

News Letter

No. 61

08581

VICTORIA, B. C.

DECEMBER, 1946.



MERRY
CHRISTMAS

HAPPY
NEW YEAR

COME ON
UP!



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

NEWSLETTER

SEASON'S GREETINGS

Throughout the Christian world Christmas is the season that brings out the finer sentiments of man. It encourages tolerance, understanding, and the will to "get along" with the other fellow. It encourages generosity towards those who are not so fortunate as ourselves in the possession of worldly goods. Peace on earth and good will towards all men -- that is Christmas !

There has probably never been a time in history when these sentiments have been so vitally needed in setting this poor, distrustful world of ours right again. Never before has tolerance, understanding, and generosity been so imperative, if we are to save anything out of the chaos of 1939-1945 !

Therefore, as I wish each and every member of the B. C. Forest Service a Merry Christmas, I would ask you to remember that the spirit of the Christmas Season extended from one week to fifty-two weeks would assure us all of a very Happy New Year indeed !



A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "E. J. Kenny".

Minister of Lands and Forests.

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However badly our well-meaning friends may get in our hair, or under our skins, with unwarranted assumptions that the Forest Service has nothing much to do in the winter time, we do, happily, tend to slow up a bit around Christmas and New Year's, and for a few days slacken off the tension, take some stock of the past year, make a few tentative predictions for the coming twelve months, offer a prayer for a wet summer, forget a few animosities and more trivial frictions, and, with a large measure of sincerity, wish one another a Merry Christmas and, wealth being so far beyond our dreams as to have been pretty much forgotten, twelve coming months of health and happiness.

It is good for our souls and for the Service that we should do so; and with the approach of Christmas and New Year's we feel already the effects of the great holiday season's tonic influence.

In common with all the rest of the world, in our impatience for a quick return to "normal" times, the Forest Service has found the year 1946 full of frustrations and disappointments. Progress has been blocked at every turn by shortages of men, materials, and equipment. Other equally impatient agencies have loaded us with work beyond our capacity to accomplish. The prospect of any immediate relief is slim and 1947 would appear to offer only so much more of the same --- or worse. So at least many of us have come to feel during the course of the past twelve hectic months.

Now comes the holiday season, giving us both chance and reason to call a halt for a little more rational review. We know now that we were altogether too optimistic about what 1946 could accomplish on the heels of six years of war, and that we should have been bright enough to have foreseen the broad general trend, thereby saving ourselves much disappointment. We note a vast amount of work accomplished in rather better form than we might reasonably have expected under the circumstances, and without the disturbing blunders that might well have developed, working as we have under constant pressure. We note the Ranger School an accomplished fact, insect and pathological services on an entirely new and promising level; a definitely awakened interest in parks; a substantially increased protection program; several new Ranger Stations replacing the disgracefully inadequate quarters of earlier years; a resuscitated forest surveys program; a Division of Public Relations and a Division of Reforestation created and operating; and, marking a mile post in British Columbia forest history, legislation drafted that, when implemented, will enable the practice of sustained yield forestry by private interests.



Yes, 1946 let us down pretty badly in such matters as new cars, shovels, houses, chocolates, shirts, nylons, and living costs, but I feel very definitely that the balance is on the right side of the ledger; and that, whatever 1947 may have in store for us, Christmas, a year from now, definitely will find us a satisfying step closer to that rational management of British Columbia's forest resources, which is our primary responsibility and the primary reason and justification for our existence.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "C. J. Orchard".

Chief Forester.

COUNTERS AND COUNTER-CHARGES EN-COUNT-ERRED

By "Ye Olde Counter-Attraction"

Numerous tales have appeared in the columns of the N/L about encounters with bears, wild dogs, wives, and such things but has anyone ever really realized the encounters taking place right in the District Office, namely, at the public counter ?

These are of no little importance. They are a vital issue with me and constitute an integral part of my daily routine, just like brushing my teeth or refusing to eat my oatmeal.

Have you ever been sitting, minding your own business, and suddenly felt a pair of eyes looking at you as if they are wondering if you've ever had your appendix out or if, when you stand up, you're bowlegged? Have you ever tried to appease a very irate gentleman who is sure you are not quite truthful when you say, "I'm sorry, Sir, Mr. So-and-so is not in". Have you ever had to sit and keep a solemn look on your face when there is a woman in front of you whose hat looks as if it's composed of a horse's feed bag and a rooster's tail, all put together with spaghetti?

Also, why is it, whenever there is someone at the counter that you really would appreciate a glance or two from, they are busy studying the number of lamps you have on the ceiling, or else trying to take the square root of eight thousand six hundred and forty-six and three quarters in their heads?

At moments like these, life becomes a very complex thing. You debate whether to go on minding your own business or get up and go for a stroll to prove that you're not bowlegged. If you decide to go for a walk, what happens? By the time you get back to your desk you feel sure the party at the counter knows what you look like as well as your own Mother. Or else you are conniving to get that good-looking man to glance in your direction. Many ideas come into your mind while thinking of the latter, but they usually never go further than your mind. Just as you are trying to decide whether to pick up the typewriter and nonchalantly drop it on the floor -- or pick up the floor and drop it on the typewriter, the object of your musings smiles at you and, Oh! Horrors!! He hasn't any teeth!!!

Ah! Yes! Life is very hard to bear at times. Since my duties at the counter commenced, I have been told I should be doing everything from playing a violin, because of my long fingers, to modelling sweaters, because of my nice feet !!



And then there's Hat ! What's under Hat wants a marking hammer. You are tempted to ask whether this article is going to hang over the left ear or whether it is really going to be used for its rightful purpose but you decide against it as the gleam in the lady's eye is definitely not one of adoration. So you get someone to look after the business end of the deal and scurry back to your desk where you immediately try to think what your great grandmother's funeral, or something equally sad, was like, in order to keep from choking every time you look up. When the tail feathers of the rooster finally disappear through the door, you relax and settle back in your chair for the next encounter.

There is one other encounter that must be mentioned. This is the "off-duty" or "extra-mural" type. What should one do when one is walking down the street with one's Mother and dear old Aunt Millie and suddenly a VERY dark-skinned man smiles through his broken teeth, says "Hello," and WINKS ! You try frantically to explain to your Mother that it must have been someone who wanted a Timber Sale or something and just happened to remember you. That is no good. You are immediately told that you must have been doing something to be remembered well enough to rate a wink and, by this time, judging by the look on Aunt Millie's countenance, you have just been cut out of her Will.

And so, day by day, life goes on with every single second packed with drama and suspense. The next time the door swings open, who, or what, will be there ?--- Why, it might even be YOU !

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"Another thing which I do not like about the tentative site atwrote one of our Rangers in October, 1937, "is that it is right up against a big sign, "ENTRANCE TO BURIAL PARK", and, leaving aside the morbid influence this might have on any imaginative person, I feel sure that, should the Forest Service establish itself in juxtaposition to this very necessary enterprise, it would invite levity, perhaps ribaldry, from a certain element, when signs featuring "FIRE" -- "THIS IS FIRE DAY", etc., appeared adjacent and in equal prominence to the cemetery sign. We should have no comeback, apparently, except that we got the site for nothing.

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhmen !

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NEWSLETTER

VANCOUVER DISTRICT

Welcome

Misses Sheila Culbard and Joanne Smith, both of whom are working in our records department.

George K. Gamble, who has taken charge of our Filing System. His two assistants, Jack Pidherney and Stan Phillips are likewise new, and so we wish the three of them the best of luck in finding files and in making our filing system the envy of other Districts.

The staff "out back" has recently been increased by another comptometer operator in the person of Mary Westin.

Another recent addition to the Scaling Staff is T.R.C. "Ken" Kenward who looks after Mill Returns and Acting Scalers. He comes to us from the Vancouver Government Agent's Office via the Navy and much prefers the West Coast to Halifax or "Newfie." (Natch !)

The Vancouver Forest District now boasts three sets of computers, the newest arrivals being Bob Browne and Bud Froelich who came to us from the Canadian Vocational Training School.

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Adieu

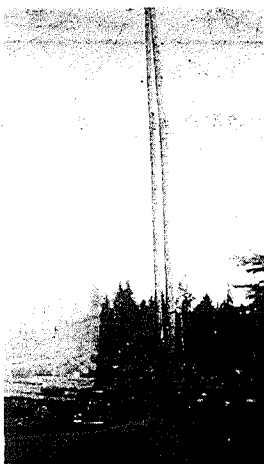
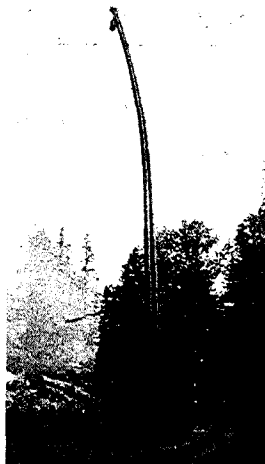
The latest person to join the ranks of Industry (he leaves Dec. 31, to join the Alaska Pine Co.,) is Frank C. Fisher, Recorder of Scaling, who has been with the Forest Service for 20 years. Frank will be greatly missed as he is our "question and answer" man in the Scaling Office.

We hear Bud Garrett is leaving the Scaling Staff some time in December. Bud has been with the Service for 13 years and will be missed by all the boys. He is going into business for himself and we wish him all the luck in the world.

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The following item and photographs were sent in by Asst. Ranger K.A. McKenzie of Alberni and we feel that it shows there are lots of ways to skin a cat.

"The spar tree shown was situated on the operation of Milligan Brothers on Lot 61, Alberni, near Stirling Arm of Sproat Lake. This is a small pole and piling operation working only during slack periods. This tree was the only one suitable, and the fact that it was a "schoolmarm" didn't make much difference to these boys. They merely tied the two tops together, bent them over, and did their yarding and loading with it. We have heard of a lot of uses for "schoolmarms" but this is the first time I have heard of one being put to this use."



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A Boost For The Service.

The following letter, complete with punctuation and spelling, was received at one of our Ranger Offices:-

Dear Sirs,;

I have for acknowledgment and wish to say, that as regards, some time ago that I was working for you, in the B.C. Forrest Service helping to fight fires.

I am therefor sending you, a word of thanks for the time, that I havespent there, the food and everything was fine, and I could give no, better reference, thank you.

May I suggest and I am just, passing this good, word; I presume that I should be closeing, and wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Sinncerly we remain, .

WE REAMAIN,

(Ed-obviously the man is sincere !)

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NEWSLETTER

ATTENTION RANGER SCHOOL

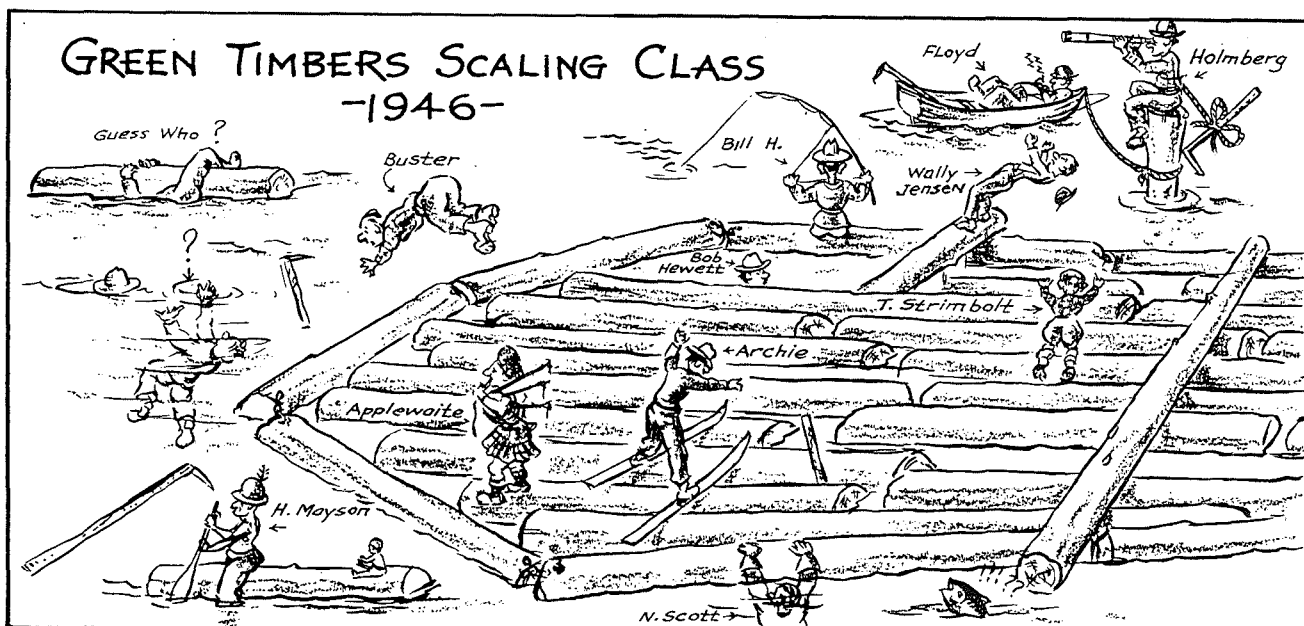
Jim Pedley and Fred Hesketh collaborated to produce the following sketch and "Pome" and they figured it would appeal--"to the characters--". Ranger School characters that is !

There's movement up in Heaven, there's excitement down Below,
The Angels still their music, the Others stand and glow.
"Come, oil the gate," St. Peter cries, "who knows we may get one."
The Other grins, for he expects to get them all, bar none.

"Oh do not be despondent," says St. Peter to his crew,
"Polish up a harp my friends, one simply must scrape through."
And Nick, he cries, "Come stake the fires, they're just about to dive,
And we must dry them out you know as soon as they arrive."

Ah yes, they're anxious up Above, for business has been poor,
And specimens like these have seldom passed the Golden Door.
But while Below there's quite a boom, and space bared to the bone,
They welcome strangers like these gents, they elevate the tone.

But now the turmoil's over and each must wait amain
The boys have missed their chances and will soon be home again.
But we shuddered while it lasted--and we called them "Days of Doom,"
When the students from the Ranger School, went scaling on the boom.



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WE HEAR FROM PRINCE RUPERT !

News in Brief

We welcome as new members of our staff, two young ladies, Miss Flora McQuaig and Miss Olga Zabudney. Flora spends her time computing volumes from incoming Tally Sheets, while Olga capably handles the vouchering of accounts for payment.

"Captain" M.O. (Marvin) Kullander and crew (Dick Farmer) aboard our launch "Alpine Fir", threaded their perilous way through the treacherous reef-studded fjords of British Columbia's hazardous coast, to far-off Vancouver, whizzing over the white-crested waves in a record-shattering trip of ten (10) days. The "Alpine" was then formally turned over to the Vancouver Forest District. According to a few pictures which Marvin took enroute, 'twas a rugged trip --- but then, these temporary sailors ---

Doug Chorlton from the Fort George District, recently paid us a visit checking over our S.P.F. sets. Doug spent over a week flitting through the District in a Sedan Delivery, checking over our radio equipment from Burns Lake to Rupert. So, y'see, one can drive from the rest of Canada to Prince Rupert ! (Free pamphlets to this effect are supplied by the local Chamber of Commerce on request --- Plug Plug !)

While S.T. (Thor) Strimbolt attends the present term of the Ranger School to further his "eddycation", A.A. (Aale) Antilla relieves at Burns Lake.

Paul J. Piche is dispatching at VX6V, Smithers, and works a valuable relay chain from Victoria-Fort George-Smithers-Rupert. Paul previously held down the dispatching duties at VX6Q, Southbank.

"And the weather" he said, again starting his sentence with a conjunction. Could be it's a coincidence, but every time I pen an epistle to forward to ye editor of the Newsletter, the weather is invariably fine! Today for instance, is a beautiful, balmy, clear, summery afternoon. How nice to live in a fog-free climate---Heh! (Vancouver editions please copy)

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Tally-Ho Charles

We regret the departure of Ranger Charles L. Botham, who has left the

NEWSLETTER

Prince Rupert (Continued)

Service in order to be free to go into business on his own account. Charles joined the Forest Service on July 17, 1933, as a Lookoutman at Skins Lake. After three years at Smithers as Assistant Ranger, he was appointed to the Ranger vacancy at Hazelton in February, 1937, and continued in this position until January, 1942, when he enlisted as a Pilot Officer with the Aerodrome Control Branch of the R.C.A.F. We welcomed him back to the Service again on October 1, 1945. Your many friends in the District, as well as throughout the whole Service join together in wishing you every success in your new venture, Charles.

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DISTRICT FORESTERS' MEETING

During the week of October 21-25, the District Foresters' Meeting for 1946 was held in Victoria, and the gathering was great indeed !

Judging by the fierce and intense expressions to be seen everywhere, it could only be assumed that many momentous and wonderful things were taking place behind the closed door of Room 211. During this busy week, circulating Foresters were as scarce as nylons, due to the closeting which began at 9:30 A.M. and many times did not end until long after 5:00 P.M. To all those calling the various offices on the phone, the reply ---"I'm sorry but Mr.----- is at the District Foresters' Meeting," became as familiar as "Rinso White!"

After five extremely full and harassing days, it was decided that it would be only right and proper to finish off with a bit of official relaxation in the form of a banquet. This idea is what is commonly called "a natural" and so, on the night of Friday 25, the Colwood Golf and Country Club was the scene of concentrated merry-making on the part of fifty-five jolly Foresters and friends.

The Banquet Room at the Club, which under any circumstances is most attractive, was further enhanced by the artistically decorated tables which were laid out in the shape of a "T". Jimmy Firth's usual ingenuity and cooperation resulted in a smart menu upon which many compliments were heaped.

Art Stringer was, as always, in great demand, and his vocal offerings, in conjunction with Paddy Heaton's piano accompaniment, were greatly enjoyed by all those present.

During the course of the evening a more serious note was injected by The Chief as he took the opportunity to pay tribute to Geh Ternan and Tommy Simmons, both of whom left the Service at the end of October, with Geh going to Alaska Pine and Tommy into retirement.

And so, at the dignified hour of 10:30 P.M. (more or less) the District Foresters' Meeting and Banquet were but a fond memory and the fifty-five jolly Foresters and friends trundled off home, happy at the thought of a job well done.



NEWSLETTER

HATCHED AND MATCHED

Ranby- To Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ranby (nee Kathleen Robinson), Whakatane, New Zealand, a DAUGHTER, on Friday, September 13, 1946.

MacDonald- to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin MacDonald, Vancouver District, a DAUGHTER, "Diane", on Sunday, November 24, 1946.

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On November 9, Miss Enid Middleton of the Management Office, Victoria, was married at St. Mark's Church, to Mr. Dwight Green. Prior to her marriage, Enid was guest-of-honor at a tea and shower given by the girls of the Forest Service, and was the recipient of a pair of blankets presented to her by Mr. Orchard on behalf of the staff.

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On the morning of November 16, Winnie Oxendale, the Service's librarian par excellence, was presented with three lovely Kenwood blankets by Mr. St. Clair, on the occasion of her leaving the Service to be married. Winnie left many friends behind when she took the boat for Vancouver on Thursday, Nov. 21, on her way to meet the impatient bridegroom-to-be in Saskatoon, where she and her husband will reside. According to the latest report, the wedding is to take place around Christmas. All the best of luck from everybody, Winnie!

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W.H. (Bill) Murray, draughtsman for the Rupert District and Gwyneth Walker, "steno" in the Rupert Office, were married in the First Presbyterian Church on September 26. A reception held at the Commodore Cabaret saw many representatives from the Forest Service in attendance. After a 3 weeks honeymoon trip to Vancouver, Victoria and Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Murray returned to Prince Rupert where Bill is trying hard to concentrate on Forest Service obligations.

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OUR NEW DIVISION

Since the last issue of this epistle, the Forest Service has grown to the extent of one brand new Division. We are speaking of course of the new Division of Reforestation which is under the ever-capable guiding hand of Harold McWilliams.

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OUR NEW LIBRARIAN

"Our Norah" has returned, (Thank Heavens!), to the poor tattered Public Relations Office after a stay in the Jubilee Hospital where she underwent an operation. Norah has been our "steno" for some time and has done titanic duties in the production of this great journal of righteousness, but, now that Winnie Oxendale has left us, you will PLEASE call the Librarian either "Miss Hughes," or "Norah."

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OUR NEW T. F. As.

While in the act of rushing about with our noses on the trail of news, we found Ralph Johnson's Office simply bulging with newcomers---there are three to be exact, in the persons of Ken McIntosh, Larry Lucas and Jack Mellander. The Newsletter is pleased to extend the official hand of welcome to you boys. WELCOME!

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Freedom of the Press

One of our District Offices was somewhat disconcerted a few months ago when a postcard bearing the following message was received.

Dear Sir:

Advertising Order No.----- for Timber Sale No.----- (for Sept. 4th) arrived too late for insertion on August 22nd and there was no paper published on Aug. 29th. I am advancing date of sale to September 18th and will publish the advertisement in the issue of September 5th and 12th. Hope this is satisfactory.

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When is a Dollar Really a Dollar?

In anticipation (and hopes) that the Service may be able to erect a new office and stores building in one of our Ranger Districts, Jim Blake recently delved into the records to determine the cost of construction way back in 1913 when the present building was built. He discovered that it was originally built as constable's quarters and lock-up for the B. C. Provincial Police. The contracting parties were the Public Works Department of the Province and Harry Fraser, carpenter. The price then was \$1,750. Jim's estimate on a similar building, erected under present prices, would cost at least \$7,000!

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