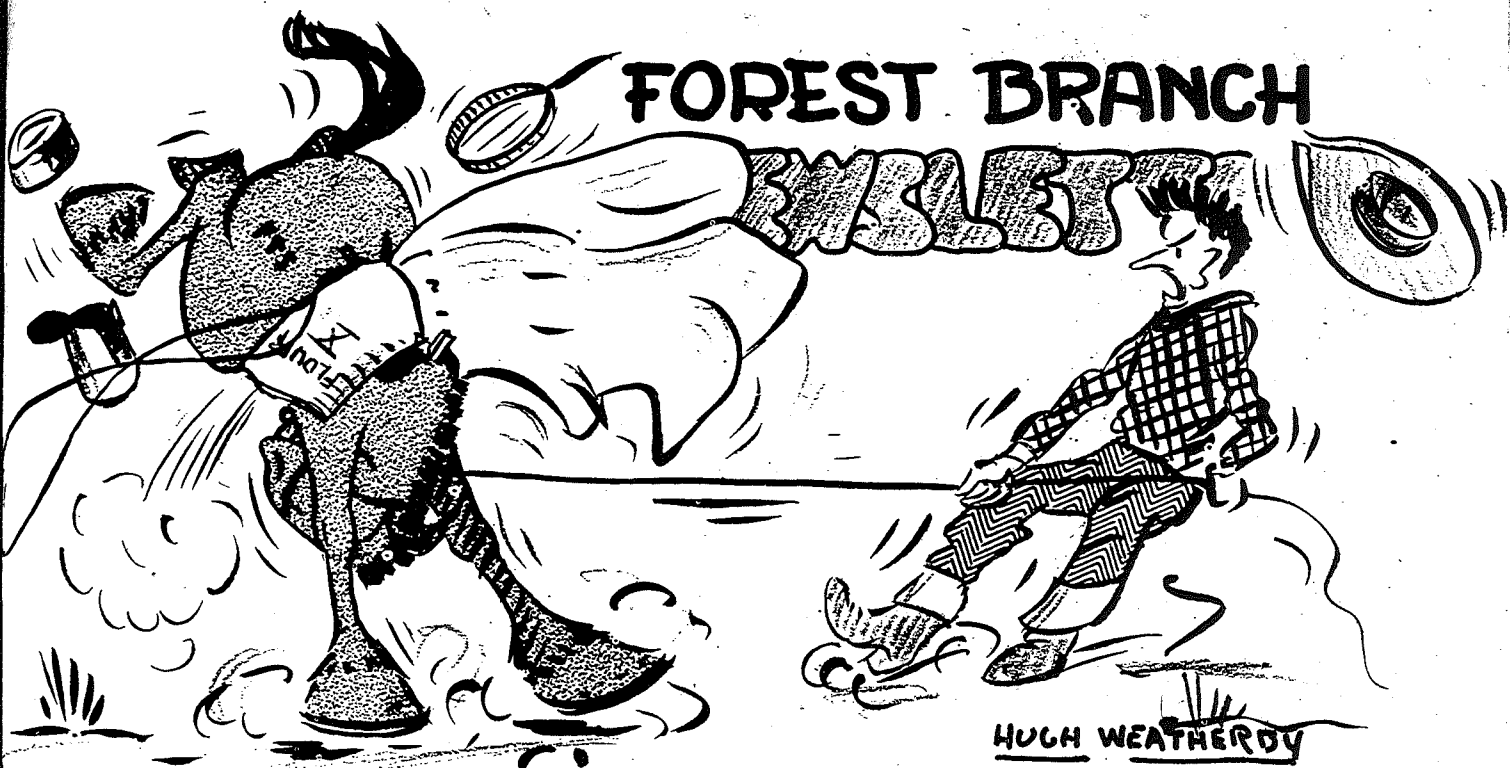




An entirely unofficial budget of news, nonsense, 'n' opinion compiled from time to time for the profit, amusement, and annoyance of the staff. ♦ ♦ ♦

As this Newsletter is being compiled, lookoutmen are sweating it out in their lofty nests, survey crews are far out in the back country, and the Forest Protection staff is coping with present fires, while girding themselves to meet expected, but still unknown emergencies. We have already had one closure in the Vancouver Forest District and may have others. There is an air of tense orderliness around the Property Room as priorities are established on certain articles in short supply and they are shipped to the points where they are most needed. Cars are at a premium, and almost every vehicle is jointly owned by two or more members of the staff, each of whom would have his own car, if more were available. The labor shortage is still acute. Even the Newsletter, reflecting the general trend, experiences difficulty in obtaining an adequate supply of news and paper.

Lieut. Archie Byers.....Congratulations!

OTTAWA, MAY 11-(CP)-THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY TOLD TONIGHT HOW A CANADIAN MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT COMMANDED BY LIEUT. ARCHIE BYERS OF VANCOUVER SANK ONE OF GERMANY'S MIDGET TWO-MAN SUBMARINES OPERATING AGAINST SHIPPING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

IT WAS THE FIRST SINKING OF ONE OF THE MIDGET U-BOATS BY A CANADIAN M.T.B.

VETERANS OF MANY ACTIONS WITH GERMAN E-BOATS AND R-BOATS UP AND DOWN THE FRENCH AND BELGIAN COASTS SINCE MONTHS BEFORE D-DAY, THE OFFICERS AND MEN AGREED IT WAS THE EASIEST ACTION THEY EVER FOUGHT--AND THE MOST ENJOYABLE. THEY SANK THE SUB WHILE ON NIGHT PATROL.

"WE WERE JUST SITTING THERE WHEN THE MIDGET PASSED DOWN OUR STARBOARD SIDE ABOUT 40 FEET AWAY," LIEUT. BYERS SAID. "IT WAS ON THE SURFACE AND AT FIRST WE THOUGHT IT WAS A BUOY. WE TURNED AROUND TO INVESTIGATE BUT IT PASSED US AGAIN TOO QUICKLY FOR US TO FIRE. WE MADE A THIRD ATTEMPT TO GET AT HIM AND OPENED FIRE AT 150 FEET. WE FIRED EVERYTHING WE HAD AT HIM.

"AFTER OUR FIRST BARRAGE ONLY SIX FEET OF HIS BOW WAS OUT OF THE WATER SO WE OPENED FIRE AGAIN AND FILLED IT FULL OF HOLES UNTIL IT JUST DISAPPEARED. THEN TO MAKE DOUBLY SURE WE WENT OVER THE SPOT AND DROPPED DEPTH CHARGES.

"IT WAS A DEFINITE KILL ALL RIGHT. THE NIGHT WAS FLAT CALM, AND WE WERE SO CLOSE WE COULDN'T MISS."

THE SERVICE IN THE SERVICES

With the end of the war in Europe, our overseas correspondence seems to be dropping off. We hope it means that a goodly number of the boys will be visiting us personally before long. We know DICK NIXON to be en route home. ROSS DOUGLAS is expected on 30 days' leave before proceeding to the Pacific. GEOFF MARPLES is home on leave at Invermere. H. I. BARWELL has returned from India. IAN CAMERON, back from the Bahamas, expects his discharge around the end of June. "DODO MacKAY (the same old "Dodo") walked in on us the other day, after five years in the Army and four years overseas.

We welcome back to the fold.....STAN HEPHER in Management, Vancouver; DON MACMURCHIE, Parks, Victoria; JACK PAYNE, Student Assistant, Nelson; W. E. THACKER, Patrolman, Nelson; CED WALKER, Economics, Victoria, C. J. C. SLADE, Assistant Ranger, Nelson.

AL RHODES (Accounts, Victoria) writes from the town of Goor in northeastern Holland saying thanks for the cigarettes...."They are certainly appreciated out here, for without the gifts from home our only supply of cigarettes are English, and a good 'Sweet Cap' is sure welcome after 'Wild Woodbines.'

A. E. HESKETH (Nelson), also in Holland, seems to share somewhat the same views on cigarettes...."Thanks to the F. B. Staff for the carton of cigarettes...the only ones we have been getting are a few packages of English cigs every once in a while and after a person smokes a few of them, he wonders if he should give up smoking altogether." He says...."It's really a beautiful country and we are stationed right in the city in private homes now. It's sort of a gentleman's life, as we have from noon till 11 p.m. free. At that time there is a curfew, so every person has to be off the streets. It's only two blocks to the swimming pool from where I'm staying. Everything is free over here so it makes it rather nice as a person doesn't have to touch his pay at all. There are about forty girls to every fellow here and a person just about gets trampled to death in the stampede when he goes down town"...and ends up by remarking: "There isn't much excitement here now!"

We add to our Honour Roll.....D. M. ROUSSELL, Research Assistant, Victoria, who has joined the Army. He is taking a "Driver Operator" course in mobile artillery at Camp Shilo, Manitoba.

The wedding of Mary Alice Abell of Windsor, and N. M. F. POPE (Peace Arch Park), only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pope, View Royal, Victoria, took place on June 6, at St. Andrew's Anglican Church, Windsor, Ontario. Congratulations'.

SYD BENWELL (Accounts, Victoria) writes from Newfoundland and reports that, apart from work and raising a beard, he has done nothing unusual. The "Beard" was about to celebrate its third (monthly) birthday and if Syd's reports of the Newfoundland rations are true, there could be quite a celebration. He says...."We're not tied to the 26 oz. per month that is enjoyed (?) in Canada. I'm not quite sure what the ration is--two 26's weekly, I think. Not being a drinking man, I'm really not very concerned!"

HUNTLEY CAMPBELL (Kamloops), somewhere on the Continent, says "Thanks very much for the two lots of cigs that arrived recently. We are enjoying ourselves more now this scrap is finished but we still like to see the smokes coming in as it will be some time ere we all get home."

JACK CREIGHTON (Vancouver) has now left Trinidad for England, with the Canadian Naval Mission Overseas. Post-cards received from H. G. MAYSON (Kamloops) reported to be seeing quite a lot of Germany; ALLAN DIXON (Vancouver), having put a bridge across the Rhine; ARCHIE McNEIL (Vancouver), just back in Belgium after leave in Bonnie Scotland and looking forward to getting back to work in the Marine Building at an early date; LORNE SWANNELL (Prince George), somewhere in Germany, who reports having seen some of the German forests en route; R. E. CRELLIN (Nelson), reporting a change in address. Congratulations to F/O "Keary" DeBeck, awarded the D.F.C. for "Outstanding Service."



BOB ST. CLAIR

Bob came to Canada in the summer of 1918 after a distinguished academic career in the United States. There he took a Bachelor of Science degree in Civil Engineering at the University of Idaho and then Master of Forestry at the University of Michigan. He knows the forestry game from the roots up, having held positions of Forest Guard and Ranger in the U. S. Forest Service, as well as cruiser and surveyor.

His first job in Canada was with the C. P. R. forestry department from which he transferred to the Dominion Forestry Branch. Seeing the light in the early summer of 1918, Bob joined the British Columbia Forest Service, where he has held important administrative jobs ever since. His keen, critical mind has left a lasting impression on Forest Service policies and organization through Head Office and District.

Bob has raised a family of two girls and a boy and is also a grandpappy. Whether or not his well-known histrionic ability has anything to do with it we don't know, but one daughter has made a success of professional dancing in the States and particularly Hollywood.

CHRIS ARMSTRONG WRITES ABOUT THE CANADIAN FORESTRY CORPS IN SCOTLAND

The Corps, at full strength, consisted of 30 Companies. Each Company was a self-contained unit, both from the military and production viewpoint. Naturally the locating of the various Companies was dependent on the tracts of timber available and for purposes of administration some 5 or 6 Companies, in the same general area, would constitute a District under the command of a Lt.-Col. The Districts in turn were responsible to Corps which for most of our stay in Scotland, was under the Command of Brig.-Gen. J. B. White.

The function of the Corps was two-fold. First, was the production of lumber, poles and other forest products so urgently needed by a Britain cut-off from her normal sources of supply. Secondly, and equally important, was the defense of the country in the event of an invasion.

At the time we arrived, shortly after Dunkirk, the threat of invasion was very real indeed. Britain was in a very tight spot. Most of her arms and equipment had been lost on the Continent. Lend lease hadn't yet come into being. First line troops, with what scanty armament and armor was available, could not be spread thinly along the whole East coast so were kept as striking forces at strategic points ready to be rushed where needed. The initial opposition then to sea or airborne invaders devolved upon ancillary troops, units in training and the Home Guard. Such troops must at all costs contain the enemy sufficiently long to enable the striking force to come to their aid.

In northern Scotland the Forestry Corps was that ancillary force and, with the Norwegians then training there and the Home Guards, composed the main defense force of that section of the island.

Although heartily welcomed to Scotland for defensive purposes our role as loggers was not so popular with the Scots. Most of them, of course, realized that, however deplorable it might be, it was absolutely essential that Scotland's forests be sacrificed for the war needs of the beleaguered island. Some few though, I feel sure, still cling to the belief that we went over for the sheer delight we got in ravaging her glens.

The complement of each Company was approximately 200—all ranks—and each Company had its own mill and logging operation. There was very little difference between the equipment of the various Companies, and, any such variation was due partly to availability of supply and differences in constitution of the timber stand and, to a lesser degree, on topography and, to not so small a degree, on its ability to scrounge and improvise.

The logging equipment of a unit consisted of one bulldozer, two cats equipped with winches and sulkies (arches on huge rubber-tired wheels), two to three logging trucks and a Lawrence loader. Falling tools were the same as used throughout B. C. except that we employed a gadget in lieu of a spring board. This was a contraption of leather and felt which strapped to the knee. If properly used it ensured low stumps. For a while it was quite a job to get the boys to cut 'em low enough, but they became resigned to it in time and did a very good job.

The standard sawmill was equipped with a three-block, 16-ft. carriage and a circular head rig with 52" to 56" inserted tooth saw. Logs were fed to the deck by jack ladder from a small concrete pond. Live rolls took slabs to a swing saw near the tail of the mills where the "meaty ones" were trimmed and passed to a small slab resaw for further recovery and the "lean" ones were cut for fuel. The same line of rolls carried the cants from the head rig to a three-saw edger and fully manufactured boards and dimension then were trimmed on a two-saw trimmer and passed out to the great chains and thence to the yard.

The slabs which went to the small resaw were cut into the largest material possible, from $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 3" x 3' on up. The mill was powered by an International 100 H.P. Diesel which, despite its relatively high speed, proved quite a sturdy and dependable power unit and with good logs could turn out 24 to 25M per day.

As the chief species dealt with was Scots Pine, which stains very readily, great care had to be taken in piling and seasoning, especially in the damp climate of Scotland. As one and a half to two million feet was carried in the yards this entailed quite a yard space for a small mill and, due to the great number of small pieces handled, quite a number of men. From the larger material we cut 1", 2" and 3" stock in all widths from 3" to 11", but excluding 8" and in lengths from 3 feet up. There was also considerable call for 4" x 4", 6" x 6" and 8" x 8", and choice logs yielded 4" x 11". The rougher material was cut into ties 5" x 10" x 8' 6" and into waney mine ties, timbers and crowns of various dimensions.

In logging we attempted to utilize the material to the fullest extent. The pork packer's slogan of "everything used but the squeal" was in our case changed to "everything but the bark" (quotation pinched from one of the recent trade journals). Logs were cut whatever lengths they would make from 17 feet down to 3 feet and to a 7" to 9" top. If the top beyond this point was straight and sound (many tops were cat-faced due to old squirrel injuries) it was close limbed or "snedded" as our Scots friends term it, and cut into pit props of various lengths and diameters, the minimum being $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x 18". As this phase of the work took a lot of labor in cutting, peeling, etc., it was later changed and we shipped the snedded tops in lengths of 7 feet to 14 feet and the props were cut from this material at the pit head.

Such tops were known as tonnage wood as it was purchased by ton weight—not the volume ton of 50 cubic feet. This always seemed a rather odd basis of measurement, for green material would cost almost double the same quantity of dry wood. As one of the Lieutenants from Corps H.Q. who used to visit us periodically explained, "the timber merchants

like it dry 'cause they buy it by the ton and sell it by the lenient foot"; this was the same officer who informed us that he had been out "shooting peasants" the day before.

If the top was not suitable for tonnage wood, it was cut into any length under 7 feet and shipped as pulpwood. There was very little left on the ground but brush after an operation was completed.

The size of the various stands in which the different Companies operated varied considerably but that in which our Company, No. 6, operated might be considered average. It was a 95 year old stand of Scots Pine averaging about 16" diameter with about 15% running to 22" - 24". Some smaller, older areas contiguous to this carried a stand of spruce running up to 40" diameter and another of pine and larch about the same size. Taking into account the pulp and tonnage wood, the average per acre was around 20 to 22M.

One of our biggest problems was shipping. Our Company shipped both by rail and by ship and neither could be depended upon to be ready when needed. Invariably we'd have difficulty getting cars--until a ship arrived, then there would be a plethora of them. We hauled 17 miles one way to the ship and 5 miles in the opposite direction to rail and did all our own car loadings and most of our own longshoring. With an 85 or 90 standard ship and a dozen cars in at once it was a severe drain on trucks and man power to load out and keep the mill running and entailed a lot of late hours and Sunday work which wasn't popular.

The cars or wagons as they are called in Britain were also the cause of many headaches. The type used for lumber have fixed ends and sides from 2'6" to 4' high and come in all lengths from 13 ft. to 18 ft. Invariably when we had long material to ship we could get nothing but 13 to 15 ft. cars. Often we would have a 'phone call from the local station master advising that there were long cars available and our trucks would arrive with 17 ft. lumber to find that the wagons were "a wee bittee sma'"--only 16 ft.

There was no use complaining, however, in time the right sized wagons would arrive so we learned to follow the old station master's advice to "dinna fash yourself", laddie."

The C.F.C. in Scotland played a very useful role and if they "changed the face of Scotland" for the worse as many Scots sorrowfully told us, the change helped in no small measure to enable Britain and her allies to carry on and change the world for the better.



NEW MEMBER (VANCOUVER)

We are very pleased to welcome to our Staff, as a Mechanic's Helper at the Fraser River Plant, Sergeant Eric V. Beech, late of the Royal Canadian Air Force, who was discharged from the Air Force on Saturday, April 8, and started work for us on Monday, April 9. Eric Beech joined the Royal Canadian Air Force at the latter end of 1940 and after a course of instruction in various points in Canada, specializing on Aero Engines, he proceeded to England and later was posted to Ceylon where he was stationed for over three years, advancing in rank progressively from A.C.2 to Sergeant. He returned to Canada in March and, as there was little chance of his being posted Overseas again, he decided to apply for his discharge.

We wish Eric Beech every happiness while in the Service and trust that we shall be fortunate enough to obtain other men who have served their country so faithfully to fill future vacancies on our Staff as they come along.

Daughters arrived recently at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Getson in Victoria, and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. (Dick) Jones. Both the proud papas are Scalpers.

Pte. Margaret Key, C.W.A.C., while on basic training at Kitchener, Ont., had as a room-mate another ex Forest Branch member, Miss Donna Armstrong of Kamloops.

A very happy affair was held on Friday, May 11, when thirty-four of the Staff of the Vancouver Office gathered together at a luncheon at the Devonshire Hotel to do honour to Marc Gormely, who is leaving the Vancouver District to assume his new position as Assistant District Forester, Nelson.

Marc has been associated with the Vancouver Office for the past eight years as Junior Forester and later, as Forester in charge of Management and is leaving with the good wishes of the entire staff for his future success and happiness, which were expressed by several of the speakers.

C. J. Haddon, the District Forester, presided and thanked Marc for the very efficient and cheerful manner in which he had carried out his duties during the time that he had been attached to the Vancouver Office and made mention of the fact that things have always run very smoothly and he felt that the work was in capable hands as long as Marc was in charge of the Management Office.

As a token of esteem and good wishes Charlie Haddon asked Marc to accept from the staff the gift of a fountain pen desk set and wished him and his wife, who was formerly a member of our stenographic staff, every happiness during their stay in Nelson.

Charlie also took the opportunity of extending our good wishes to C. C. Ternan who is leaving the Vancouver district at the same time to assume his new position of Assistant Chief Forester, Victoria.

District Forester R. C. St. Clair has now left the Prince Rupert Forest District to assume charge of the Nelson Forest District as from April 1. Prior to his departure a presentation was made to Mr. St. Clair by the staff, of a silver tray, which was intended to hold the good wishes he takes from Prince Rupert to his new home.

Assistant Ranger Mel Kerr has returned from the east and, as he is now released from Military Service, will be resuming his position with the Forest Branch as Assistant Ranger at Smithers, B. C. during the coming season.

Assistant Forester M. O. Kullander has joined the staff of the Prince Rupert Office and will assist J. E. Mathieson, who is at present Acting District Forester.

Mr. Joe MacKay, Vancouver District's first District Forester, died at Vancouver on Sunday, June 10. Mr. MacKay was one of the pioneers of the Forest Service, and well-known and respected throughout the coast region. He has been engaged in the log brokerage business since he retired a few years ago. The Forest Service extends its sympathy to his family.

A respected old timer and former member of the field staff passed away at Powell River on April 29 in the person of J. R. Ballentine. "Jim," as he was known to all, was getting close to his four score years.

A native of Ontario, he came west as a young man and made his way to the Yukon where he was employed by the old N.W.M.P. Joining the B. C. Forest Service about 1919, he was patrolman on the Upper Pitt River, patrolman at Myrtle Point and, finally, lookoutman there, retiring in 1928.

A conscientious, hard worker, Jim could always be depended upon to do a thorough job. We can still hear the little grunt he gave each time his axe bit deep into the log.

A big man in more ways than one and with a kindly word for all, he will long be missed in the district of Westview where he spent his declining years.

GEORGE V. COPLEY

In honor of his retirement after 30 years with the Forest Service, George V. Copley was toasted enthusiastically at a banquet given at the Central Hotel on Friday, April 28. The 28 in attendance were George's close associates in the B. C. Forest Service.

R. G. McKee, Assistant District Forester at Kamloops, voiced the feeling of the entire gathering in his official farewell tribute to George Copley in stating that George would be best remembered through his efforts in establishing a record of goodwill between cattlemen and the Service.

Speaking as an active member of the Service for the last time George recalled many of his early working associates and described vividly humorous anecdotes of his early years in the Service.

Col. A. E. Parlow, presiding as Master of Cermonies persuaded the successors to George Copley's office, Lt. W. Pendray and Flight Lt. K. DeBeck, to relate some of their recent experiences while on active service.

C. J. Haddon, District Forester of the Vancouver Forest District and one of George Copley's earliest associates in the Service, made a retiring presentation of a set of carpenter's tools. In his unparalleled style of presentation Charlie Haddon made the spirit of the gift dovetail perfectly with the spirit of the occasion. Charlie Haddon also presented badges and scrolls representing 25 years' service to Roy Eden and Col. A. E. Parlow.

Dr. R. W. Irving, Unit Chairman of the War Finance Committee presented the Pennant in recognition of the achievement of the Kamloops District permanent staff in exceeding their loan quota. Also through the kindness of the War Finance Committee two outstanding films of Allied operations on "D" Day were shown. The gathering was obligated to Capt. Carson of the Ordnance Corps who was official projectionist.

Above article appeared in May 2 issue of the Kamloops Sentinel.

FROM PRINCE GEORGE

On April 29 the Prince George staff and their wives held a dinner in honour of our retiring Chief Clerk, John Jardine, and Doug Greggor and Mrs. Greggor who are being transferred to the Coast. It was a surprise for the principals as John was ostensibly attending a dinner for the Greggor's and vice versa. On behalf of all his friends in the Forest Service, John was presented with a fine fishing rod and reel. We all wish you contentment and good fishing, John.



John Jardine

During their stay of over seven years in the Fort George District, Doug and his good wife have been noted for their hospitality--particularly to the field staff on their infrequent visits to Prince George. As a token of their appreciation for this hospitality the staff presented them with an appropriate gift--a poker set.

Corsages were also presented to Mrs. Greggor and Mrs. Jardine.

JOHN JARDINE

John Jardine was born in Dumfries near the salt water of the Solway Firth. He was located in Calgary several years before Great War I and moved to Prince George early in 1913 ahead of the Grand Trunk development. The record shows that "John" like many other successful pioneers of Prince George took up a pre-emption near Six Mile Lake. He was a carpenter by trade and reports reveal that he always hit the nail on the head. He enlisted with the C.E.F. in 1914 and served in France until badly wounded at Vimy Ridge and repatriated to Canada. In the Spring of 1919 he took up a clerical position in the Prince George office and served faithfully for just a few weeks over twenty-five years. John's word was his bond and he was always willing to lend a helping hand or a bit of advice to the less experienced members of the staff and was a pillar of strength to some six successive District Foresters. John and Mrs. Jardine

lived rather quietly and shunned publicity, finding pleasure and relaxation at Cluculz Lake where they built a summer home and where they have now retired. The presentation of a fishing rod with the usual accessories by R. D. Greggor, District Forester, was therefore a very appropriate gift from former Forest Service associates all over the Province, and to which Larry McMullan, Master of Ceremonies alluded at a very fine dinner in honor of John and Mary Jardine.

John's only vices appear to resolve into a love of the great outdoors, fishing, gardening, and a warm hospitality, especially at New Years when he and Mrs. Jardine held open house to the skirl of the pipes and greeted "first footers" in the best traditions of Scotland. At these times he would sing a few favorite songs and keep in tune for the next "Legion" Smoker where he was a willing worker and loyal supporter. There is little to add except the hope that the big fish will bite hard and the smoke continue long from his roof tree and that he will not forget his friends so widely scattered both here and across the water.

John retired on superannuation April 30 last--well done, thou good and faithful servant.

PRINCE GEORGE NEWS

A. I. "Buster" Ross, formerly Assistant Ranger at Creston, has joined our staff as Management Clerk, succeeding Bob Carter who is now Chief Clerk. We hope "Buster" will feel quite at home in his new environment--once he finds a home. Houses are still a scarce article up here.

Our new D. F., Ed Bassett, finally arrived but with his comings and goings we have not seen much of him yet.

Gordon Abernethy, Appraisals Officer, passed through here recently on his way to the Rupert District. We managed to keep him with us for a couple of days.

Our 1945 fire season was late in starting but finally arrived with a bang towards the end of May.

This year we hope to be able to give a little more attention to the protection of the extensive forest resources of the Rocky Mountain Trench. It has been formed into a protection district under Ranger Charlie McGuire. He will look after the territory from Summit Lake to Sifton Pass--a stretch of nearly 300 miles.

ARTHUR WADDINGTON THINKS

For several years very little progress has been made in improving types of hand tools used on fire line construction. The manufacturers are not certain how great the demand will be for new models and stay with the old types. Mat-

tools should be replaced with Hazel Hoes or Grub Hoes. The machetes commonly sold on the market are mostly inefficient and dangerous to handle. The A.S.W. Crews while here made greatly improved types of machetes from old discarded saws. The blacksmith at Rosedale makes a type of a brush hook for fire line work. The



"Big Three"--E. W. Bassett, R. D. Greggor, S. E. Marling.



R. B. Carter and G. A. Kenney--"Kenney" is our new "Operations Clerk."



F. S. Ranger Meeting, April, 1945, at Prince George.



Two old timers in the Country--A. V. "Alf" O'Connell and W. N. "Rusty" Campbell.

blade is made of spring steel, is curved and about nine inches long and the frame is made of one-half inch hollow pipe and the whole job is welded together. It is used extensively by P.W.D. Crews and farmers in that vicinity and can be used as a scythe or in one hand as a sickle. If a deciduous sapling is bent over it will cut up to one and one-half inches in diameter.

In using the one lick method on fire lines it would be better for the foreman to pick out the type of tools required to deal with the underbrush encountered and then have each man deal with the brush he is equipped to handle and move on rather than cut at brush with the wrong type of tools.

When the Ranger School gets in operation it would be a good idea to try out any new type of hand tools and put those that prove efficient in general use as soon as possible.

THE QUEER EFFECTS OF GROUSE PIE

Hazards in the life of a Forest Officer have seldom been fully appreciated. They are encountered, engaged, defeated, with never a record for the future historian or the present war correspondent.

The Forest Officer, noble fellow, shrugs his shoulders, murmurs "C'est la Job" and wends his way....which introduction brings up a personal adventure that, if not of interest to my colleagues, should certainly intrigue the more scientific minded reader.

It occurred many years ago and the secondary character must by now be gathered to his fathers.....who have my sympathy.

I had a pre-emption to inspect. The area lay well back from an isolated bay and the usual elevation up. Dropping the anchor over the bow of my one-man launch, I pushed ashore in the dinghy, found the trail and hit out for the spot marked on the map. Like all trails, it went up and up, but finally landed me at a small clearing apparently used as a garden patch. On the edge of the garden stood the usual log cabin. That it was a garden was evidenced solely from the fact that a few timid looking vegetables were to be seen and a far from timid looking old gent stood leaning on a hoe.

Introductions and explanations over, the Old Gent invited me into his cabin. My first impression of this chap was his likeness to St. Nick, probably induced by a special edition of benevolent white whiskers. The impression faded fast when face to face. He next brought to mind the old pirate, Blackbeard, with a whisker dye. He looked that way, with deep sunken eyes that carried a peculiar glint.

His cabin was the usual one-room shack, furnished by the Pacific Milk Co. with assistance from Heintz' 57 Varieties. Some rustic work was used for seats and was of the usual solid upholstery. In one corner was a shelf containing, I found later, a well travelled set of Gibbons "Decline and Fall." This was the extent of the library.

"Come in," said the Old Gent, "I haven't seen or spoke to a soul for six months. We'll eat first, chat a while, and then inspect the ranch." (I was agreeable, being hungry.)

"We'll have grouse pie," said the Old Gent. "Do you know, I am the most independent man in Canada. I have a small pension and I live off the ranch. A man can live well on what nature provides, that is if he knows where and how to look for it." He started his preparations for grouse pie and continued to talk. It is my opinion that there are lots of good talkers in this land, most of them unnecessary. The Old Gent had them all backed off the lot. He was continuous.



The barbarians came and got him —

While he talked and made a pie I watched and said nothing. I like to pick up the odd culinary wrinkle to take home to the wife. We have many arguments on the merits of the male and female cook, and I, of course, back the male. So I took note of this, to me, new dish.

Grouse pie was somewhat simple to prepare. Two handfuls of corn meal placed in a pot, a large tablespoon full of lard then put in the exact centre of the meal. (This seemed to be necessary...this exact centre.) To retain full flavour the pot, apparently, should not be washed from its prior use. Nor should the hands be washed after gardening. This latter appeared very important. Next the Old Gent produced a well dead grouse, which he proceeded to pick to pieces, throwing said pieces in the pot. Then the whole is covered with water and placed on the stove to boil. Fifteen minutes, said the Old Gent, was all the time necessary for the actual cooking. (This recipe is free to any reader wishing to use it.)

During the process, I was treated to a monologue on herbs, roots, bark, grasses, squirrels, pack rats, and other edible products of the B. C. woods, with a digression as to the time and manner of the death of the grouse... if grouse it was. I failed to grasp entirely the data regarding the grouse, but I am sure it was dead. It was very dead.

The pot boiled...too soon, and a very fair portion was placed in a tin dish for my attention. I mentioned lack of appetite, due no doubt to the warm weather, or possibly, an extra large drink of water. But the Old Gent appeared to be offended. "Eat hearty, my boy," he said. "Nobody ever left old Barney's home without being filled. There's lots of it and more in the woods." I did not like the hurt look in the Old Gent's eyes. In fact, I did not like any kind of look in his eyes. I ate hearty.

Meanwhile conversation had taken a peculiar turn. He enquired if I had been to the Games lately. Playing safe I said no. He complained of the type of entertainment now put up. He had found it necessary to turn thumbs down on two of yesterday's contestants. One of these chicken hearted persons had only two swords thrust through him when he laid down and quit. One through his neck. The poltroon quit cold! "At that," said the Old Gent, "the victor took three strokes to dispatch him. Three!...when one should have been sufficient."

He noted that the Empress, who occupied her usual box, also turned thumbs down on the culprits. He remarked that the State, the City, and the Senate was going to the dogs. Here I was on sure grounds and heartily agreed with him.

At this point the Old Gent leaned towards me and all impressions of St. Nick and Blackbeard went; to be replaced with faint remembrances of Ancient Mariners and Wedding Guests. His glittering eyes held me. I suggested that we examine the ranch. He was agreeable, but first I must try his herbal remedy for the stomach. It was, he said, a great aid to digestion. If every any digestion needed aid it was mine.....so I agreed.

From a dark corner he produced a quart sealer full of a clear liquid, handing me a cup about half full. It tasted somewhat sweet and resinous and immediately memory went back to my first year in the woods when an old lumber-jack showed me how to tap Balsam trees for the sap, then considered a great Spring tonic, but there was also herbs in it...or something.

We inspected his improvements and I was able, by pacing and mathematics, to prove to him that his garden approached nearer to one quarter acre than five acres. But this was unimportant detail. He would attend to this in his spare time. Meanwhile, we must return to his cabin and resume our conversation. This we did after another slug of digestion's aid...which I was sorely needing.

What did I think of Pompey's campaigns in Africa? He took it for granted I thought well of them. Caesar was looking kind of dispirited lately, he thought. He passed him on the Senate steps the other day and he was struck with his pale appearance. He was troubled, thought the Old Gent, with poor digestion. So was I, and this was put right with the remedy at hand. It tasted like sweet water with just a little turps.

The Old Gent became mysterious. "Did I know," he asked, "that Caligula had 365 wives." I didn't know this but I spoke up and thought that this worked out to one a day. My mathematics being right, I also considered that he had one day free each leap year.

The Old Gent was either giving me time now to reply, or I was getting loquacious. In reply to his query as to whether I had witnessed Caesar's assassination, I said no. I had, I remembered, been receiving my ration of corn and wine at the time, and was held up by the crowds.

A discussion on the relative virtue of Fulvia somehow brought up Vespasia. I disagreed with the Old Gent. To some nasty remark he made I told him he should not spread rumors heard at the market place. It denoted a low mind. "After all," I said, "Claudius was a presentable looking chap and ladies would be ladies. He actually sneered in my face. He supposed that, like all the rest, I fell for women. He considered that I would even speak well for that baggage that lured Antony away from his proper duties. I replied that while liking blondes, brunettes were my favorite and if they had slant eyes, why, that was splendid.

"Only yesterday," I said, "I saw some likely looking captives from Egypt." Apparently the Old Gent was a woman hater. He began to get mad. He thought I was a traitor and suggested that he would turn me over to the Lictors, or somebody like that.

Here, thought I, is time to discontinue our acquaintance. I arose with difficulty and dignity, telling him to beware, "For I," I said, "was a Tribune." I should not have said this for it wasn't true. I just had ambitions. I gathered my possessions and hit the trail which still went up hill, as all trails do. I arrived safely at the beach, boarded my boat and slept.

I never saw the Old Gent again. I heard later that he was captured by the Barbarians and taken to a place called Essondalius. But here is the point. If I had stayed with him I no doubt would have been captured myself.

I pass this adventure along to the persons responsible for Buck Rogers with the request that grouse pie should be analysed. There's something in it that takes you back.

J.A.P.

TRAGEDY!

It was not difficult to spare a tear for two Assistant Rangers who organized a syndicate, complete with financial and documentary foundation. They carefully chose the fully paid-up member who was to do the shopping, and were well served up to a certain point, only to run into one of those trials which come unbidden and unheralded to all the Sons of Adam.



We are informed that the overcoat had a trick pocket, the sort of device that one can reach through and get at a pant's pocket. What happened to momentarily divert his attention will never be known. (We noticed a number of provokingly diverting attractions.) However, he hit it all right with one, but the other kept right on going to the floor, didn't even have the good luck to hit the top of his shoe which might have cushioned the shock. The man behind the counter saw just what occurred but offered nothing further than, "Well that's that," so the syndicate simply had to revise its guest list, and use a little more Vancouver chlorinated.

—SPARK ARRESTER—Over where the boys were talking shop, we picked up something under "OLO." It was a case where fire had started from a logging railway steam locomotive, and inspection showed that the spark arrester was defective. An irate ranger told the Operator, "That spark arrester is no good. It's always setting fires," only to receive the dispassionate reply, "Not all the time."

Editor's Note: Did you ever wonder how headquarters managed to keep track of its many files and letters? Well, here's the answer.

Stan Hawkins, head clerk in the filing room, says his office is the place where a correctly indexed record of correspondence and files is kept....which includes all incoming and outgoing mail. Last year, he and his staff of three opened and designated for filing a total of 71,062 letters, including a couple of personal letters of the editor's. In addition, 15,385 Fire, Slash Disposal, Logging Inspection and Land Classification Reports, to say nothing of thousands of vouchers and requisitions, passed through the Filing Room. The Forest Service received 38,000 letters and 15,000 reports.

The Filing Room staff is responsible for the proper classification of all incoming material. There are some 275,000 files in the vaults in approximately 23,000 boxes, so errors are easily made. The biggest headache is names. One Timber Sale came in recently for Karl Johnson while the clearance bore the name Carl Johnston.

About 1300 files are out of the vault at all times--6,500 new files are started each year--105,000 files were removed and, we hope, returned during 1944. The biggest file in the vaults is made up of thirty sections, each two inches thick.

All of which goes to show that the other guy's job has its problems too.

AWARDED A.F.C.

Grand Forks Gazette, June 14, 1945: Warrant Officer Warren Jackson (Jack) Wright, son of Mrs. E. M. Murray of Grand Forks, was among those awarded the Air Force Cross, in the King's Birthday Honours list, announced on Wednesday.

Jack has been with the R.A.F.T.C. stationed at Dorval, Que., and has been on many flights across the Atlantic Ocean, in connection with ferrying bombers to England. (He was Ranger Assistant 1939-40 and Dispatcher in 1941 in the Grand Forks District.)

ODE TO SPRING, OR The Melancholy Ranger's Lament

by "Bob" Murray.

The Gentle Spring is but a few days hence,
And Boreas has withdrawn his wintry sting.
Old Sol now shines on both sides of the fence,
And brings forth all the harbingers of Spring.

As yon three-petalled flower, the Trillium gay,
And Dog-tooth Violets peeping 'neath the shade
Of budding Maples wherein the Blue Jay,
A warbling welcome to the Season paid.

The hopeful angler now o'erhauls his gear,
The golfer dreams of holing from the tee,
New life is in outdoorsmen far and near,
And youngsters shout, scarce knowing why, with glee.

The yachtsman scans his chart, repaints his boat,
And hikers plan new trips into the woods.
Happiness to all the Spring has brought,
And all seem in the gayest of gay moods.

Save only one! This season me appals,
For me no "holes" in one" in dreams appear.
No joyful yachting trip on me befalls,
No angling and no other cause for cheer.

The season's near when nitwits from the town
Infest the woods and never seem to tire
Of building camp-fires and, what gets me down,
They'll go and leave an unextinguished fire.

And now's the time the Office hits its stride,
And fills the mail with acrimonious phrase,
"You haven't," Operation says, "Replied
To ours of last month's date re Nozzle Sprays."

Accounts now writes: "With horseshoes pad your stick
And collect killer Murgatroyd's account.
A gentle tap will maybe do the trick,
A dollar thirty-five is the amount."

"Your alleged Scale-bill is this date received"
(This is the Scaling-boss' billet-doux),
"And if we are not very much deceived,
'Tis your laundry-bill, not F. B. Seven Two."

And now comes Management with this: "We beg
That you will expedite your Cruise Report.
Please let us know if you have lost a leg,
We'll send a peg one, splice it if it's short."

From G.H.Q. now comes a gentle chime:
"Paper's getting scarce, from now hereon,
To waste it will be deemed a heinous crime,"
(If "Individual Permit" is stamped thereon.)

Ah me! Another Spring I can't withstand,
But soft! Here comes my stout Assistant Jim,
Aha! I have it! I'll with manner bland,
All this accursed stuff pass on to him.

The while I sit and deem of dreams so fair.
(Dreams) "Scaling's a sea upon a one-log raft,
And Murgatroyd has Accounts in his lair,
Settling his with a padded mattock-shaft.

And should these direful dreams herein come true,
And Sub-Departments suffer as I wrote,
While still I really think it's but their due
I'll send them each a sympathetic note.

CHATTHOOS

(Here stood a village)

High on a bank in a wind-flushed bay,
I saw an old totem lichened and grey;
A sentry alone in the misty dawn,
Silent, unshadowed, grotesque, forlorn.

Grim and forbidding as a gallows tree,
It leaned and leered out over the sea,
Searching the mist as time runs on
For something wholly lost and gone.

Long since the lodges have ceased to cope
With the forest growth on the sea-down slope,
With the steady march of vine and tree,
All but the totem have ceased to be.

Maybe he misses the laughter and tears,
That echoed in his wooden ears;
With the softly humming song and thrum,
Of the potlach dance and the singing drum.*

Operation's now a wraith of spray,
And in a stand of young growth ten feet high
By ten miles square M. Sup. has gone astray,
While H. Q., gagged, swims in a lake of Rye."

But comes the dawn, and strange as it may seem,
A new light makes its presence known,
A troubleless life's skim-milk, whereof the cream
Is just those very troubles which we're prone

To rate in error. Friction quickens blood,
Makes surface polish, brightens everything,
And after we've reflected, chewed the cud,
Why, after all 'tis said, by heck, it's Spring.

Now who can feel this uplift in the air
And not go forth to meet it and respond
With thankful heart? Then let us all repair
Imaginary hurts, which breed despond.

I here and now declare that when a bone-
Headed camper's caught who left a fire,
I'll pad my stick with brick instead of stone,
And think it hard enough to soothe my ire.

The village clamour long out-cried
By lamenting of wind and restless tide;
No more the fire's warm reddening light
Drive the devils into the night.

The children's laughter long displaced,
The wild boy's call by the loon replaced:
The women's giggle and tittle-tattle,
The sound of tools and the shaman's rattle.

The grey owl's hoot and the raven's croak,
Ruffle the folds of midnight's cloak
As it darkens where the lodges stood,
Between the beach and the towering wood.

And o'er the reef the sibilant breeze
Fifes the sal-lal and the twisted trees:
While the drum of the surf beyond the lee,
Sings the infinite song of the sea.

G. H. Waller.

ATTENTION ALL MILL OWNERS

At last a plan for the disposal of sawdust piles, hog fuel, etc. The following from the Victoria Daily Times, 25-3-45. "BREAD FROM SAWDUST DELICIOUS, JAPS TOLD--San Francisco (AP)-- Japan's Domei news agency has broadcast a recipe for 'delicious bread' made from sawdust--any kind of sawdust will do, although red pine 'has 100 per cent nutrition value and is rich in hormones.'

The broadcast said sawdust first must be placed in the sun for two or three days until it becomes crumbly. Then it should be ground into a powder and 'steamed or boiled' before it is made into bread."

HOW IS THIS FOR THE BIGGEST YELLOW CEDAR?

Carrying on the discussion about big trees: On the East bank of Gold Valley Creek, Zeballos, West Coast of Vancouver Island, while surveying mineral claims in 1938 we came across a yellow cedar measuring 12 feet in diameter. True, it was partly hollow.

HOW IS THIS FOR DURABILITY? Also at Zeballos, lying across a slough about 5 miles up from the salt-chuck, is a fallen cedar, about 5 feet in diameter. In the roots of it, after it overtuned, a fir seedling started and is now a 5 foot dead snag. So the cedar must have fallen 500(?) years ago, yet is still sound as ever.

RANGER: PRINCE RUPERT DISTRICT

Reports: Don't suppose Operator will do any more logging, not in B. C. anyway. He fell through a hole in the rotten planking of the wharf at the Port last fall and was drowned.

NOW MORE THAN EVER BEFORE

Have you ever noticed how a good, solid, respectable phrase is sometimes taken up and repeated until it becomes trite and hackneyed? When first used, 'Now more than ever before' was a fine phrase, emphasizing the gravity of the war situation in which we suddenly found ourselves, and urging that we put away peacetime pursuits until Victory was won. The whole world was facing its most critical hours.

So effectively was 'Now more than ever before' used that advertisers all over this continent, always quick to seize on a new idea, reasoned that so round a phrase, backed by its past associations, would sell other things. The

results were nauseating. Today it hawks soap, soft and otherwise; it peddles patent roofing, car service, flour, wall cleaner, insurance policies, and a host of other unrelated artillces. It has changed from an appeal for national patriotism and unity to a sales talk prelude.

The good phrase 'Now more than ever before' was, at its inception, full of the highest idealism. Today, near its end, it is full of nothing more potent than hot air.



E. E. Gregg

ELWOOD EMERSON GREGG

"Mike" Gregg, who has been our Forester in charge of the Forest Protection Division since 1941, is leaving the Service this month to go into business for himself as a consultant forester. "Mike" has made a host of friends among Forest Service members all over the Province who will regret his going, and at the same time wish him every success in his new venture.

"Mike", like many another lad of this War and World War I, answered his Country's call in 1916, served in France with the 68th Battery C.F.A. where he gained not little experience in the handling of "mokes" (mules to you) and, since that experience, he has never been at any loss for words.

Upon his discharge in 1919 he entered U.B.C., graduating in 1923. He was not only an excellent student but took an active part in University affairs. He was a member of the undefeated First Canadian Rugby Team and, in addition, excelled in baseball.

His first job with the Forest Service was as a compass-man with Tom Clarke's cruising party in the Kitimat in 1921. Again in 1922 he took a party into the Kitimat to complete the previous year's work and later that summer joined the Nass River cruising party under the present Chief Forester.

On graduating in 1923 he joined the permanent staff of the Forest Service and served his apprenticeship in the, then, Forest Surveys Division and subsequently was transferred to the Vancouver Forest District as Junior Forester. In 1927 he became Assistant District Forester to Bobby Allen at Prince Rupert.

At about this time Destiny took a hand in Mike's affairs. It was a speeder accident to a mutual friend, the late Walter Lang Luir, that lead from one thing to another. It was during one of Mike's visits to the hospital he met up with a nurse named Bella Gourlay, who on January 3, 1928, took him "for better or for worse" and has never regretted it.

"Mike" liked the north so well he went from Prince Rupert in 1932 to Prince George as District Forester, a position he filled to his credit until his promotion to the Forest Protection Division in Victoria in 1938.

"Mike" again served his Country when his services were loaned to the Canadian Timber Control in 1942 and 1943.

We hope to see quite a lot of "Mike" from time to time and he has already warned us that he will be around looking for information and an argument or two.

Good luck, "Mike", from all of us, and that goes for Mrs. Mike too!

GIANT FIR TREE

(COLONIST..27-7-45. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., July 26 (CP).--A giant fir tree, containing enough timber to build four or five four-room houses, has been felled near here. The tree, believed to be the last of the timber stand that once made the Mission-Sumas-Abbotsford area famous, stood for hundreds of years in this district.

It measured eight feet across at the base and originally was more than 200 feet high. Five years ago 40 feet of the top was blasted away in an electrical storm. It is estimated the tree scales approximately 23,111 board feet of lumber.

Many and varied are the products of the B. C. Forest. According to a report on file there were shipped from a Timber Sale at Cowichan Lake "10,000 Bean Poles and 6,000 Snakes."

C. F. "Clarke" McBride has accepted a position with the Forest Products Laboratory in Vancouver, where he will study logging and milling cost phases for the Dominion Government and Industry, under the supervision of Roscoe Brown.

Clarke came to the Service in 1930 and worked Summers until 1935. In 1936 he was Assistant Chief of a Survey Party working around the Arrow Lakes. For the next few years he worked on various projects for Forest Economics and Forest Surveys, including a study of Christmas tree cutting in the Nelson District. The last big job with the Forest Service was the supervision of selective cutting in Yellow pine and spruce in the Interior.

Clarke was popular with the logging operators and with the members of the Forest Service with whom he came in contact. While we are sorry to see him go, we wish him every success in his new work.

BILL MURRAY (Prince Rupert) reports he is back in Canada on 56 days' leave, after a sojourn overseas in Italy and Greece attached to the British Army. "When that's over," says Bill, "I don't know just where I'll go, since my old ship the 'Prince Henry' is now Royal Naval property. That problem will probably all be settled for me by the time my leave expires, though. The Navy is most efficient in handling problems of that nature."

Another June bridegroom was SYD WATSON (Accounts, Victoria). He married Miss Pauline Bartholomew of Edmonton. Syd now has his discharge from the Air Force, and is going to University this fall to take his degree in Forestry.

ERIC BENNET (Economics, Victoria) writes from England..."I may get home on leave in another couple of months. Have been on leave most of the time since getting back to this country, but now have a crew and start training this week. We will be doing a lot of training to put in time until the R.C.A.F. is able to take over bases in the Pacific. I hope we won't have to be out there for long."
