

APR 28 1950

FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER



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

NO. 81

VICTORIA, B. C.

APRIL, 1950

THE WOODLOT'S PLACE IN A FARM ECONOMY

by W. G. Hughes.

In 1948, an amendment to the "Forest Act" was passed making it possible for a farmer to acquire the use of Crown forest land to be managed in conjunction with his farm, subject to certain conditions outlined in the Act. This step marked the beginning of organized farm woodlot forestry in British Columbia.

The farm woodlot is that part of a farm supporting forest growth and may be land waiting development for agricultural use or land considered unsuitable for agricultural crops or pasture. It is this latter type of land with which we are concerned.

All farms have a need for forest products and the farm with a woodlot does not have to look to the retail market to satisfy its requirements for lumber, fuelwood, fence posts, shakes, et cetera. Today, there are many farms with little or no forest land and, with the growing scarcity of timber close to the markets, the price of wood products is higher than ever, thus creating a serious drain on the economy of many of these farms. The 1948 amendment will help to alleviate this condition.

In addition to satisfying the requirements of the farm for forest products, farm forest land may also provide additional revenue to bolster the farm income and to serve as an alternative source of income when crop returns are below normal. The use of men and equipment during off-season periods and the general stabilizing effect on farm communities resulting from additional income, are other benefits likely to accrue from the successful operation of farm woodlots.

The key to successful farm forestry is the availability of satisfactory markets for that portion of the woodlot harvest not used on the farm. Some regions will offer better markets for this class of material than others by virtue of their location with respect to centres of population and wood-manufacturing industries. The Fraser Valley, parts of Vancouver Island, (especially those near pulp mill installations), farm communities in the Kamloops and Nelson Districts, and possibly the Peace River area of the Prince George District, will probably offer the best chances for woodlot development.

Legislation alone is not enough to gain the average farmer's active interest in farm forestry. He needs to be sold on the idea that the operation of a woodlot can be a paying proposition. Efforts must be made to show what values he can expect in return for labour expended on the farm woodlot. The most effective way to accomplish this is by actual demonstration in the field.

Within the past few years a number of demonstration woodlots have been set aside near farm communities by the Forest Service. By proper development these areas can serve as show windows for the cause of forestry. To supplement this visual method of education, printed material, covering the various phases of farm forestry, will be made available to farmers and small holders of forest land. The first material dealing with farm forestry should soon be ready for distribution.

If any of you are in the plutocratic class that have Bank Accounts, question closely what your manager is talking about when he returns your cheque marked "N.S.F." We have recently learned that it means "Nova Scotia Fir".

THE IMMOBILIZED MOTOR

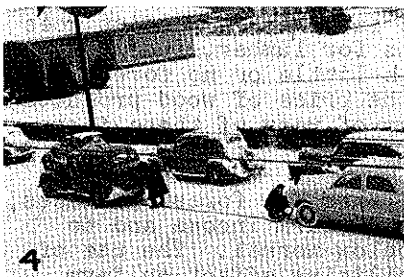
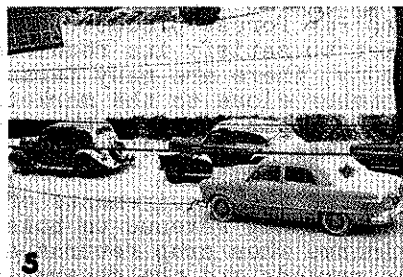
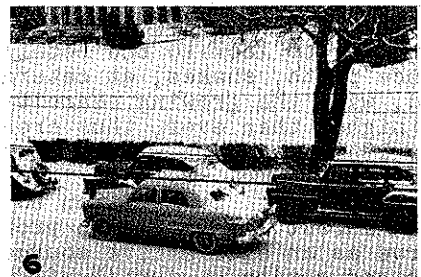
or

MR. SPOUSE HAS HIS TROUBLES TOO.

All over the world at this very moment, people's automobiles are stalling and refusing to move, apparently ever again. On these occasions persons have been known to become cross, vexed, irked or annoyed - so annoyed, in fact that their entire nervous, mental, and pulmonary systems are subjected to a degree of strain so fantastic in intensity as to utterly defy description. One need not be a graduate medical practitioner to suggest that such goings-on are far from being conducive to an advanced age and happy dotage for those concerned.

Our Newsletter psychiatrist has now come up with the statement that 82 per cent of the cause for the familiar rush of blood to the head, filming-over of the eye-balls, drying of the throat, and moistening of the palms - so common an affliction of immobilized motorists - is due directly to an intense feeling of helplessness and frustration. This could well be due to the fact that today less is known of the internal combustion motor by more people than was the case twenty years ago when everyone fixed their own Model A with their wife's hairpin.

Thus the Newsletter feels it is doing mankind a distinct service by the publication of the little picture-story below. The story has a certain and pungent moral which you may find of definite comfort the next time your vehicle stalls dead away on the northern-most bend of the Big Bend or on the occasion of the front wheel coming off while you travel down the Fraser Canyon at high speed. In either case you can now look heavenwards calmly and with serenity in your soul, and say to anyone who happens to be around at the time - "Well, I don't feel too badly. I have seen evidence that suggests this might even happen to Bill Spouse!"



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| <p>(1) Bill Spouse and Bert Crowe look searchingly at an internal combustion engine.</p> <p>(2) A more detailed aspect of picture No. 1. Special note should be taken of the intense rage registered on the features of the two men.</p> <p>(3) Crowe wheels vehicle into position to tow. All hope of a dignified take-off is denied the Mechanical Superintendent by this move.</p> | <p>(4) The tow-rope being attached calmly and quietly in a 50 MPH Nor'easter wind. Note both humans appear utterly resigned.</p> <p>(5) On tow. It is customary for either - (1) the rope to snap or (2) the front of the newer model to be pulled off.</p> <p>(6) Success. Mr. Spouse's car drives off in triumph.</p> |
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We are indebted to Bob Fielder and John Paynter of Operations for these outstanding contributions to "On The Spot" photography.

PARKS DIVISION BULLETIN

by S. E. Park

We keep having our most cherished illusions shattered. Take the matter of Forest Rangers. - To us, a Forest Ranger has always been as rugged and wary a character as ever cruised a timber sale, or cast a hard-boiled eye over a land inspection; someone well able to cope with such acts of God as visits from District Foresters, Fire Inspectors, and Mechanical Superintendents; someone perennially occupied during summertime in rolling, unrolling, and rerolling millions of miles of fire hose; someone noble, and kind to his grandmother. With this ideal character in mind we decided on a story about our boy Ole Johansen, the Mt. Seymour Park Ranger - only to find that, like our late Army uniform,

Parks Division Bulletin (Continued).

nothing fitted, except possibly the piece about being kind to his grandmother.

You might describe Ole as the "Doctor Kildare" of Forest Rangers, with just a pinch of Roy Rogers thrown in. Why? When the milling crowds from Vancouver swarm up to our Seymour Park each weekend, and start getting in each other's way on skis, Ole is called upon to perform in weird and diverse ways. Take the matter of accidents - every time some uninhibited enthusiast tries a slalom short-cut through the centre of a large Douglas fir, "Ole Doc" Ole is on hand to tend such things as dislocated shoulders, twisted and broken ankles, or cases of concussion. Then, there is the matter of lost hikers. Yes, some adventurous soul is always being overtaken by night, far out on the Peak, and right in the middle of a blizzard. No, they don't send out the St. Bernard with the brandy cask; Ole is more efficient and it takes less brandy. Seriously though, Ole has some splendid rescues to his credit.

Not all is grim within the picture. Our boy is a ski expert in his own right. Such things as the setting up and running of ski tournaments are handled by him, and he is a well-known and popular figure with international contestants. He has more mundane duties, of course. He has a work crew to boss, trails and buildings and equipment to look after, the cleanliness of the ski cabin area is his responsibility, and cabin builders must abide by his directions. Occasionally he pins up his genuine police badge and looks in on a hikers' dance or gathering.

He must be ready to answer a barrage of questions every Saturday, - simple ones like the position of the nearest phone and the names of the wild flowers and trees to more specialized information on proper cabin construction or ski jumping.

So - there you have him, our boy Ole, the Park Ranger.

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OUR MASTHEAD STORY

The Masthead on this issue of the Newsletter is not, as some may suspect, a view of Hollywood-at-work. Rather, it is a record of just one complicated step taken during the filming of a new colour and sound motion picture being produced by Public Relations and dealing with the work of the Reforestation Division. The film will be titled "Planting Prosperity", with commentary by Harold McWilliams, Forester-in-Charge of Reforestation, who is shown behind the desk undergoing that special type of torture reserved for those engaged in the movie business.

The photograph was taken in the studios of Trans Canada Films in Vancouver. Not shown is Producer-Director-Writer-Cameraman-Film Editor Paul Johnson of Public Relations and Education, who wisely kept in a corner where, in quiet anguish, he could bite the ends off a succession of pipe stems, undisturbed.

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VANCOUVER DISTRICTA TREE PLANTER'S LAMENT

The pay isn't bad and the grub is okay,
The camp is good so I guess I'll stay.
A pair of caulk boots and a bone dry coat
Then I'll climb the hills like a mountain goat,
Planting young fir trees along in a line
'Til my back is sore but I'm doing fine.

At the end of the day I head for camp
Tired and hungry and usually damp.
The Bull-cook rings the supper bell
And the planters run to beat old hell,
Like a bunch of calves at the clang of a pail.

After supper the cards come out,
But some are too tired and just flake out.
I take a shower and hit the hay
To be ready to go at the break of day,
But 6:30 bell seems to ring right away.
I'm tired, but I'm broke, so I'll hafta stay.

J. N. Antonelli.

R.D. 16.

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Casts, Bandages and Stitches

We are happy to announce that our patients, Mrs. Matz, Miss Trapp, Miss Palmer, and Eric Ferguson are looking like a million dollars once more and all working.

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Roll Out the Red Carpet

The District welcomes to its Protection Division new fieldmen who have just reported for duty and those who may subsequently come in within the next few weeks. "You are among friends who are interested in helping you make good, in an organization which has a worthy past and a future beyond your most distant horizons. Listen carefully



Roll Out the Red Carpet (Continued).

to your Ranger, and pattern your conduct on his example. May you all have a profitable and enjoyable summer, and above all things - Get Your Fires When They're Small".

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ARTHUR HILBERT WADDINGTON

July 5, 1889 - March 4, 1950.

The Forest Service extends to Mrs. Waddington and family its sincerest sympathy.

THE WADDINGTON SAGA

by C. F. Holmes

Arthur Waddington was the son of Pioneers. His father, Samuel Waddington, was a Yorkshireman who came to British Columbia in 1858; took part in the Cariboo gold rush; found enough gold to make a wedding ring; looked around for a few years and then married a Lancashire lass, Ada Hilbert. This union of "The Roses" set up house on 160 acres of land about two miles north of Nanaimo and proceeded to clear a farm and raise a family of six boys and two girls. Arthur was the fifth child and the third boy.

He received a schooling in Nanaimo, after which he helped run the family farm until his twentieth year. It was during this time that he hunted, fished, prospected, and just plain hiked all through the Nanaimo Lakes and South-Fork country, climbing mountains, exploring the headwaters of streams, and developing that sturdy physique on which he was to make such heavy drain in later life. Here too, he learned the fundamentals of a woodsman's code. For a few years in his early twenties he followed surveying, prospecting, and logging. He received his first appointment in the public service on August 1, 1914, as Forest Guard, H.Q. Nanaimo, - transportation by bicycle - only to resign on August 9, 1914 and enlist in the 88th Fusiliers, at Victoria.

There was a brief visit to Valcartier where the 88th went into the melting pot, and Private A.H. Waddington, 16940, found himself a member of the 7th Battalion which was to be his Alma Mater for the next four and one half years. The unit got to France in February, 1915, and saw action almost at once. Arthur was a sniper and as such his most pressing needs were fairly simple - a rifle, telescopic sights, glasses, cover, concealment, a field of fire, patience, alertness, and a target. It was Nanaimo Lakes all over again, but sterner.

They made him an N.C.O. and returned him to the Company. Corporal Waddington then became responsible in some measure for the safety and effectiveness of other men. He was severely wounded at Ypres, Hill 70 and Amiens; rose to be C.S.M.; was mentioned in dispatches; and awarded the D.C.M. among men whose conduct was uniformly distinguished.

As a convalescent, Arthur Waddington returned to Canada in February, 1919, brushed aside all thought of pension, was appointed Assistant Ranger at Nanaimo in April of that year; Ranger in 1920; was married in 1921 and attended the University of Washington, in 1922, for a short course in Forestry. He was promoted to fire inspector and transferred to Prince Rupert in 1929, moved to Vancouver at the inception of Section 113A in 1938, and appointed Assistant Forester in 1947.

On return to civil life he showed a devotion to duty, personal integrity, and courage in the face of fire common to good soldiers and good forest officers alike. His own sterling worth was reflected in the fact that he automatically thought well of others. This was a man who truly lived for his work. No hill was too high, no trail too long, no job too tough for his spirit. But, unfortunately, his war wounds, (which he never mentioned) were taking their toll and, as early as 1932, there were ominous signs of a need to slacken the killing pace which his own high concept of Forest Service standards demanded.

Once each year he put on his medals and joined his comrades at the Cenotaph and with equal firmness absented himself from roisterous reunions. In 1936, he and Mrs. Waddington were among the Pilgrims to Vimy.

Arthur had a serious illness in 1949 and was granted sick leave. Unable to resume field work on return to duty he applied himself diligently to his desk, where a wide knowledge of field conditions and a marvellous memory stood him in good stead.

News of his death came without warning on March 4. There was a funeral service in Vancouver, with burial in the family plot at Nanaimo where his lodge brethren from Parksville acted as pallbearers.

We leave him where the evening shadows of Mount Benson will cover his resting place. A proud Service - shocked at his passing - grieving the loss - closes ranks and carries on, knowing that Arthur Waddington himself would be among the first to wish it so.

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Vancouver District (Continued).

"THE TALLY BOARD"

The stork has been very busy of late dropping little bundles on the door steps of some of our younger scalers.

On February 6 he winged over the Shott domicile and unloaded a 7 lb. 10 oz. boy into the eager arms of Graham and Ruth.

Hardly waiting to catch his breath, he made trips in quick succession to the Doug Getson's and the Johnny Widsten's leaving 8 lb. boys on each stop to take up the scale rules when the "old man" falters.

Congratulations fellahs, from the Scaling staff.

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Tommy Quinn eagerly shed his bachelor status February 14 when he married Norma Oderman at Vancouver Heights United Church. After a reception Tommy and Norma scampered off to California for a month's Honeymoon. Congrats, Tommy and Norma.

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Harry Whittaker showed up at work the other day riding a yellow roller-skate he laughingly calls a car. Gotta admit its a classy roller-skate, Harry, but why did you only buy one?

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KAMLOOPS DISTRICT

Fine Ranger Meeting

The Kamloops Ranger Meeting was held from March 22 to 24 at Kamloops. The meeting concluded with a banquet Friday night, leaving Saturday morning open for interviews in the office.

Attendance was confined to Rangers and, with an exceptionally good list of visitors, we had a well-rounded-out meeting. C.D. Orchard, R.G. McKee, W.C. Spouse, W.C. Pendray, G.M. Abernethy, W.G. Hughes, and W.V. Hicks arrived from Victoria. Jack Smythe, Mechanical Inspector, was also up from Victoria but we do not list him as a visitor because we hope to have him stationed here shortly. Also amongst those visiting were George Minns and Harold Holmberg from Nelson and Alan Dixon from Prince George. A.R. Waldie, formerly of the Pathological Division, attended in order to meet the gang with whom he hopes to practise Silviculture.

Ray Foster and Phil Thomas of the Pathological Division were also present for a portion of the meeting. Other Dominion men included W.G. Mathers, of the Entomological Division and T.G. Willis and A. McLean of the Range Experimental Station.

We had the usual keen discussions of the various activities and, in spite of a concerted effort to cut down on the number of subjects to allow for more discussions, we found the programme had to be hurried along. However, the evening discussions were in no way stifled and everyone went home with the feeling that it had been another good meeting.

One of the humorous digressions was brought up by Ranger Jack Boydell while discussing a subject led by the "red pencil experts" (Management, to the uninitiated). He pointed out that, after a long day's work to determine all the information required for the new short form cruise report, he arrived home late at night and to his dismay remembered he had forgotten to tally the merchantable timber.

The news brought by R. G. McKee on the new uniforms was received heartily. The Chief Forester's pep talk directed solely to the Rangers was more than worth all the time, effort, and cost of the meeting.

The banquet, marked by an amazing amount of local talent, wound up another successful Ranger Meeting.



3 X Charlie = 75 Years

The photo on the left, taken during the Banquet after the Kamloops Ranger Meeting, shows The Chief presenting 25-year Pins to the three Charlies -- Charlie Penin, Charlie Lee, and Charlie Robertson -- who represent a total of 75 years service to the Service.

On The Chief's right are Wilf Pendray and Gerry McKee from Victoria, while immediately to the left of Mr. Orchard, Allan Parlow, District Forester, Kamloops, watches proceedings with a reminiscent air.

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That Local Talent

The photo on the left gives some small indication of the quality of the much-appreciated talent at the Ranger Meeting Banquet. From left to right - Gordon Abernethy, (Management, Victoria) Keary DeBeck (Grazing, Kamloops) Tom Wallace (Grazing, Kamloops) and Al Dixon (A.D.F., Prince George).

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Editor's Note:- Out of this Ranger Meeting came what we think is a very fine 6-page paper on "Ranger District Organization", presented by Ranger Roy Eden of Kelowna. Unfortunately, space does not permit us to publish it here but, as we understand copies are available, we would suggest to all those interested that they write to the Kamloops District Office and get hold of this most comprehensive report on a vital subject.

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SOUND INVESTMENT

Periodically, instances of good public relations on the part of the field staffs come to the attention of the Newsletter. One example was published in the March issue in Ranger Ralph Angly's handling of the letter of thanks, for the booklet "How The Fir Forest Was Saved", received from the pupils of Fort St. John School. Another fine example has now been received from the Kamloops District. This time it takes the form of a Christmas letter, written by Ranger Roy Eden of Kelowna, to all the Honorary Fire Wardens in his District.

TOM JONES
HONORARY FIRE WARDEN

FOREST RANGER
KELOWNA B.C.
DECEMBER 20, 1949

DEAR SIR:

At this particular time, I want to extend to you and yours a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Again I want also to voice our appreciation of the service you give us and your particular community during the fire season. No other effort could be of more importance.

In this day and age, most every citizen knows the dangers connected with uncontrolled Forest Fires. We do our best to try and get them while they are small. In this effort, Honorary Fire Wardens have played a big part.

This past season we had 29 fires to report in my Ranger District. The largest area burnt over was 8 acres. Causes given for these fires was as follows: Lightning 9, Probable Smokers 6, Probable camps 5, Unknown 8, Farmer burning stumps 1.

I have enclosed this message with one of our 1950 Forest Service calendars.

We hope you will be with us again when the danger season comes around.

Yours truly,

"ROY B.W. EDEN"
Ranger

We suggest that the best way of gauging the value of such a letter is to mentally put yourself in the shoes of a Warden in December 1949. The fire season has been over for three months; you may or you may not have taken part in the fighting or reporting of any of the 29 fires mentioned in the letter; the thought of forest fire or the Forest Ranger has probably not crossed your mind for sometime; and then, you receive this letter.

What are the results? We submit that it awakens a feeling of responsibility; it suddenly brings the Ranger right into your home as a human being, just like the rest of us, wishing you the compliments of the Season; it awakens your interest in forest protection by advising you personally of the number and causes of fires in your community; and it stimulates your enthusiasm for continuing to serve as a Warden because you are counted amongst those whose job it is to fight forest fires.

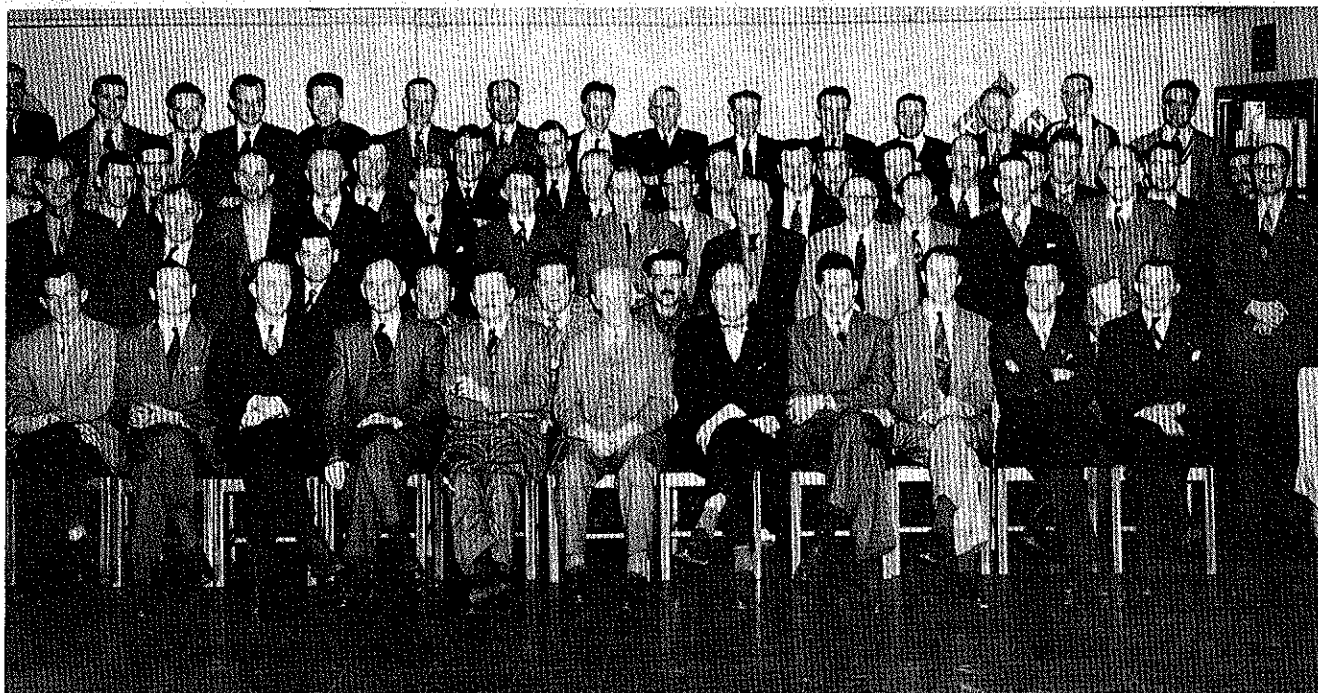
We feel Ranger Roy Eden deserves great credit for making a sound investment for the future!

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HATCHED

DeBeck - To (Keary) of Grazing, Kamloops, and Mrs. DeBeck a SON, David, on April 1, 1950.

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KAMLOOPS RANGER MEETING, 1950

Front Row: Tom Willis, Wilf Pendray, Cy Phillips, R. G. McKee, A. E. Parlow, C. D. Orchard, G. Abernethy, W. G. Hughes, Stan Noakes, W. V. Hicks, W. C. Spouse.

Second Row: (Seated) Pat Cowan, Ted Gibbs, Tom Wallace, Omer Paquette.

Third Row: Charlie Perrin, John LaForge, W. H. Holmberg, R. Waldie, Jack Boyd, Cym Williams, George Mayson, Ed Charlesworth, Keary DeBeck, Jack Smythe, Harry Parker, George Minns.

Fourth Row: H. McLean, S. Woods, Alex Whitecross, Roy Williams, Bob Hewlett, Jack Hayhurst, Eric Bowers, Charlie Robertson, Pat Stevens, Roy Eden, Don Fraser, Milt Johnson, Harry Dearing, Ray Downing, John Bruce, Harry Mayson, C. Grove-White, Phil Thomas.

Back Row: Jack Boydell, Al Paulsen, Rod Pringle, John Noble, John Weinard, Huntley Campbell, Emery Scott, Doug Ross, Alan Sim, Hugh Ferguson, Ken Petersen, Al Dixon, H. G. Mathers, Henry McDougall, Art Kirk.

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HATCHED

CROWE - To A. B. (Bert) of Operations, and Mrs. Crowe, a 7 lb. 13 oz. DAUGHTER, Donna Rossalea, on April 12, 1950, at the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria.

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MATCHED

During the evening of Thursday, April 6, 1950, Miss Pat Delamere of the Reforestation Division, Victoria, and Mr. Jack Palmer were married at the Shady Creek United Church, Brentwood, V. I.

The day previous, Mr. Harold McWilliams, Forester-in-Charge of Reforestation, presented Pat with a chenille bedspread on behalf of her many friends in the Service. In addition, Mr. McWilliams also presented the bride-to-be with a coffee table -- a wedding gift from the members of her own office.

After a Honeymoon in California, the Palmers will reside in Victoria.

Our sincere wishes to you both for a long and happy life together.

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For the sake of auld lang syne and the edification of future members of the Service, we publish, on the following page, the treasured photograph of the technical and field staff of the old Forest Branch as it stood - with collars rigidly at attention and mustachios alert - on the corner of Government and Superior Streets, Victoria, on or about April 1, 1913 - just 37 years ago.



Front Row, L. to R. - (1) Percy Le Mare, (D. F. Lillooet); (2) R.E. Benedict, (H. Q.); (3) A.M.Q. Gold (For. Asst. - Cruiser); (4) J. R. Martin, (D. F. Nelson); (5) Walter L. Loveland (V. I. Ranger); (6) M.A. Grainger (Asst. Chief Forester); (7) S.W. Barclay (Royalty Inspector); (8) P.Z. Caverhill (D. F. Kamloops); (9) J.G. Sutherland (For. Asst. - Cruiser); (10) R.L. Campbell (Librarian and Publicity); (11) Thomas Mouat (Act. Sup'r. of Scales); (12) H.R. MacMillan (Chief Forester); (13) J.D. Gilmour, (D. F. Cranbrook); (14) H.R. Christie (H.Q.); (15) A.K. Shives (For. Asst.); (16) H.G. Marvin, (D. F. Ft. George).

Back Row, L. to R. - (1) W.C. Gladwin, (H.Q. Records); (2) H.K. Robinson, (D. F. Van. Is. and O.C. Surveys); (3) W.J. Van Dusen Asst. Chief, Management); (4) Jack Stilwell, (Van. Is. Patrols); (5) L.R. Andrews (D. F. Vernon); (6) P. S. Bonney (For. Asst.); (7) H. C. Kinghorn (For. Asst.); (8) C. MacFayden, (D. F. Tete Jeune Cache); (9) H.S. (Buck) Irwin, (Act. D. F. Prince Rupert); (10) H.B. Murray (For. Asst., Kamloops); (11) G.H. Prince (For. Asst.)

The Innocent Bystander in the Window - S. Hawkins (Office boy, Water Rights Branch).

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The Newsletter can think of no particular reason why it should publish this picture of its Supreme Editor-in-Chief, Eric Druce, other than for the haunting suspicion that we may have missed out on hearing that particular story which was obviously being told at the time.

