as things go we will just have to continue to work in a letter as circumstances permit.

Casting back over the past two months the items of principal interest appear to have been renewal of lapsed timber licences, ranger meetings, ranger and assistant ranger examinations and staff changes.

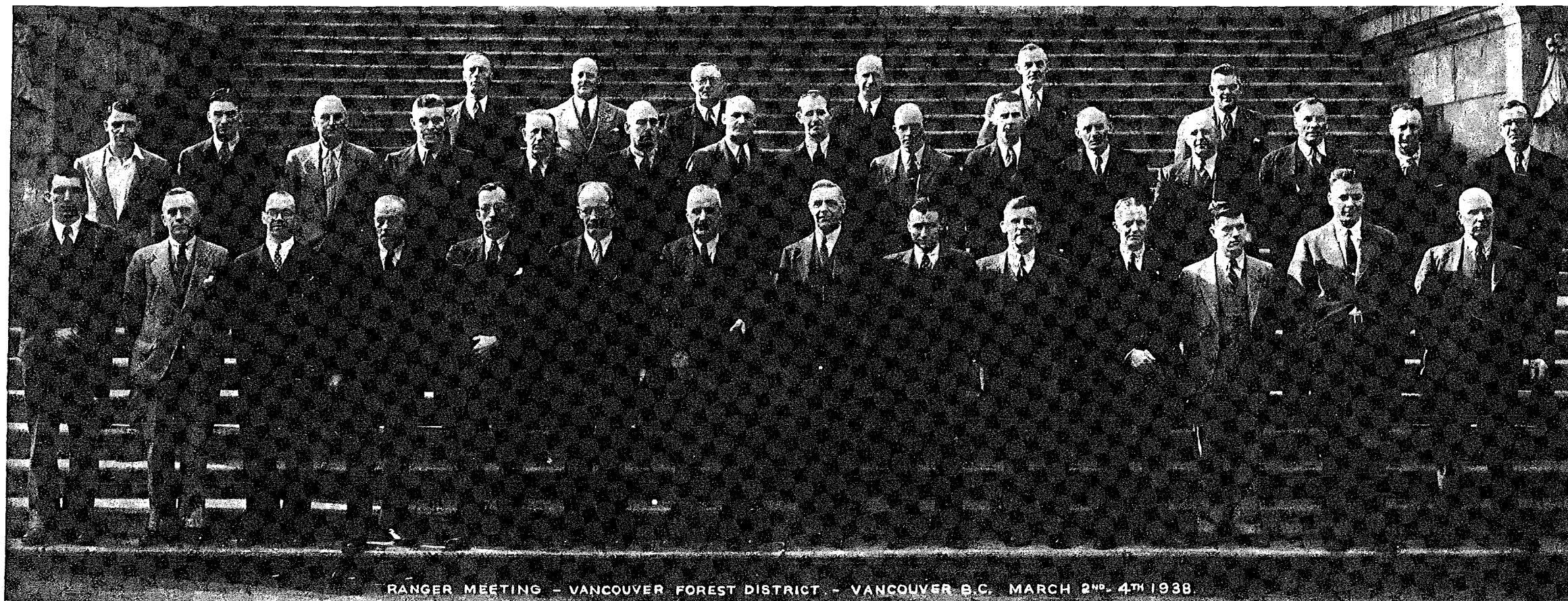
The repeal of Section 44 of the Act, effective April 1st, resulted in a rush of applications for reinstatements which approximated one full year's normal business in licences crowded into a couple of months. The last application materialized in the form of a telephone call at about 4.45 p.m. on March 31st. In the Accounts Office they have had their hands full and will continue to have for some time before they have managed to catch up on this landslide. Not more than 250 or 300 licences were involved but what with arrears, interest, and penalties to compute and orders-in-council for each reinstatement it is a tedious and involved operation.

Ranger meetings were approved for Prince Rupert, Prince George, Kamloops and Vancouver Districts but the only report we have to date on any of these takes the form of a very good photograph from Vancouver.

The Vancouver District Meeting, held in Vancouver March 2nd-4th, was the first in that district since 1928. The programme covered a wide range of live subjects and we understand it was an unqualified success. Slash disposal is taking on a special significance in the south coast region and this subject occupied a prominent place in the discussions. Amongst the lesser items not on the official programme a strong preference was expressed (on the part of the ranger staff) for coupes to replace light deliveries and the perennial subject of uniforms popped up with a significant lack of vociferous opposition. We have no doubt the Vancouver rangers will get lots of support from other parts of the Province in their argument for coupes and as a result of their representations four or five are being bought this spring for trial. So far as we can learn the Victoria office is not entirely sold on the change but is willing to be shown. Standing outside the official circle as a looker-on we feel free to pass along a warning that if Operation Office finds a blonde in front and no fire-fighting kit behind, or any such regrettable combination, or lack of combination, the possibility of more coupes will be pretty slim. Not that George doesn't like blondes, of course, but we gather he feels that there is a place for everything and that everything should be in its place.

As for the permanent staff, which doesn't seem to be permanent enough to stay put for a couple of months at a time, we have several changes to report:

E.A. Charlesworth, acting for the past year as Supervisor of Scaling in the Interior, is confirmed in that position as from April 1st. S.A. Benwell is transferred from the Prince Rupert office to Victoria and D.A. Sims is appointed to the vacancy at Rupert. J.P. Greenhouse and T.J. Underwood graduate from the Assistant Ranger grade to be Rangers at Lund and Alert Bay respectively. R.R. Douglas is promoted from Ranger at Port Neville to Assistant Forester at Nelson. K.C. McCannel turns his families of unemployed and boys over to Harry Forse and Si Oldham and proceeds to Nelson as Assistant District Forester. R.C. Swan takes on anew his old job as mechanic at Thurston Bay. Sam Marling has arrived at Victoria from Nelson to act as



RANGER MEETING - VANCOUVER FOREST DISTRICT - VANCOUVER B.C. MARCH 2ND-4TH 1938

Back Row: W. Black, Powell River; J.P. Greenhouse, Lund; E.T. Calvert, Mission; J. McNeill, Alberni; H. Smith, Vancouver; A.H. Waddington, Vancouver.

Second Row: H. Stevenson, Port Hardy; T.J. Underwood, Alert Bay; P. Sweatman, Duncan; E.E. Gregg, Victoria; J.G. MacDonald, Vancouver; D.B. Taylor, Victoria; G.P. Melrose, Victoria; E.W. Bassett, Victoria; A.C. Langstroth, Campbell River; F.S. McKinnon, Victoria; C.F. Holmes, Victoria; J.B. Conway, Campbell River, J.A. Mahood, Chilliwack; R.J. Glassford, Pender Harbour; G.G. Armytage, North Vancouver.

Front Row: R.R. Douglas, Port Neville; R. Murray, Nanaimo; M. Gornley, Vancouver; E.W. Cowie, Nanaimo; C.C. Ternan, Vancouver; C.D. Orchard, Victoria; Hon. A. Wells Gray, Minister of Lands; C.J. Haddon, Vancouver; G. Godwin, Victoria; G.H. Waller, Squamish; E.P. Fox, Vancouver; S. Silke, Courtenay; F.J.G. Johnson, Thurston Bay; W. Byers, Vancouver.

Assistant Forester in the Management Office. George Allen, just now studying at the University of California, is appointed as Assistant Forester to the Research Division. Stanley Hepher will take on the duties of Acting Ranger at Port Neville and C.L. Armstrong, a like job on the West Coast of Vancouver Island.



On the other side of the ledger, Pete (P.C.) Campbell, Ranger, Salmon Arm, retired at the end of February to enjoy a well earned rest. The event was made the occasion of a dinner attended by some 40 or more guests from the Service and the Industry. A.E. Parlow presided supported by R.W. Bruhn, M.L.A. Pete was presented with a silver tray by his associates in the Service and with a very fine chair and footstool by Mr. Bruhn on behalf of the Industry, and was solemnly inducted into the Kamloops District Venerable Order of the White Horse, a signal honour reserved for the distinguished few subject to the election of the Kamloops Staff. We join with his closer associates in wishing him long life and the best of everything in his retirement.

And speaking of personnel, this seems to be a good place to introduce to you in somewhat more detail RUSTY (Walter N.) CAMPBELL.



In a few years people are going to begin asking why he is called Rusty. He did, at one time, have a lovely crop of red hair; about all he has left now is a pink scalp.

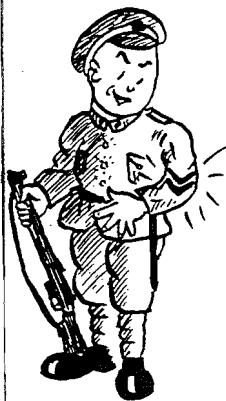
Rusty's father was a Doctor of Divinity, but Rusty has not, so far, displayed any of the profligate or criminal tendencies that preachers' sons are said to possess. He was one of four sons who were born and brought up in Victoria. He came up to Fort George in the dog-team and dried-salmon era before the railway was built on a survey party with his brother Doc. Doc, by the way, is not a doctor of anything; he inherited the title, by the rule of primogeniture, from his father, the Doctor of Divinity.

Rusty managed to live through four early years in Fort George with committing even the minor error of marrying a squaw. When the



war broke out all four Campbell boys joined up. From the start of Rusty's army career it was evident to his superiors that he was a military genius, and he justified their good opinions by working his way up steadily, step by step, until at the end of only four years he was a corporal. Had it not been for the untimely ending of the war in 1918 there is no doubt that he would, by 1940, have been a sergeant. In 1917 the authorities made a determined effort to foist a commission on him, but he refused, telling Sir Arthur Currie, so we are informed, that "kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood." At that time he was proud of being a corporal but since he has heard that Hitler and Mussolini were both corporals he has begun to wonder if he should not have accepted promotion.

Rusty entered the Forestry Service after the war and he always claims that collecting stumpage reminds him of his experiences in the front line, except that he hasn't the advantage of a machine gun to defend himself with. He has been a Ranger at various points in the Fort George, Prince Rupert and Vancouver Districts and is now stationed at Pouce Coupe, which is a break for the people of the Peace River country but hard on Rusty's friends around Prince George, which is his spiritual home.



Characteristics: Well, he is about as good a firefighter as ever slid down a pole. He hasn't an enemy in the world and his diplomacy is such that he can go into a sawmill camp, make the operator spend a thousand dollars burning slash, soak him another five hundred for a trespass and then be invited by the operator to come over to the office and have a shot of Scotch. This puts him in a class away ahead of Anthony Eden. Despite the determined onslaughts of dozens of school teachers he remains single. His social accomplishments include singing, in an extraordinarily unmelodious voice, but in the most entertaining manner possible, a very fine song called "I Know Where the Colonels Go", and telling, in a bland

and innocent manner stories of his personal experiences, all of which are thrilling, some of which are hair-raising, and none of which are true. He never repeats himself and his friends believe that all his tales are impromptu, and not composed beforehand, after the manner of Kipling, Conrad and other lesser creators of fiction.

If there are any better fellows in the Forestry Service we would like to meet them.

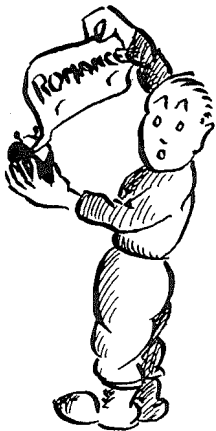
(We wouldn't have had the nerve to write this ourselves, even if we could, but since we can disclaim any responsibility we feel safe in printing it. Incidentally, we are advised that Rusty spends his spare time in town going through his friends' souvenirs and tearing up any pictures he finds of himself, so our sample was found with difficulty and is not particularly good.)

The Vancouver Ranger meeting had quite a lot to say about old surveys, punk surveys and no surveys, missing posts, and missing bearing trees, etc., etc. We wonder what they would do with an application recently received in which the applicant says he has no money but expects \$200.00 soon and "would want to know would the government sell that peace of timber land east from the railway along side the river this side the river and the other side."

Dear Editor:

Circumstances were somewhat too many for us recently when on the peak of Mill Mountain with Ranger Charley Holmes and Mr. MacQueen from Operation Office discussing Lookout thereon.

It was a nice sunny day and presumably as a result of the combination of a satisfactory trip, the beautiful view, which reminded one of J. Rogers' recent reference to the romantic side of a Forest Officer's life and occupation (without doubt Rogers has hit on one of the reasons why many of us follow them), the alleged approach of Spring, MacQueen's classic features, Charley's rounded periods and the fact that I rather badly needed a haircut the following effusion erupted, which is sent on to you in the hope of eliciting some sympathy for what ails us. Yours truly, (Signed) "Robert Murray."



ODE TO ROMANCE - (With apology to J. Rogers)

All Hail! John Rogers, may your tribe increase
To such dimensions as will flood the earth,
Your late romantic screed has brought surcease
Of anguish dire to many a humble hearth.

Now henceforth when we chance to bark our shin
While climbing rocky cliffs we erstwhile cussed,
Now shall we blithely make the welkin ring,
Carroling with Carrel: "Man was made to bust."

No more we'll heed the slapping prickly bough,
Nor flinch when 'squitoses' "High C" blights the air,
And when on reaching camp too late for chow,
We'll smile and say, "To this our kind is heir."

Or when we dig for cash into our jeans
Wherewith to buy Scotch product to sustain
Our verve, alas we find not there the means,
The common case; but shall we now complain?

Or when the Hausfrau with unruly voice
Informs the world of our shoe-string finance,
Then, then is when we'll heartily rejoice,
Where formerly 'twas Hell 'tis now Romance.

Romance, by all poetic minds extolled,
Romance, the Forest Rangers' staff and stay,
Whereas those men were wont to fret and scold,
They grin and take it; Romance points the way.

Romance, which turns an empty purse to full,
Our prop when caught out on a conky limb,
Romance turns gloom to cheer, e'en shoots the bull.
Romance, gadzooks! By heck we're telling him!

Twenty-five year silver service badges reported awarded in our last letter have since been presented by the Honourable the Minister to C.J. Haddon in Vancouver, by the Chief to H.H. Smith at the Rangers' Banquet at Vancouver, and by the Chief to T.W. Brewer at a meeting called for the occasion at Nelson.

We offer our congratulations to the twelve silver-badge men now on the staff. It should be remembered that the Service itself is only 26 years old. The number of badges will increase rapidly during the next few years if some of our old timers don't weaken in the meantime.



C.J. Haddon



T.W. Brewer

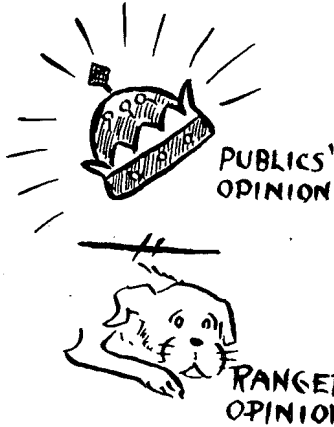


H.H. Smith

Unfortunately the accompanying sketches and comment came in in pencil and had to be redrawn in ink for reproducing. More unfortunate still, they are anonymous. If we knew their origin we might stand a chance of getting some more.

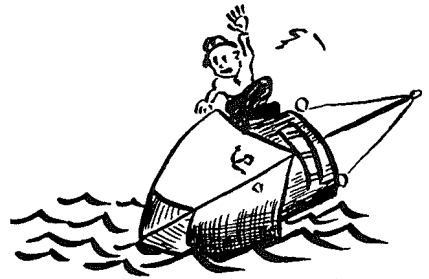


It is said a certain Ranger gets so interested in his cruising he has to dangle an alarm clock from his coat tail to remind him when quitting time comes.



Two views of a Ranger's life.

You're right! She does need painting.

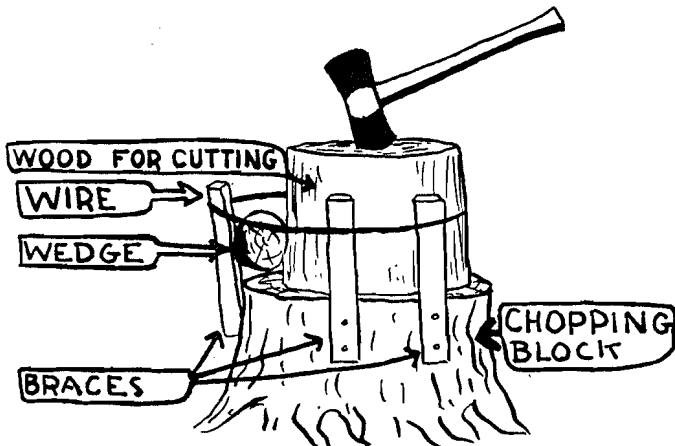


It's an exaggeration of course--but--

Apropos of the new car licence plates in use this year with our own distinctive cipher, PF, we learn that the unfortunate or fortunate field officer who drew PF 13, and whose christian name is Percy (wild horses cannot drag his surname from us), declares that PF must mean "Percy's Finish." Incidentally, PF is the cause of a lot of speculation among the public and some of their guesses are not quite complimentary. Amongst the many that have come to us, one citizen thought it stood for "Police Force."

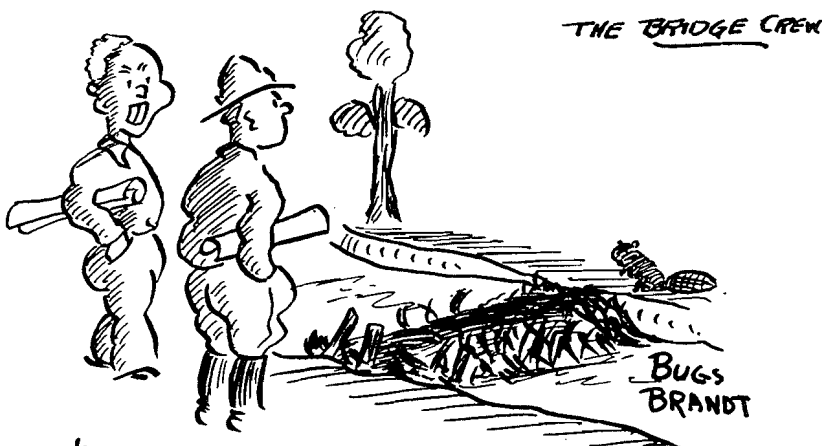
Earliest fire reported for some years.

Report on Fire #1 received from Prince Rupert District from Ranger Scott. Date of fire - February 14th. Cause. Spark from land-clearing fire. Damage. 320 acres unmerchantable timber, chicken house and some P.W.D. sidewalk.



Kenny McCannel was so impressed when he found one of his bull cooks using his head for splitting kindling that he felt we should certainly pass the good word along for the benefit of all and sundry.

The drawing speaks for itself. Personally we think we'd rather use an axe in the old-fashioned way at risk of thumb and shin--and anyway we burn oil.



I'LL BET VICTORIA WILL BE SORE ABOUT THE BEAXERS GETTING HERE FIRST.