Newsletter

No. 71 08581

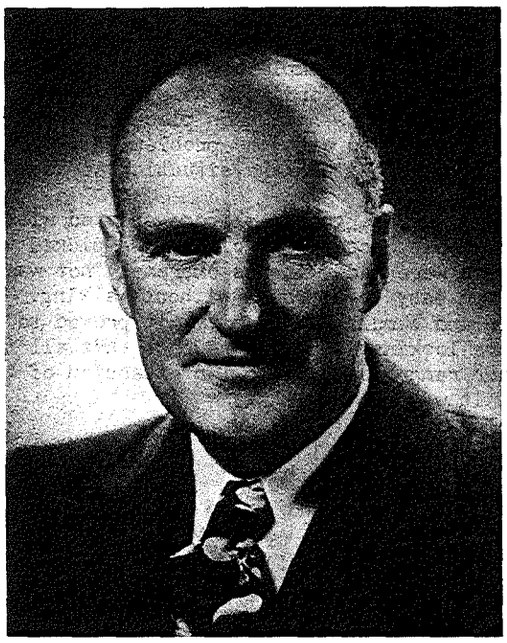
VICTORIA, B.C. DECEMBER, 1948

FOREST SERVICE • BRITISH COLUMBIA •

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



As we all recognize, there are many different ways of expressing our feelings on the fundamental ideals behind our yearly celebration of the Christmas Season. Although our manner of expressing these ideals may change from time to time, the ideals themselves are both ageless and changeless through all the passing centuries. They are expressed by the phrase, "Peace on earth and goodwill towards all men"--a plan for living which is equally as sound and essential for survival today as it was two thousand years ago or, for that matter, since the beginning of time itself.

Again this year, I am pleased to take advantage of the Newsletter in order to greet the B. C. Forest Service in the Yuletide Spirit and wish you all a very Merry Christmas and to extend the sincere hope that the New Year, 1949, will be one in which you enjoy happiness, good health, peace, and prosperity.

H. R. Kenney

Minister.

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The Newsletter regrets to report that Mr. Kenney's Christmas Message was written from a sick-bed. Since the middle of October, he has been waging a strenuous fight against an old enemy--sciatica--and, because of the difficulties attendant at the time of writing, his message is doubly appreciated by us who all sincerely hope for his swift and complete recovery.

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Alice looked round her in great surprise. "Why, I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time! Everything's just as it was."

"Of course it is." said the Queen. "What would you have it?"

"Well in our country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else if you ran very fast for a long time as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of a country," said the Queen. "Now here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

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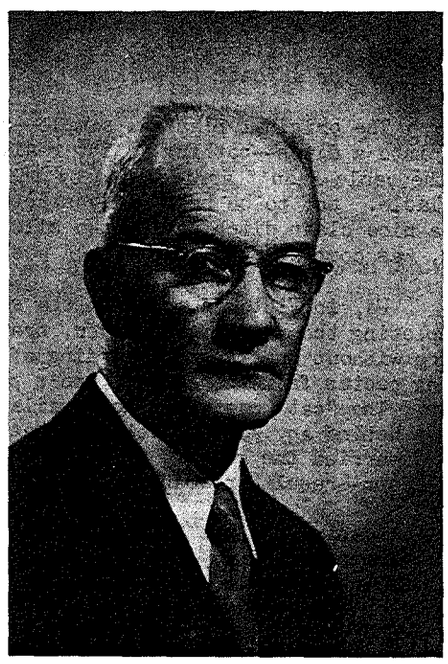

If Alice had slithered through the Looking Glass in this Year of Grace 1948, the chances are good that she would not have found anything very unusual in having to extend herself even to keep up with the ever-accelerating pace of the times and events, let alone getting ahead of them. Then again perhaps some small disparity in age might have something to do with that same accelerating pace. However that may be, I find that time either is moving a lot faster than it used to, or is more crowded with a multitude of things, important or otherwise, than of yore.

The only compensation seems to be that succeeding Christmases roll around at progressively shorter intervals, bringing with them a refreshing pause, an upsurge of sympathy with, and good will to our fellow man, and renewed faith in the future.

May this present Christmas Season bring to all our Forest Service community, and to all mankind, peace, happiness, and accomplishment and satisfaction in the New Year.

E. C. Orchard

Chief Forester.

RADIO SECTION (OPERATIONS) REMOTE CONTROL PROJECTS

Kamloops

Modern living, with its attendant crop of electrical gadgets--razors, vacuum cleaners and mixmasters--is not easy for the man who has to operate a radio station close to town.

Since we cannot track down and silence all the various causes of radio interference, we must do the only thing possible and move our receivers away from them. This means establishing, somewhere well away from the habitat of man, a radio receiving station complete with its own house and aerial system, with receiver control being achieved by means of two ordinary telephone wires, which may be as long as ten miles in some cases. Several of these sets have been placed in operation during the last two years but not until this summer were we faced with the problem of installing a two-mile telephone line without using any poles to hang it on. This was the situation at Kamloops.

Behind the Kamloops office stands a hill with long, gentle, grassy slopes, spotted with scattered timber, leading to the summit. The highest point looks deceptively close. We picked this spot because, when the tests were made, it was extremely hot weather and the location seemed easy to approach without walking. Also, untouched by the din and tumult of the city, it proved to be the place for which we were looking. Due to the fact that all the surrounding land was either range, subdivided for expansion of the city, or privately owned, it was obvious that telephone poles were not advisable. Standing at the bottom of the hill and observing the smooth, grassy shoulders and the complete lack of obstructions we blithely decided that all we had to do was bury a wire in a nice, straight line for a mile or so and the job would be done.

Crew laying cable as car tows cable reel up the hill.

Crew putting Kamloops Remote Control house on foundations.

The battle started when we tried to pick a route for our cable. Something or someone always turned up to divert us; the smooth, grassy approaches turned out to be precipitous peaks with deep canyons and gullies between them; then the distance turned out to be nearly two miles instead of one; and, all in all, things looked pretty hopeless for a while. However, with the brunt of the work falling on Cy Phillips--whose determination finally won out--a route was chosen, a snakelike winding trail that skirted the fringes of private property and found its way into and out of impossible-looking gullies, and still left us a good enough grade for a "cat" to work.

The original plan was simple--a "cat" would cut a deep furrow and a few men would dig the furrow into a ditch--nothing to it, really. The only drawback was that when we were ready to go to work the cable hadn't arrived and by the time it did reach us, the "cat" was elsewhere and temporarily unavailable. Not to be beaten, Cy started to dig anyway and, with a suppression crew doing the work, a nice clean ditch nearly two miles in length along slopes too steep to stand on in some places, was completed in just over a week.

We, in Victoria, came on the scene when cable-laying started and anticipated little trouble in completing the project. However, dragging a 600-pound reel of lead wire across country, unwinding the wire without breaking it, warding off the caulk boots of an enthusiastic but untrained crew, and removing cactus from the seat of one's pants, all went towards making it a job not to be tackled lightly. The "cat" was still not available so we pulled a stone boat carrying the reel behind a truck or behind any kind of vehicle that would climb the slopes. When the cars wouldn't climb any more, we carried the reel by hand. (Ed. Note: We would have trucked the reel to the summit and let it roll down--result, probably CHAOS.)

Eventually, the "cat" arrived but, at the same moment, we ran out of wire again. Oh well, we finally got the wire, the cat, and the men all in one place at the same time and the job was finished all the way up to the top, where a small house, resplendent in shiny aluminum paint had been erected while waiting for more cable. The house was at once aptly described as the "Armour plated outdoor plumbing" but, on a sunny day, it keeps cool and looks very nice too.

After many delays, we have the radio house, two 40-foot masts, and the remote control receiver in operation at last. We can and will make it look neater in the near future but, even now, we still believe that it was a tough job well done.

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Little Saanich Mountain

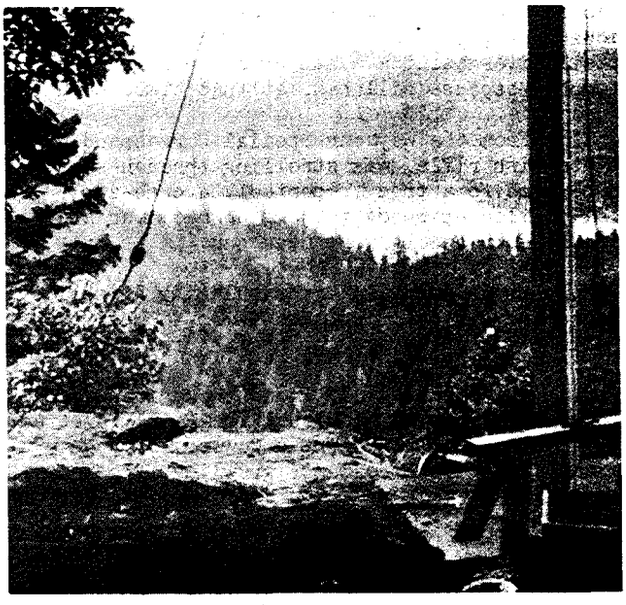
Another remote control project in which we take pride is located on Little Saanich Mountain, next to the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory. Over 600 feet up, and far away from the City of Victoria, we hope that this project--although at present incomplete--will eventually be the pride and joy of the Radio Section.

Here we were faced with an entirely different problem--the bringing in of both power and telephone lines without the use of poles, and solid rocks underfoot preventing the burial of wire. Eventually, it was decided to lay conduit on top of the rock and carry the power through this by

Remote Control Projects (Continued)

means of very large lead-covered cable. To prevent vandalism, the receiver house was made of concrete with concrete and iron bases for the 45-foot masts which complete a neat and permanent station.

Harold Ferguson 28 feet up Radio Mast at Little Saanich Mountain.



Looking over Prospect Lake from Remote Control site on Little Saanich Mountain.

With a suppression crew of from four to six men under the able foremanship of Joe St. Pierre and Cec Lewis, 7 yards of gravel was back-packed down a steep slope and mixed and poured by hand. The house was finished in a week and the concrete bases for the masts a few days later. Laying 800 feet of one and one-quarter inch conduit over rough country, negotiating right-angle bends, and trying to make the whole thing look inconspicuous, is not much fun, but this project was also completed just before the suppression crew broke up for good.

Using a broad axe, Joe carved two nice masts from 45-foot lengths of 6" x 6" and, with John Paynter doing workmanlike splices in the steel guying cables, the masts were ready to raise. Transporting two 45-foot poles through the city on the top of an ordinary truck does not sound easy, but this was done without a hitch and eight men carried them from the road to the chosen site. Raising the poles was not difficult, but due to various small mishaps and the need for additional guying, we raised and lowered them several times.

All were glad to see the poles go up for the last time when it was noticed that one halyard was kinked 28 feet up and, with everyone unwilling to drop the mast again, it was decided to send someone up the mast to "unkink" it. Since it is a well-known fact that Harold Ferguson's sinews and general demeanor place him closer to his original ancestors than we to ours (according to Darwin), all were enthusiastic about HIS climbing the mast. The fact that each member of the crew meant to see to it that someone else got the job attributed in goodly measure towards the unanimous election of Harold as official "unkinker of halyards." It was a slippery, difficult climb but he made it and the project was finished.

Now, only awaiting telephone connections, it is expected the Remote Control Station on Little Saanich Mountain will be in operation by November 15

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Say! Where is My Slide-Rule?

Too many years ago, an old professor used to tell us, "If you saw it in print, it isn't so."

We took that with a grain of salt, but we do see in print a surprising lot of stuff retailed as gospel truth that takes us back to the professor's maxim, stuff about which:-

WE HAVE OUR DOUBTS

"If you do not know what tossing the caber is, let me try and explain. Supposing you carried a pencil with both hands holding one end and then tried to throw it so that it would land on its nose and everturn lengthwise in the direction it was thrown .....well, magnify the pencil into the trunk of a tree about 18 feet long and 18 inches thick and you will have the real idea."
(Excerpt from an article in McLean's Magazine.)

Now, let's figure it out. Diameter--18", Length 18' = 31.81 cubic feet. To carry on, 31.81 cu. feet of dry cedar weighs about 725 lbs.; white pine, 900 lbs.; hemlock, 1,000 lbs.; Douglas fir, 1,100 lbs.; and yew, 1,500 lbs!

We'll let you try tossing one of those around while we confine ourselves to practising with the pencil!

(ED. NOTE: The Newsletter would like to receive any and all contributions along the lines of WE HAVE OUR DOUBTS. Surely you have all seen something in print about which you have your doubts. If you can substantiate your doubt with facts, send them in.)

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NEWSLETTER

BILL TURNER AND THE CRAB-APPLE TREE

It's been common knowledge for a long time that Bill Turner, Superintendent of the Quinsam (Campbell River) Nursery is a great hunter. As a matter of fact Bill has been packing a rifle into the woods ever since he was about 14 years old. He's no greenhorn, being familiar with all the various fine points of hunting. This familiarity, when considered along with the happenings around Campbell River about a month or so ago, makes one reflect on the old saying--"familiarity breeds contempt"--because Bill had, at that time, an utter contempt for black bear!

From the way our Special Correspondent reported the fracas, it would appear that William, complete with rifle, was strolling through some fairly dense undergrowth just below the Nursery when he came to a tree (reportedly a crab-apple), in which there lurked a one-year-old black bear cub all coiled up ready to jump down on our sturdy hunter. With a twist of the wrist, Bill fired and PLOP--down came a very dead cub.

While mentally congratulating himself on his steel nerve and eagle eye, our hero heard a noise behind him, whirled, and--WHAM--down went a full-grown female who had been advancing quickly and silently, intent upon dissecting the Superintendent.

Immediately, all Hades broke loose and out of the surrounding brush popped, not one, not two, but six bears all obviously extremely annoyed. Although the six apparently couldn't see Bill, they had picked up his scent and were thoroughly aware of his presence, and were advancing on hind legs, waving their fore-paws, growling ferociously and, all in all, presenting quite a disturbing picture!

By this time, Bill was as far up in the crab-apple tree as possible and milling around below were four full-sized specimens of black bear and two cubs. They still didn't seem to be able to see him but there was no doubt that his location was no secret! One of the big ones decided the best way of handling this situation was to go up the tree himself, and get a closer look at this interloper. When his gaping jaws were about a foot below Bill's boots--WHAM--and another bear went to heaven. This left our Bill with one remaining shell and five very angry and active bears to cope with.

Fortunately for the future of the Quinsam Nursery and its Superintendent, these five seemed to be of the ground-ridden type with no inclination to climb trees. Anyway, how did they know he only had one bullet left?

The steady milling and snapping and gnashing of teeth about six feet below Bill's favourite branch continued for some two hours, by which time it was apparently the bears' tea-hour, as they suddenly up and left--straight into the cover of the surrounding underbrush.

Now, the problem was--how far into the brush did they go? Bill stayed in the tree until he was completely numb and then, with trusty rifle at the "ready" and his one remaining bullet poised for action, he cautiously descended his favourite tree and padded softly in the general direction of Quinsam Nursery--the most wonderful place in the whole wide world!

We are relieved to report that he made it but now there seems to be some difference of opinion as to whether Bill Turner is in the least bit interested in hunting. He will probably bear it in mind anyway!

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Busy Exhibit Schedule This Fall

The two portable exhibits of Reforestation and Protection, prepared by the Public Relations Division, were put to a thorough test this fall in three of the five Forest Districts.

The Reforestation Exhibit was first shown this year at the Alberni Fall Fair by Ranger Harry Stevenson and staff in collaboration with David Monk from Public Relations. It was then shipped to Ranger Joe Killough for the Rock Creek Fair and then on to Ranger H. C. Nichols for the Fruitvale Exhibition.

From left to right: J. A. Mudie, D. L. McInnes. L. M. Strong, and Ranger Joe Killough sit in front of the Reforestation Display at the Rock Creek Fall Fair.

The Protection Exhibit as it appeared at the Kamloops Fall Fair during September.

Busy Exhibit Schedule This Fall (Continued)

The revised Forest Protection Exhibit, complete with model lookout section, swept through the Kamloops District on a circuit of five fall fairs during the month of September. It started at Chase, with Ranger Harold Ferguson, Eric Druce, from Public Relations, and Fire Inspector Art Kirk riding herd. Then off to Princeton for two days on the second of which David Monk appeared on the scene and, with the co-operation of Rangers Harry Dearing, at Princeton, Milt Johnson, at Enderby, Art Kirk again, at Kamloops, and Ranger Jack Boydell at Salmon Arm, completed a successful circuit on September 19.

From the number of questions received by those in attendance and the general interest shown by the public in both displays, it is believed that these displays do play a valuable role in the public relations work of the Service.

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Economics' Fleet's In

We have more "comings and goings" to report. In addition to the return of the four main forest survey parties from the field, the Campbell Building doors have opened to welcome back J. Rhodes and the draughting staff while J. L. Alexander's Growth and Yield staff and E. H. Garman's Silvicultural crew have left the Campbell Building and are now located in our Michigan Street office.

We welcome two new clerks, John Brown and Gordon Harris, to the Campbell Building staff, also apprentice draughtsman, Murray Russell. Peter Mellander has left to assist Cedric Telford in Management Division.

John Bruce, who was a member of Harold "Simon Legree" Cliff's survey party this summer has proceeded to Kamloops where he will be in the Management office.

Harold's party cleaned up the E. and N. Revision survey and started on the Similkameen area before returning to Victoria. George "Captain Bligh" Silburn finished up the West Coast of Vancouver Island job in mid-summer, whereupon Walter "Long John Silver" Hughes took over the good ship "B. C. Forester" and carried on with the Smith Inlet survey.

In from the field from the Prince George Region survey came Davis "Paul Bunyan" Carey and Bob Malcolm, whose outstanding feats were talking their "hearties" into overnight trips that lasted a month. They inaugerated the procedure of sending the boys out with a S.P.F. and dropping food to them by air. Also back on office detail is our other bloodthirsty pirate of the high seas, George "Jolly Roger" Allison of the "Forest Surveyor" whose "slaves" have been "walking the plank" to work in the cold grey dawns of the North Coast.

Not a new-comer but an "old timer," well known in the service, is Captain Lou King, who has now joined our staff on a permanent basis. Lou spent a few days in the fall constructing a new "box of tricks" which is worth describing. It is a "Photo-electric Planimeter" which will enable us to measure areas mechanically on a direct reading scale. In order to use it, the maps are cut up like a jig saw puzzle and each piece is passed between a constant light source and a pair of photo-electric cells.

There has been a new development in the pre-organization requisites to our forest survey program. This change involves the compilation of the best base map information available, the plotting of the photo-centers of the vertical air photographs together with the plotting of prominent topographic features such as streams, lakes, swamps, and heights of land. In the past, our air survey section, of necessity, carried out this work, but with the organization of the Air Survey Division of the Surveyor-General's Branch, under Gerry Andrews and Bill Hall, the responsibility for base maps is transferred to that Branch of the Department of Lands. Moved to the Air Survey section along with Bill Hall, were P. D. Bragg, G. S. Smith, J. W. Shaw, J. Tomczack and J. Payne. Gerry and Bill are increasing their staff as fast as practical and we look forward to an ever-increasing output of base maps to keep our cruisers happy and contented.

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HATCHED AND MATCHED

Pogue--To Michael, of the Economics Division, Victoria, and Mrs. Pogue, a DAUGHTER, Rosemary Edith, on October 17, 1948, at the Royal Jubilee Hospital.

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On November 10, Miss Peggy Jacob of the Accounts Division, Victoria, and Mr. Alexander Philip Whiteley were married in St. John's Church, Victoria. Prior to her marriage, the bride was presented with a tri-light lamp by Mr. Scharff on behalf of her many friends in the Service. After the ceremony, Miss Joyce Scott-Thompson of the Management Division sang "Because." Mr. and Mrs. Whiteley motored up-Island for their honeymoon and will reside in Victoria.

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Miss Lynn Briggs of the Management Division was married to Able Seaman Donald Sangster, Royal Canadian Navy, on October 2, in Victoria. Mr. St. Clair, Assistant Chief Forester, presented Lynn with a lovely dinner set on behalf of the staff prior to her marriage.

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NEWSLETTER

NELSON FOREST DISTRICT

The District Forester and staff take this opportunity to extend the compliments of the season to fellow employees and friends in the Nelson District, and to send greetings to all other members of the Service in the Province.

H. B. Forse

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The Continuing Transition

The current account of our staff at Nelson is a stirring and moving one. It stirs one to wonder who moves next. However, since the pleasures of welcoming always prove no less real than the sorrows of bidding adieu, no one is the loser and the big, happy family carries on. Happy, that is, until Grazing and the timber cruisers periodically come to blows over who is to occupy the last remaining vacant inch in our office which, by the way, is out in the hallway.

However, to continue our report on transients in this District, Ian Cameron of Kamloops, is replacing "Young Percy," our Assistant District Forester, who now holds a ticket to Victoria. Jack Payne, a recent graduate of the University of Idaho, has taken over from Grove-White who is now in the Kamloops office. George Johnston, of U.B.C. 1948, passed through Nelson recently on 6-months silvicultural business en route to Vancouver where he is now on the Management staff. Jim Milroy, formerly of Kamloops Grazing office, is ducking arches at Nelson now, taking over from Keary DeBeck whose ticket reads "Kamloops." John (The Piper) Applewhaite, timber sale Approval Officer, now shares a hallway here with Grazing.

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Vital Statistics

Those being most of the transfers, acquisitions, etc., we turn to the little ordinary occasions in life, like marriages and births. Our Swede Larsen (Ass't. Ranger) wasn't sure whether he would make the hockey team this winter or not. However, hockey or no hockey, Swede didn't figure on being left out in the cold altogether, so he took unto himself a partner--Miss Mary Ross, of Nanaimo, this October 9. To mark the occasion he was presented with a suitable wedding gift from the staff, said presentation being made by Keary DeBeck.

While on the subject, another valuable member of the staff, Miss Doreen Andrew, our energetic and efficient filing clerk, betakes herself to warmer climes some time late in December, when she will marry one Bob McKay, on the Coast.

Unlike those snakes that wouldn't multiply (DeBeck's adders), the personnel of the Nelson office seem to be attending to the future of the species. The Keary DeBeck's Susan, ("Shoes" to brothers Michael and Brian), arrived on July 7; the Wes Harbuttles' Wesley John on July 8 (right date Wes?): the Art Boyce's Jimmy was welcomed in July too, but about the date Art would only say, "It was payday too!" And the Ed Smith's Daphne arrived as recently as November 8. Congrats, men.

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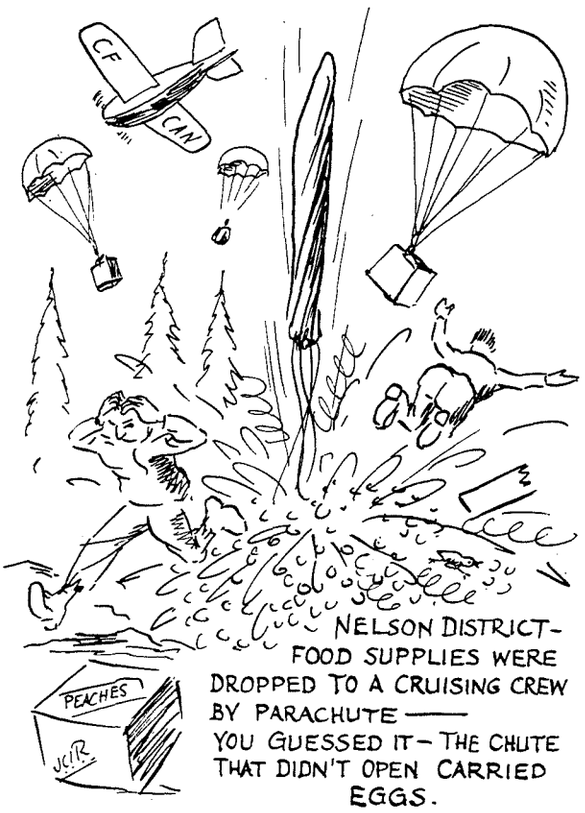

Feinting Females Frighten Foresters

It had to happen--that's all there is to it. With the Forest Service now gone underground at Nelson, not waiting for the rain of atom missiles, there were bound to be some repercussions. The unfortunate collapse of some of the Nelson stenographers in the deeper and darker dungeons allotted to the Service, has now been satisfactorily explained. It seems that two cruisers (gentlemen among them are called Appraisal Officers) who naturally suffer from clawstrophobia during the bear season, left one of the doors to the dug-out partly open so that they could see when night came. The immediate collapse of the stenos in the Operations office has now been proved to be due to the traces of fresh air which leaked in, destroying the normal hermetic-seal effect.

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Management Again

The Management office was thrown (!!) into a state bordering on panic recently. One of our ex-management Assistant Foresters, recently transferred to another District and overcome by nostalgic yearnings for his old pals and playmates in the Nelson office, wrote a letter sending his "love" to the staff. The usual calm efficiency of our stenos thereupon dissolved into a terrific dither. Fortunately, our typewriters are bolted down! Best of luck in your new field, Grove.

Nelson District (continued)

In the field of athletics, the first quarter of the bowling schedule is ended revealing that among our many Forest Service participants, Margaret Klein is tops among the ladies and Irvine Johnson among the men.

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Baseball, Fires, and Timber Sales

On October 11, Nakusp was the scene of a large gathering of "the boys" from the Arrow and Slocan Lakes, and Les Stilwell even came all the way from Creston. With "the boys" came their wives and "best gals," not to mention the impressive figure of Harry Forse in person, who "just happened to be in the vicinity at the time."

The purpose of it all, of course, was to celebrate the closing of the Fire Season with a bit of a discussion and a social evening for "the boys" from the adjoining Ranger Districts.

The social end of the proceedings was an outstanding success with Herb Couling acting as Toastmaster, Master of Ceremonies, and all around Major Domo. During the course of the chicken dinner, we heard from many of "the boys" each one, in turn, commencing--"well, I haven't anything much to say---" and so on into the night.

Somewhere along the line things seemed to deviate a wee bit because before anyone could do anything about it, Rangers Ray Tipple and Herb Couling had managed to get baseball all churned in with the general discussion of trees, fires, and timber sales. Ray, of course, was carrying the ball but Herb's superior defensive play salvaged an errorless tie up until we moved in and got things under control again.

But where were we? Oh yes--Mr. Forse informed us that these events signalling the end of the Fire Season had been discussed at the District Office and he hoped it would become a yearly event throughout the whole District. So do we!

We are sorry to report that Ranger and Mrs. Haggart were unable to attend due to sickness in their family. We missed you both, Bill.

The evening ended up with a dance and I'll be darned if it wasn't a Baseball Dance. So you see how Baseball got mixed in with the trees, fires, and timber sales.

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VANCOUVER DISTRICT

Presentation Luncheon

It was "Hail and Farewell" to another couple of Veterans of the B. C. Forest Service, on October 29, 1948, when a staff luncheon was held at the Devonshire Hotel, Vancouver.

Honored guests were E. T. (Ted) Calvert and E. W. (Ernie) Cowie who, as Forest Rangers, stood in the immediate presence of retirement after more than twenty-five years of service.

At the request of the District Forester, acting for the staff in the matter, Asst. Chief Forester, Bob St. Clair, presented to Ted a Gladstone bag, to Ernie a watch, each article being suitably inscribed.

Ted Calvert.

Ernie Cowie.

There were a few speeches: all were kind, brief, and humorous. Ted had started life in Liverpool, and as a young fellow made up his mind to follow the sunset. Ernie had listened as a boy to the sound of Bow Bells.

Somewhere along the road each had done a bit of sailoring, surveying, bush-work, with a dash or two of this and that just to color the pattern of living.

It appeared there had been a spot of gun-play somewhere in 1914-18 and each had felt called upon to go and see what it was all about.

They returned to the Pacific to round out useful working lives within the sound of the Westerlies, and now they stood there, and for a few brief moments we put aside our work to visit

Vancouver District (continued)

with them and, at the end, for you who were not able to be present as well as for ourselves, we said, "So long and the best of luck."

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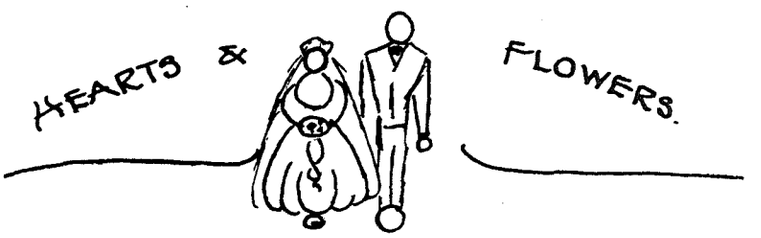


HEARTS & FLOWERS

There has been a great deal of subversive and clever work done in the Vancouver Office by one little man whom nobody actually knows, but whom everybody knows of. He has mercilessly been depleting the ranks of the Forest Service and will never, we feel sure, be caught and punished, although we have the goods on him, and he has been caught red-handed. The little man we refer to is Cupid, that over-ambitious but nevertheless adored person. One of those caught in his trap or, more probably speared by his arrow, was Miss Raven Amos, who on August 18 took her vows and became Mrs. Kit Scott.

She was subsequently followed by Miss Frances Rae who became the bride of Alfred Hudson Glenesk on August 26, and a very beautiful bride indead. She wore a pale blue satin gown with a soft blue veil and carried pink roses and heather in her bouquet.

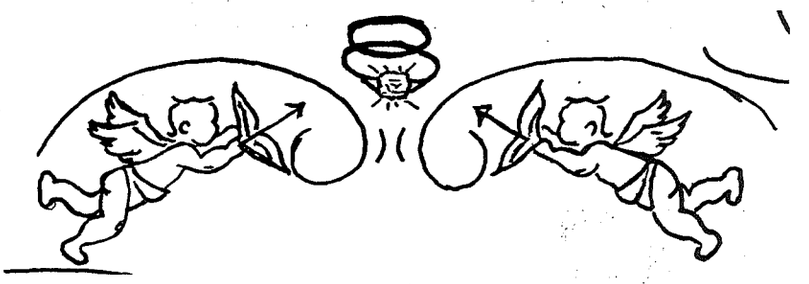
And last but not least we wish to announce the wedding of Jack Agnew to Miss Mary Graham on October 12. Another good bachelor who is now scratched off the eligible list. Good is the word for we have been informed that Jack prepares the dinner at nights and also helps with the dishes.

We wish to extend our congratulations and very best wishes to all these charming, wonderful young couples and to hope that their wedded life will be happy and adventurous.

Cupid's labours are evident in visible form in the shape of the shining diamond ring worn by Olive Shields, whose engagement to Harry James McMillan was announced July 9. The wedding date has not yet been officially set, but maybe spring?

Another sparkling diamond is worn by Miss Gloria Holden who is now engaged to Max Gruber as of August 1, but who has not given out any information regarding the wedding date except that it is in the future. But, natch!

A more imminent event is the marriage of Velma Mae Thornley to Bob Middleton, for the wedding will be held on November 20.



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New Arrivals

A stork flew in a special delivery on October 11 to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maber (nee Donna Armstrong) both formerly of the Kamloops Office, a little girl who weighed in at 6 lb. 12 oz., and was subsequently Patricia Lynne.

But we are sure that it took more than one stork to fly in Bill Crockett's youngest boy, Terence Andrew, on September 28 for he weighed in at 10 lb., 1 oz. It would seem that Bill is aiming to get a baseball team of his very own for this makes his fourth son.

Mr. Eric Fox, Chief Clerk, became a proud grand-daddy twice over in seventeen days, and now has two fine grandsons, Douglas Eric, son of Gwen and Eric Beech, of the Marine Station, and Eric Greville, son of Mr. and Mrs. Greville Fox of Winnipeg--just little twigs off the big branch of the Forest Service.

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And speaking of new arrivals these may not be new to the world but they are new to the Forest Service and we wish to welcome to our ranks, Mr. George Johnson, Forester-in-training, formerly of Nelson. He has worked with the Service for two summers but this is his first permanent appointment. And, for the information of all designing stenos, he's married.

Mr. Ted Young joins the Vancouver District Management staff as Asst. Forester. Mr. Young has been employed with Bloedel,

Vancouver District (continued)

Stewart and Welch Ltd. of Port Alberni for the past four years and this is his first association with the Forest Service.

And to fill in some of the gaps left by the "Young Marrieds" we welcome Miss Jean Sommerville, Dist. For. Haddon's stenographer; Miss Mary Willingham, D. B. (Doug) Taylor's stenographer; Miss Deena Gyves, Scaling stenographer: Miss Doreen Pye now affiliated with the Billing Office; and Miss Mary Kosich, formerly of the Ranger Office at Pouce Coupe, in the Prince George District, who now replaces Mrs. Shiela Breitenbach (nee Culbard) who left to make her home in White Rock.

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Departures

A presentation was made to Mr. Alex (Sandy) Chisholm on October 2nd when he left the Vancouver Office for the greener fields of Victoria. The Office sadly missed his dry wit and hopes he will pay us many visits in the future, and not too distant either. It seems we only recognize and appreciate a good thing when it is gone, and Sandy was a good thing.

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Greetings

The years roll by. (and How!!)

Seasons come and go with unfailing regularity. Another Xmas Day is at hand and a brand New Year not far away.

This is a time of "Goodwill toward Man" and "Kindly Greetings."

Having been duly reminded that "Old Man Time" is on my trail I realize this will be the last opportunity I shall have (officially) to extend Xmas and New Year Greetings to the members of the Forest Service.

On this, the 38th Xmas Season in "harness," I look back with much satisfaction and a lively appreciation of many happy Xmas seasons spent with Forest Service personnel in all parts of the Province.

It is, therefore, with mixed feelings and an added significance I extend to all members of the Forest Service, wherever they may be, and particularly to the staff--office and field--of the Vancouver Forest District, sincere good wishes for a Happy Xmastide and an abundant measure of success and contentment throughout the years to come.

C. J. Haddon.

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SCALING DEPARTMENT

The end of September saw the retirement of George McKay, after thirty-nine years service on the scaling staff. George will be missed by the old-timers and the younger men alike, for, while the last few years of his service were spent coaching the raw material for the staff, there is not a scaler in the Service who does not owe something of his knowledge of scaling lore to George's patient instruction. We all wish him the very best for the many years he has to come.

Just announced are the promotions of Russ McKinlay, Bill Deans and Pete Wrotnowski to the position of Senior Scaler.

Fred O'Grady, who suffered an injury to his leg last year, making log scaling practically an impossibility to him, has been promoted to Export Supervisor, and we all wish him the very best in his new job.

Glad to see Wardie McDonald back on deck again after a serious operation. Also happy to welcome Ian McLean back on the temporary staff after a trip to Scotland to freshen up on his Scottish burr.

Harry Hincks has resigned from the staff to join his bride in England, where he will take up permanent residence. Best of luck, Harry!!

Our best wishes are extended to Don Harrison and Don Weeks who recently entered the bonds of matrimony.

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Greetings from Prince George

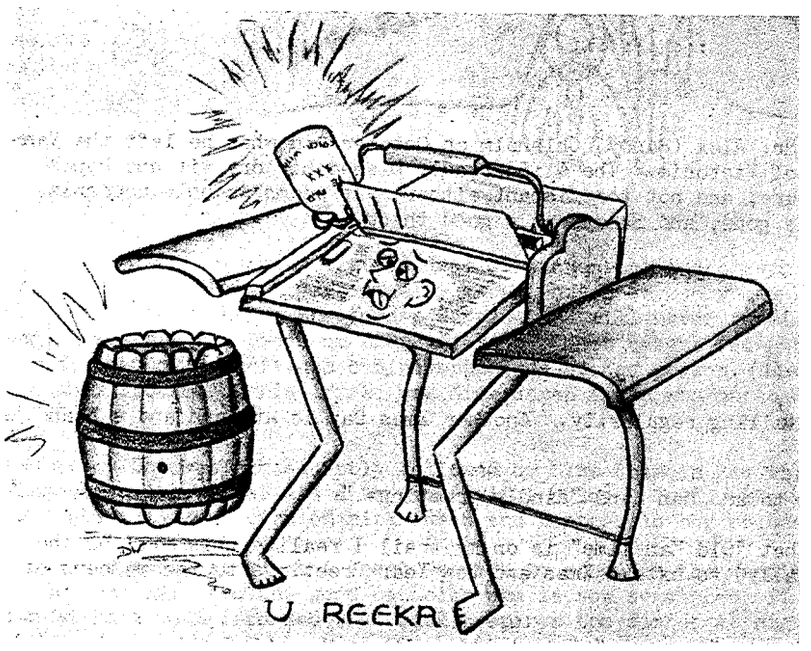
The District Forester, Prince George, and Office Staff wish to extend to the Rangers and field staff their sincere seasons' greetings with best wishes for a Happy New Year.

L. F. Swannell.

Vancouver District (continued)

INEBRIATE OF THE SCALING OFFICE

For some time now members of the Forest Service, Vancouver Office, have been thinking twice before entering the Scaling Office--it seems there is a slight odour about the place. On entering this den of iniquity (with apologies to Mrs. Sims), unwary members are rudely accosted by an overwhelming (if you will pardon the expression) smell which may best be described as a combination of the atmospheres about the "Dogpatch Skunk Works" and the "Guzzlers' Gin Brewery."



There in the middle of the office sits the Posting Machine, the cause of all this grief. Such a jumbled conglomeration of parts and pieces has never before been effected. The leering monster constantly absorbs a foul odiferous brew, and refuses to run unless it has a sufficient supply of same... according to Sheila Mitchell, the operator of the inebriated machine, the mixture contains absolutely no alcohol (however, this does not include the acetone, methyl hydrate, and of all things, oil of lavender), but we are wondering why Sheila staggers from the office at 5:00 p.m. (Could this be the reason the machine appears to consume so much?)

And the noise--Spike Jones has nothing on this piece of mechanical confusion! When sundry buttons have been pushed, levers pulled, nobs turned, and pressure has been applied to a long flat protruding bar, the thing emits a strange rumble followed by a definite clucking sound.

And there it sits, this mechanical masterpiece, clucking and gurgling, but it does save a lot of time and work for the scaling staff, and we think it will be a really great improvement on the old system of entering in ledgers.

N.B.--The foregoing was not submitted by the Liquor Control Board.

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S C H M O O S L E T T E R
(Scaling Office)

Miss Jennie Stobbart, billing machine operator, is back at work again fully recovered and more cheerful than ever after a serious accident which necessitated hospitalization for a considerable length of time. It's good to have you back with us again Jen!

Jennie, by the way, is in line for a degree of some kind. When phoned by Bob White the Answer Man from CKWX, she was able to supply him with the correct answer to such an obscure question as "what is the Indian meaning of the word Cowichan," for which answer she was awarded a cheque for $35.00. (For the information of the less intelligent, the answer is "between the streams.")

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We regret to record the accidental death of Assistant Ranger William Seinen, 22, of Houston. Mr. Seinen was returning from cruising a block of timber with the two applicants for the Timber Sale, when one of them--in unloading his "hammer-enclosed" Savage--accidentally shot the Assistant Ranger in the left leg. The shooting occurred on October 6, 1948.

Rushed to hospital at Smithers, it appeared as if the injured officer might recover, although he was suffering greatly from loss of blood and shock. However, gaseous gangrene set in and it became necessary to amputate the leg. Subsequently, Mr. Seinen succumbed.

Sincere sympathy from his fellow-members of the Forest Service is extended to his widow.

NEWSLETTER

NO. 1 THE FOREST SERVICE MARINE STATION
(Or a Tale of The Horse "shoe" Flats)

The Newsletter is very pleased to publish this "pome" and revised photograph both of which are products of the nimble brain of Elvin Gower, Operations Draughting Room, Victoria. If Elvin's inspiration holds firm, we hope to be able to carry a complete series on all the Divisions of the Service.

Down on the flats of the Lower Fraser Valley,
Hemmed in by horses and the shifting, silty sand,
'Mid the thud of sledges,
And the roar of floating dredges,
You'll find Jim MacDonald and his boat-repairing band.

They will caulk your bilges and replace your rotten planking,
Fix your balky putt-putt or put putty in your keel,
And if you should request it,
Or even just suggest it,
They're always very happy to repitch your damaged wheel.

So just take your problems to the Fraser River Station,
(But look out for those horses and don't fall in the slough)
Have your next excursion
On a new, streamlined conversion,
Thanks to Jim MacDonald and his highly expert crew.

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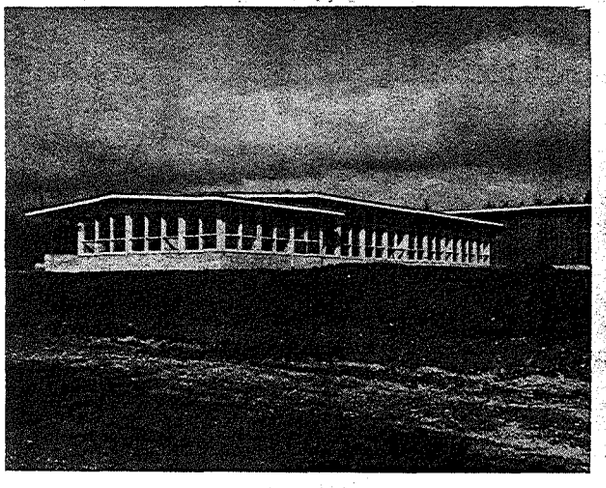
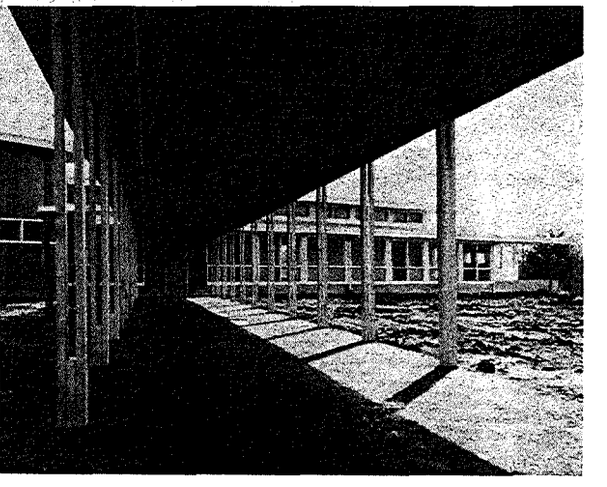
New School Building Progresses

In order to keep the vast reading public of the Newsletter informed on the most up-to-date developments in the Service, we are printing these two views of the new Ranger School as it rapidly reaches completion. Jas. H. (Jim) Blake, formerly Marine and Structural Engineer for the Service is supervising the construction.



Showing administration offices in the foreground and the full-length windows of classrooms and library running back to the model tool cache and garage in the background.



Here is the view a student will get as he steps from the dormitory building, (not yet erected) and starts along the breezeway towards the school building proper.

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Bowling Again (Or, A Challenge to Kamloops)

The rumble and crash of North America's most popular indoor game again loudly proclaims the presence of the 20-team Lands and Forests Bowling League every Wednesday night.

At deadline time, Phyllis Christian's team No. 10 is holding a slight edge over Audrey Gray's No. 15, to lead the league. There is little to choose, however, between the bottom and top team the way things are going this year. So, following on a conversation your correspondent had with Art Kirk of Kamloops, the Victoria Office hereby hurls a challenge into the Kamloops teeth for the right to meet Nelson, the Forest Service Bowling Champs.

In the March, 1948, issue, the Newsletter reported the battle for the "Shavings" between Victoria and Nelson with the latter emerging victorious. Now, it is only right and proper that Victoria and Kamloops meet in order to decide who has the right to challenge the Champs.

So, let's hear from you soon Kamloops! We're rarin' to go!

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The Welcome Mat

Once again the old Mat is dusted off and whipped into position to welcome Agnes Fyfe and E. A. McGowan to the Parks Division; Bob Brown, who will assist A. E. "John" Collins; and Gordon Harris and John Brown to the Economics Division.

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Also, we welcome back Isobel Chisholm to the Editorial Rooms of the Newsletter. Isobel won out over a touch of pneumonia during October and seems to have recovered completely and, in so doing, made this issue of the Newsletter possible.

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Following the Birds

Back to the City of Victoria to live is Mrs. J. A. Ramby (formerly Kaye Robinson, the Chief's Secretary), who arrived from Australia, complete with husband and daughter, aboard the "Aorangi," on November 12. Our correspondent reports the Rambys intend to live in good olde "Vic" again.

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Also back in the Capital City from Kenora, Ontario, are Judy and Axel Kinnear, intent on setting up house. (See Newsletter No. 68 re Axel and Judy.)

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NEW YEAR--NEW DIVISION

January 1, 1949 not only marks the first day of the new year but also the first day in the life of our new Grazing Division with its headquarters at Victoria. The creation of this new Division has been under consideration for some time, having been brought to the forefront recently by the growing economic importance of the cattle industry of the Province and the increasing volume of work entailed in its supervision on Crown Range.

To head the new Division, the Service has selected Wilfred Charles (Wilf) Pendray who, at the age of 31, is the youngest Divisional Forester in the history of the Forest Service. Wilf was born in Victoria in 1917 and, after completing three years towards his B.S.A. degree at U.B.C., first came to work for the Service as an Assistant in Grazing during the summer of 1937. The next summer he was back again in the same capacity serving under George V. Copley. In 1939, Wilf received his degree of Batchelor of the Science of Agriculture but spent an additional year doing post-graduate work in range subjects.

On April 1, 1942, Wilf received his permanent appointment and moved to Kamloops as Assistant Forester in charge of Grazing.

Eleven months later, Wilf enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. and served Overseas until the spring of 1945 when he returned to Kamloops and continued on in charge of Grazing.

Effective November 1, 1948, Wilfred became known as the first Forest Agrologist in the Service and with that received his promotion to head the new Division in Victoria, as of January 1, 1949.

So, congratulations Wilfred, and welcome back to your place of birth. You'll probably like it here even though we do get the occasional, heavy dew.

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So Long and Good Luck, Ralph

The Victoria office is pleased for his sake and sorry for their own to report the transfer of Ralph Johnston from Assistant Forester in charge of the Fire Research and Planning Section in Victoria, to the post of Assistant Forester in charge of Protection, in the Nelson District.

Ralph was born at Invermere (so he'll be going home) in 1917. He received his degree of B.A.Sc. in Forestry from the University of British Columbia in 1941. After graduation, Ralph spent his first summer with the Comox Logging Company on Vancouver Island but, by October, 1941, could no longer withstand the lure of our pleasant company and joined the Service as Ranger in his home town of Invermere.

Late in 1945, after three years with the Royal Canadian Air Force, Ralph returned to our Service as Assistant to Ian MacQueen, then in charge of the Research and Planning Section. When Ian left the Service in September, 1946, Ralph took charge of the Section and has laboured diligently in that position ever since.

We're sorry to see you go, Ralph, but we're glad for your sake and for the fact that Nelson is practically in the midst of those old stamping grounds. Good luck!

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MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL

The Editorial Staff of the Newsletter is exercising its editorial prerogative to occupy this corner of the issue in order to express its sincere appreciation to all contributors. We can't remember when either the quality or quantity of the "copy" received has equalled that sent in for this number. Our thanks again and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!

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