

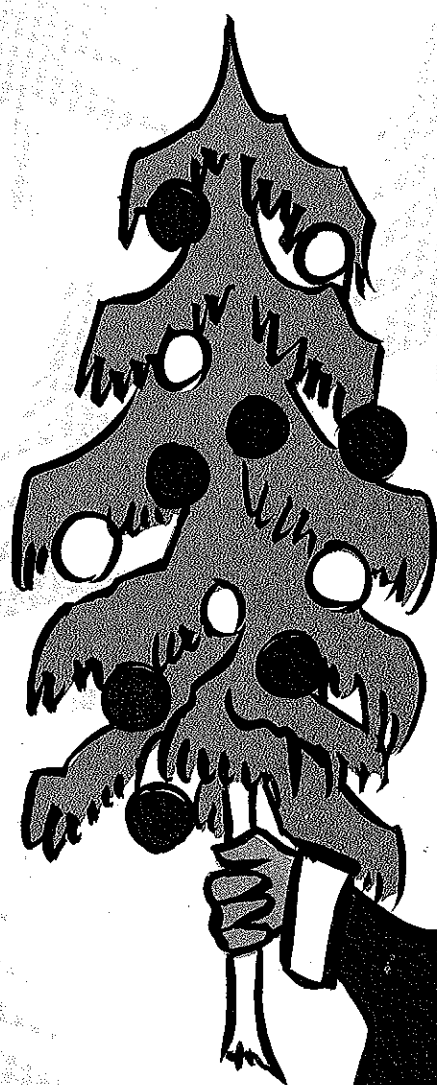
Dec 13/60

FOREST SERVICE NEWSLETTER

No 124

VICTORIA BC

DECEMBER 1960



MERRY
CHRISTMAS
TO ALL!



AN ENTIRELY UNOFFICIAL
BUDGET OF NEWS NONSENSE
'N' OPINION COMPILED FROM
TIME TO TIME FOR THE PROFIT
AMUSEMENT AND ANNOY-
ANCE OF THE STAFF

SEASON'S GREETINGS, 1960

As on any other matter, there are just so many words one can express on the subject of Christmas.

Personally I feel that Christmas is particularly resistant to satisfactory and complete expression by words because, above all others, the Yuletide Season must essentially be a most personal and intimate thing.

In this, surely, is found the tremendous, all-surpassing strength and continuity of this most Christian of celebrations, embodying as it does all those fundamentals of civilized morals and behaviour that can lift Man from a beast to the plane of dignity.

Never before has it been so essential to mankind's survival to follow the great Christian principles of compassion, truth, freedom, responsibility and the dignity of the individual, as it is today. Yet, never before has it demanded such individual courage to follow them in all our dealings.

The Christmas Season directly challenges each of us to find this courage, to drive out apathy and cynicism, to truthfully appraise ourselves and to embrace the strength inherent in the demanding Christian way of life to guide us in the New Year and all our years to come.

My most sincere wishes to all members of the Forest Service throughout the Province, their families and loved ones, for a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!



Ray Williston
Minister.

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The year 1960 draws to a close and in retrospect it has been quite a year.

This time it was the Kamloops and Nelson staff members who survived the trial by fire. They were ably assisted by key men borrowed from the less hard-pressed Districts and the Ranger School. This was family co-operation at its best and congratulations are in order to all of you who came through this severe ordeal with such flying colours.

This was the year we travelled to New Brunswick to see the kind of forest utilization that is practised when the virgin timber is gone. They are harvesting stands we would call scrub. For instance, the Fraser Company was clear cutting 80-year-old timber 40 feet high and averaging ten cords per acre. The non-unionized French Canadian crew (minimum wage \$1.00 per hour) were instructed to fall any tree that would yield three - four foot logs to a four-inch top.

Again, 1960 was an epic year because some of us were fortunate enough to attend the Fifth World Forestry Conference at Seattle. Here we rubbed shoulders with some two thousand foresters from 65 nations; here the official languages were English, French and Spanish, and with individual radios you could tune in live translations of your choice.

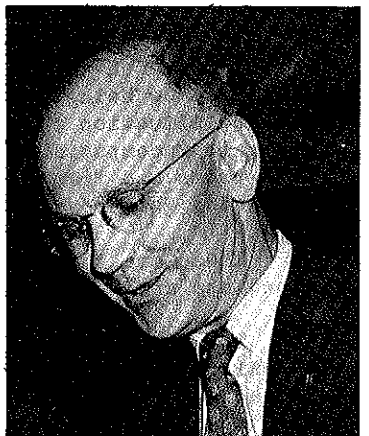
Here we learned that Canadians better wake up because we have no monopoly on either wood or brains. Take Africa as an example. That Continent has one per cent more of the world's wood supply than North America and an unlimited supply of \$1.00 per day labour. Already Nigeria has the world's largest plywood plant.

Among others on a post-Congress tour of B.C., we entertained the Secretary of State for the Ivory Coast Republic. This French-speaking native African was chosen by the group of fifty to thank us and this is part of what he said -

"There is a philosophy pretending that it is in the shade of the sword that one can find peace but the forester's philosophy asserts that it is in the shade of the trees that one must look for peace. May the grove of international friendship become the temple of human wisdom."

It seems to me that our friend from Africa was expressing in another way our theme for this festive season - "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

In the same spirit may I wish to all members of the Forest Service a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



R. H. Mike
Deputy Minister.

... ..

INTEGRATED USE - A FRESH POINT-OF-VIEW

by F.S. McKinnon
Chief Forester.

No doubt the theme of the 1961 Forest Service calendar "Integrated Use in Harmony", has raised some questions as to what this "integrated-use" business is all about. Therefore, a word of explanation is in order.

Basically, what is involved here is nothing more than a fresh point-of-view. For many years, foresters have talked about the "multiple use" of forest land and pointed to the fact that the forests can serve man in a number of different ways. Rightly or wrongly, the impression was left with the public that the same acre of ground could provide forest products, grazing, water and recreation simultaneously, and to the same degree.

This approach was acceptable to people who were accustomed to wide open spaces and plenty of elbow room, where conflicts in land-use were rare. However, this happy, uncomplicated state of affairs is fast disappearing as civilization catches up with us in the forests of British Columbia. We only need to look around us to see a variety of things that demonstrate this.

It is always a distinct shock to find that our favourite hunting grounds or fishing stream or even swimming hole is no longer attractive because of over-use by others. The prior "rights" of people like ourselves were simply not respected by the newcomers.

Because of the lack of pressure on our land uses in the past, we have tended to evolve a psychology about the subject based on the single-use concept. By this I mean that an area was either "best suited" for logging, or recreation, or power, or historic preservation, and so forth. This opinion has been encouraged by the generally accepted interpretation of the "multiple use" ideology which tends to suggest to the non-specialist that a multiplicity of single uses can all be applied to any given acre and to the same degree, just so long as there is a general desire to apply them.

Today, in the face of the new and growing pressures, and based on rapidly-gained experience, we find that this idealistic philosophy tends to cause conflict and heavily-compromised solutions completely satisfactory to almost nobody. Because of this, a new point-of-view on the part of the resource manager and the general public is required.

From this requirement has grown the integrated-use concept which attempts to be a realistic refinement of the old multiple-use ideology. In integrated use, however, it is recognised that there must be a dominant land use on any acre of land, i.e., any acre of land is, ultimately, of more benefit to society when managed primarily for one particular use than for another. Integrated use also maintains that once the dominant use has been decided upon the other uses should be developed to a maximum, restricted only at the point where their further development would interfere with the optimum management for social benefit of the dominant use. In other words, a graded scale of uses, based on value judgments related to the establishment of the agreed-upon dominant use in the first place.

Land which we have always regarded as being forest land and most useful only for timber growing is now being sought after by more and more people and for more and more other uses. However, the situation that gives most concern is the belief encountered in so many places today that logging is incompatible with many of the other uses of forest land. Demands are frequently heard in the press and from public platforms that large tracts of land be set aside for exclusive use as watersheds, game reserves, or various forms of recreation.

These are the considerations that have prompted us to take a fresh look at this basic problem of land use and guide our public education program into channels where it will be most effective.

The limiting factor to Man's continued survival as populations continue to increase will be the available supply of natural resources. We are told that "Man's first and basic requirement is food and drink to sustain life. Fresh air is as necessary as pure water. Clothing, shelter and living space are essential. A second category of requirements would include heat, light, transportation, and manufactured goods." Man, however, cannot live by bread alone and his mind needs a chance to refresh itself through a change of surroundings or activities. We thus have the third basic demand on the natural resources, "recreation".

Sound land use and long range public interest should be based on a complete inventory of all natural resources on Crown land prior to their permanent assignment to one or more uses. No doubt in the future there will be occasions on which productive forest land will be assigned to an exclusive use to meet the demands of a fast-growing population. However, as time goes on and the requirements for wood fibre increase, each area withdrawn from the forest estate will become more significant and greater justification will have to be presented for such withdrawal. It will have to be demonstrated that the benefits thus derived will exceed those which may be obtained under a program of integrated management.

The Forest Service has long recognized that most forest land is adapted to joint use and, as a matter of fact, many simultaneous uses of land for water, wild life, and timber production, are inseparable. Further, as access roads are established for forest management, the recreationists' use of the same land is made possible. Undoubtedly there are forest lands whose greatest contribution to the public welfare would be to manage them for a single use as, for example, a highly scenic area; but most forest land can be of greater value to society if it is consciously and ably managed for the several uses to which it is adapted.

As members of the Forest Service, you are fully aware of the adaptability of forest land to several uses and are more considerate of other forest values than the members of the general public are of the forest crop. For example, protection of the forests from insects and fire has been of inestimable value to the other resources as well as to timber. It is doubtful if the general public realizes this integration. To the extent that we can demonstrate that growing of forest crops is compatible with other uses, only then will we be successful in retaining forest land for

Integrated Use - A Fresh Point-of-View (continued)

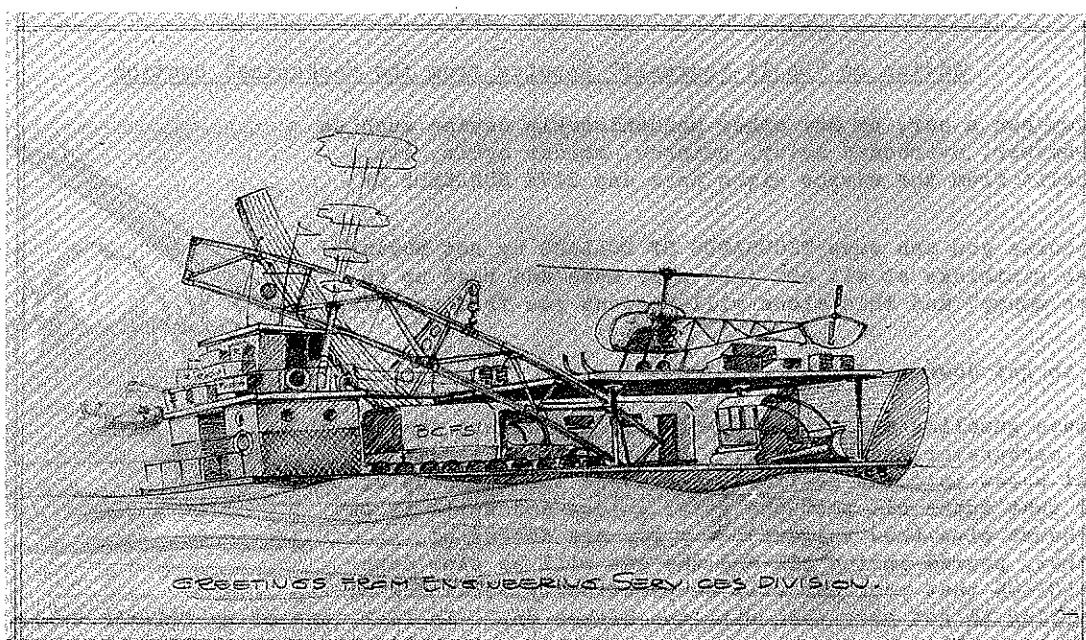
timber production. Wood, in its many forms, is extremely important to every individual in this Province but these same citizens are very prone to under-rate its importance. Forestry cannot win permanent acceptance as a co-ordinate use of Crown forest land without a concerted effort being made to show that it is a compatible use.

Integration of forest land uses is the only answer to the problem of managing forest land to produce all the benefits which can flow from that land.

Integration means different things to different people. To some people, it is a concept of human relations; to the forest industrialist, it is a means of getting better utilization from a limited allowable cut of timber; to the manager, it means co-ordinated markets and a more stable future. To the Forest Service, the term "integration" has a significance not previously assigned to it, that of using limited forest land to produce maximum benefits.

Integration of forest land uses is not a slogan, it is a necessity.

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ENGINEERING SERVICES DIVISIONThe Anthropomorphosis of an Ugly Duckling

She was indeed a forlorn and dejected abnormality of a ship as she lay that winter's day high and dry beside Great Central Lake on Vancouver Island. She bore all the marks of one who has passed through the hands of many men and is finally relegated to neglect and disrepair.

It is not easy to be enthusiastic standing in a cold, sleeting wind, but the one who had come to pass judgment on her had faith in wood, tempered only by a detailed knowledge of its vagaries and occasional defects. "How much?" he grunted. "They only want a thousand for her", we murmured. "H'm, we might fix her up for six months and then junk her - we couldn't lose." Such has been the last-but-one episode in the life of many a bygone Boat, Beast and even Beauty!

Oddly enough, our heroine, Landing Craft No. 5 (L.C.5) was to prove the exception to the rule and was to be restored to youth and something which would pass for beauty, at least in the eyes of those whose affection she now enjoys.

Perhaps we should pause briefly to say that our 25-ton sweetheart with a 30-ton appetite was born in Vancouver, out of wartime necessity, by a building contractor (as they say of horses) and, due no doubt to this ignominious start, was earmarked for the limited opportunities of a supply boat on Sproat Lake assisting in the construction and maintenance of a radar station.

Following the war in which her sisters had distinguished themselves in many Mediterranean actions, R.C.A.F. No. M.645 (as she then was) found herself discarded for the first time; only to be eagerly snapped up by mining interests who carried her 53-foot long by 18-foot wide bulk over logging railroad to Great Central Lake where she was to toil for the next 14 years. From this endeavour she passed to the Reforestation Division of the Forest Service carrying trucks and 'dozers to help replant the fire-ravaged hillsides; and then to the service of the B.C. Power Commission hauling equipment and supplies for the building of the Elsie Lake Dam, with intervals on loan to B.C. Forest Products Limited for fire-fighting duties up and down the lake.

On one occasion, L.C.5 forgot herself enough to sink at her moorings. "Too much to drink!", as one was overheard to say. Having survived this episode, it might have been guessed that our teenager was now destined to bear a charmed life.

For a ship to enter salt water for the first time in her seventeenth year is in itself something of a distinction and one which perhaps made it easier for her to bear the jolting twelve-mile journey to the Somass River on her way to the open Pacific and thence to a season's

The Anthropomorphosis of an Ugly Duckling (continued)

labour at Kingcome Inlet building forest development roads for her present operators, the Engineering Services Division of the Forest Service.

Maybe it was the pause at Superintendent Hill's beauty parlour on the North Arm of the Fraser River which did it, but such was her gait on this venture that glowing reports of her accomplishments and potentialities persuaded the flint-hearted dwellers of the Stone Tepee in Victoria that a complete face-lifting, skin grafting, appendectomy and deep X-ray treatment would be worthwhile.

The Forest Products Laboratory sent a team of distinguished 'ologists' to marvel over the longevity of her many plywood flotation chambers and at one point she lay spreadeagled in three separate pieces, exposed in all her bony nakedness while new ribs and stiffeners were scarfed in place.

Now, boasting new diesel energy for her propellers and more decks than any other Forest Service vessel, our middle-aged "has-been" actually has two men captive to her bosom for the first time as she proudly juggernauts her way over undream't distances of Coastal waters carrying big machines, portable buildings, bridge materials and what-have-you for both the Engineers and the Vancouver Forest District.

If you hear irresponsible tales of unseemly vibrancy in her new life, Captain Mel Young will hurriedly assure you that this only happens when she sunderingly recalls how close she came to utter despair that chill winter's day two years ago.

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Advice on "Do It Yourself" Repairs from the Mechanical Section

If you own a car, or any other mechaniockle device such as a power lawnmower, overboard motor, painsaw, murder cycle, etc., you can benefit from the advice given here and SAVE HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS.

Of course you can save THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS by not buying any of these gimmicks at all and just stay home and read up on "how to save money" and this alone will prevent you from spending so much.

But to get down to facts --

To save gasoline and oil - you can buy gas savers that go between the carburetor and manifold. These are vacuum-release devices that screw into the manifold to prevent the build-up of high vacuum that sucks oil past the valve guides and spits it out down the exhaust pipe (how vulgar!). There are dozens of additives that, poured in the oil and the gas will so slow down DAMAGING FRICTION that your car will be practically straining at the leash trying to get away even with the brakes on. In fact, one of my friends tells me he wore out a set of brake linings prematurely through having to hold his car back because he had put so

much anti-friction stuff into it. I believe at the last accounting he was money behind on the deal.

Then there are additives that can be put into the transmission and differential. After reading the advertisements, I gather that these liquids have some DYNAMIC ENERGY in each molecule that spends its time trying to get out of the housing and, in so doing, pushes the gears around, thus SAVING POWER AND YOUR DOLLARS.

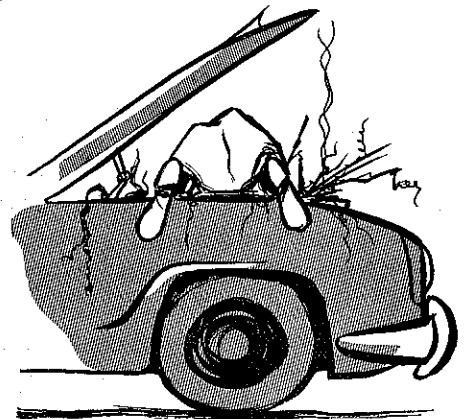
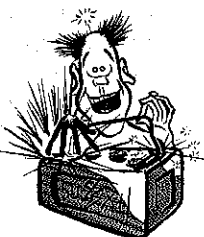
I may have the technical details wrong but the last part is honest truth - honestly!!

Then there are spark plugs. These are now old-fashioned gadgets that have been replaced by highly scientific devices called POWER INJECTORS or some such. Mind you, they look exactly like spark plugs and lots of very ignorant people throw away the new ones by mistake and put their own old plugs back AND STILL GET THE SAME RESULT - AMAZING, EH!

Why pay \$5.00 and \$6.00 an hour to get your car fixed when you can do it just as badly yourself - with a few tips that we offer (gratuitously) here?

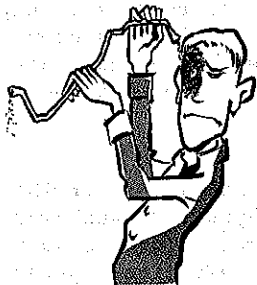
Take the ignition for instance - failures here account for nearly 60% of all motor troubles - and what's in the ignition anyway? - Just a battery - a coil - a distributor with points and a condenser and some spark plugs and wires. If anything goes wrong, the garage usually replaces the whole works. This is like "area bombing" - you're bound to hit the right spot somewhere. YOU can do the same thing and it won't cost you much more and you'll have the satisfaction of getting the timing all mixed yourself. Of course if you want to be fussy and save money by finding out what is really wrong you'll have to take it piece by piece. The battery, for instance. To test, get a piece of bare copper wire and bridge it across the two terminals. If the battery is good it will burn your hands, leaving a very red line across them. This is somewhat equivalent to losing a finger in a table saw and indicates that you have joined the "Do-It-Yourself" club. If nothing happens, the battery is dead. The principle is simple - if you get burnt, the battery is live; if the battery is live and you don't get burnt, you are dead. If you are live and you don't get burnt, the battery is dead. Simple, eh?

Now, the distributor. This is complicated - so don't bother with it - just sharpen the points and go on to the next item unless you want to change the condenser, and everyone does. It hardly ever needs changing but no-one is very clear what it does so they change it and claim "that's

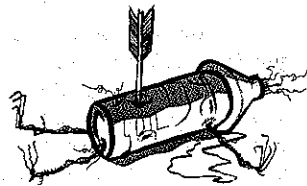


Advice on "Do It Yourself" Repairs from the Mechanical Section (continued)

what it was, alright!" Then there is the coil. Once again, since it can't talk back and tell you it feels fine, it usually gets changed even though it doesn't need it. Anyway, it's ϵ to do and makes you feel important when you announce that - "The coil's shot." The country is full of "shot-up" coils that will work if you put them right back on again.



This brings us back to the spark plugs and wires. As we have told you, a prominent "ad" advises you to throw your spark plugs away - you'll never need them. So that's settled. Just the wires now - and did you know a lot of modern cars don't have any wires inside the "wires"? It's true. They are filled with carbon - sort of. So you may have to push some more carbon inside if you can find out how!



Well, that's the ignition, now to the carburetor. These are tricky - full of secret passages, trap doors, power wells, etc. A lot of the passages don't seem to go anywhere. Looks like the designer got a new drill for Xmas and went "drill happy" punching little holes here and there. Well, you can spread the whole works over the bench and spend the next week looking for escaped springs and trying to decide where the little round gaskets (no, not grass-skirts) go and if this goes here or upside down in that hole there, etc., or just get an exchange unit and hope that the person who put it together knew more about it than you - which sometimes is a good question.



Fixing transmissions and rear-ends - just shake out the old pieces. Invite a friend around who knows something about it, buy a couple of dozen beer and hope that he bails you out.

Engines are a problem, but by this time it is doubtful if anyone is still reading this stuff so we will leave this fascinating subject for another time.

For further information write to:

The Mechanicwackle Departmentally

Send NO MONEY. Just enclose one dollar to cover our trouble for reading your letters. (This takes time, you know) and we will advise you how to SAVE

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(makes a nice finish, doesn't it?)

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MANAGEMENT DIVISION

Like Greetings Man!

Christmas Greetings to all our former colleagues wherever they might be, and especially to our more recent departures: to Sam Marling, wintering in Portugal at Praha da Rocha; to Jack Payne, stoking up the furnace in Prince George; to Bob Corregan, being piped to sleep by the Nelson trio (Munro, Illingworth and Waldie); and last but not least, to Harry Marshall chasing elephants, albeit pink ones, down the North Thompson. We miss them and wish them well, especially Sam who, when last heard from, was in Germany taking in the wine festivals.



There must be something in this retirement business, judging by the peregrinations of Sawyer Hope (a trip to South Africa with the bonus of a bride); John Collins (a trip to England and his first grandson); Sam Marling (a trip to Spain and Portugal and enough coloured slides to hold a private salon); and Sandy Chisholm (a visit to Spain and France and now studying Spanish at Sandy School to follow the swallows back to Capistrano). We should never have changed the "Follow the Birds" slogan to "Treasure Island" as it looks like the old-timers are so used to the message they are following the "birds" (36-26-34) around the world.

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And Welcome Too!

And now, to the newcomers, we would couple a welcome, season's greetings and a long and happy stay. First to Wally Hughes, then to Ted Knight, Doc Selkirk, Carl Highsted, Bob Reid, Murray Perry, Mrs. Reffell and Mrs. Weldon. Also, a speedy recovery to Emily Wilson. We hope to see you back in the near future.

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The Party Bit

However, thinking about Christmas reminds one of the annual Christmas party, the highlight of which is Ken Reid's renditions on the accordion. Of course this is only when Ken's customary reserve has been thawed by the Christmas spirit, and this is also the occasion when Win Garcin dusts off his tonsils and belts out Galway Bay or other ditties (nice going, Win!). This year we're really expecting a gasser with all the new talent we have available.

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Management Division (continued)

The Working Bit

On the serious side of the ledger we have L-40A or, to be exact, we've had L-40A and now you've got it all in 42 pages of a circular letter. This was the result of many skull sessions involving Wally Hughes, Doc Selkirk, Ken Reid, Hugh Bancroft and Lorne Swannell. Rumour has it that there were so many cooks that when they'd all got in their two-bits' worth there were 42 pages. Anyway, it's now so simple or complex, whichever way you look at it, that Hugh and Doc are busy visiting the Districts to explain what it all means. Actually this is not really necessary since it's really very easy. But easy or complex, who's going to read 42 pages? So, Hugh and Doc got the call.

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No report from Management would be complete without a word on the "big" three, the terrible Turk (Salih Cinar), the hungry Hungarian (Imre Csapo) and the perishing Pole (Ryzard Borzuchowski). Salih has been "on location" with Barbara Davies making a film on logging damage. Imre is working in the backroom compiling, while Ryzard is seeking that phenomena, "the average efficient operator."

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But through it all it has been a good year and we appreciate being in this "lotus" land and having such a lot of amiable Districts to deal with.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM MANAGEMENT

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SURVEYS and INVENTORY DIVISION



Personnel Box Score

1960 brought a change in an era. After 30 years, ⁺ 3, (19 times out of 20) with Surveys, nine of them at the helm, H.M. (Mickey) Pogue crossed to the other side of Michigan Street to head Working Plans Division. Best wishes and good luck in your new position, Mickey.

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From Victoria, an ill wind usually blows from the North but this time it brought good tidings in the form of another Young to complete the top strata of Surveys Division.

We have heard of the Nut Brothers, Ches. and Wal. Not to be outdone, we now have the Youngs, Ted and Bill. Now that Ted has been introduced to "M" numbers, office calls, coefficients of variation, average lines, L.G.P.-30's, etc., etc., and, we understand, caulk boots, our ship is again heading beam into the job of providing answers needed to manage our forest bank.

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Retired from Fleet! Skipper Tom Legh after six years of guiding Surveys launches along the British Columbia coast, has finally decided to hang up his charts. We would like to thank Tom for the excellence of his services and to wish him the best of luck.

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Leaving: Mrs. Hilda Lock after twelve years with the Division is leaving, to assume the role of housewife. Hilda's smile and good nature will be greatly missed around the office. Best wishes from the Division, Hilda!

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Transferred from Roster: Bob Malcolm to Department of Finance as Timberland Appraiser, and Carl Highsted to Management Division, Victoria. Bob and Carl were pillars of strength in the years of their sojourn. With our good wishes for the future goes the hope that they will continue to make their mark in their chosen fields.

Gordie Fenton, Ron Stromberg, Nils Sjoberg, Roddy MacLeod, to the Districts; Bob Reid to Management, Chris Heaman to Research, Mike Kovats, Dene Ferguson and Will Janssen to the "Halls of Learning" for further studies. Stalwarts all, fit for service anywhere.

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Hatched and Matched: Too numerous to list. We continue to render aid to the future of the Province and the world population explosion.

Sick List: We wish Frank Szy a short stay in hospital and a speedy recovery.

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Surveys and Inventory Division (continued)Chirps and Neighs of Surveys

Now if we could have our way
 The girls of Surveys would like their say.
 What has 1960 brought to us?
 Lots of showers and wedding fuss.
 Sandy, Marg, Sharon and Cam
 All walked to the alter and "caught their man".
 Joan, Terry and Linda have big plans soon,
 Perhaps a honeymoon - early next June.
 Now we should have a new lacrosse fan
 For Sharon Bertolia has a "new little man".
 Rosemary, Joan, Ev, Jeanie and Heather
 Have made new additions to their families together.
 Carole and Berna have left our location
 To try their hand at a newer vocation.
 Barb, Bev and Hilda are wielding their brooms
 And cleaning the dust from their many new rooms.
 Besides all this work we have much time for leisure,
 Jo, Paddie, and Ellen go bowling for pleasure.
 A few artists too have invaded our "pad",
 Lee and Lucile are painting like mad.
 Jeanie and Val are sharing sad faces,
 For the season is over, "no stock-car races".
 And who are the girls who run the machine?
 Myrna's the blond - the brunette's Darlene.
 There is an old saying, "Home Sweet Home",
 But still there are those who are willing to roam.
 Cec went East - Judy went West,
 They both came back - they liked home best.
 There are still many names that we cannot mention,
 But we did start this poem with the best intention,
 So now that we said this, we feel much better,
 And we just hope this reaches the '60 Newsletter.

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News Flash!!!

Sam Smith, chief clerk, returns to the bush after a long absence. Braving unbelievable hardships he accomplished, with only one helper, the impossible task of establishing four permanent sample plots in one day. In recognition of this fact, we dedicate this ode.

Surveyor Sam from years gone by
 Has seen them come, he's seen them
 fly;
 One score and five seemed long ago
 And all that carbon stacked end to
 end
 With forms between to make them bend
 Had cast a doubt upon his mind,
 Until an image flashed within
 That told of mountains yet unseen
 And golden hillsides cloaked in green.



Making light of every trouble,
 Running uphill on the double
 Heeding not the piteous moans
 Of his partner, R.C. Jones.
 The forest primeval stood aghast,
 And wondered at this man so fast.

To the gloomy forest's awe
 Sam demanded more and more;
 Tallies here and tallies there,
 Sam would put them everywhere,
 Disregarding all the pleas
 Of weary I.B.M. to cease.

With one fell swoop he cast aside
 The paper white, the carbon bind.
 To outdoor thoughts he turned his mind,
 He left the accounting all behind.

And when at last he knew he'd won,
 And savoured every ounce of fun,
 He hung his caulks on the drying rack
 And said with a grimace, "Show me the
 sack."

To step foot where none had trod,
 Once more to feel his caulks bite sod.
 Armed with axe, compass in hand
 He chained a vast forbidden land.

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THE BEATNIK COMPASSMAN

Man I'm telling you it's a matter of finance like I had this pad on Cordova but the terms were six months in advance and a ten clam deposit for damages like this fall the tuition goes up and if I have a supp in Arts 200 like this will be my third attempt and moneybags (my Aunt Lillian) says this is it. Degrading man degrading.

So they ship us out one rainy Monday in May in a thing the size of a seiner. The pad is up front the sustenance is down back like to get from one to another you go through a space the size of a woodshed. The space is full of junk that screeches, pops, bangs, grinds, whirrs, and smells like it looks junkier like more familiar somehow with every passing day like I think I'm back in Van.

The blurb spoke of boots and rubber clothing man I could feed myself 3 months and more on what that stuff costs like I'll do without.

Most days the burgerking has us loaded to the ears by a time like three hours before my usual like my eyes never unflue until we hit salal. Some miles down a rain-soaked inlet we head for the shore like some day that crazy Moosefat will strand himself on the rocks like I'll sit there until something passes by. This swimming jazz is for the birds like most of these manage quite well around here. The warden of the midsection junk pile, Beargrease, ferries us ashore two by two like

Surveys & Inventory Division (continued)The Beatnik Compassman (cont'd)

two every mile or so like anyplace that drops sheer into the chuck is a good place to drop us it seems.

My partner, Dirty Shirt, does the pencil pushing like he is king of the 2H. I lead the way according like Dirty Shirt figures something off a photograph that I can use on my navigation box. Now this box thing is a jazzed up contrivance that any Boy Scout would recognize but I'm no Boy Scout like it took a little while and several miles of backtracking before it got across like the lettering on the card is not what it appears.

Then there is a steel tape I anchor on my pants support like whoa man whoa my belt broke so I liberated some aerial guy line that was hanging spare like as I was saying this steel tape is the frontage of three city lots like they call the distance chainage but I see no chains around except the ones that bind me to this endsville existence. And man, the jazz you go through to coil up that tape like the first time Dirty Shirt got himself trussed up so we had to use the axe like we spent an hour mending the breaks ran out of matches and menders like Chirper the crewboss acted real square like it cost us two clams apiece deductible.

But when I stub my toe, flounder in neck-deep salal or grasp a devil's club by error my day is made when that choice scene comes to mind like the day we were to be inspected long heralded doom dire doom to all who sin and such. There was Chirper never known to set foot on shore except by rumour like then there was Four-by-Four the next level of idleness like then there was Flotsam the highest level on account he drifts by silently once in a long while. So Beargrease ferries us ashore this choppy morn but the brass insist on a coracle of their own like Chirper makes to leap the rail, Flotsam handling the motor, Four-by-Four holding the front end. Chirper's foot tangles in a line being coiled by Moosefat like man oh man a sweet sight like Chirper hanging head down and Moosefat strangling in the tightened coils, Beargrease racing to the rescue. The other two laughed so much they drifted off then hit a kelp patch like on the way back they sheared the pin like the oars were no good to them in the tidal drift so away they went downchannel. We stayed around awhile for laughs then left like they catch us if they could like we never did get inspected except by Chirper who was his usual square self as always.

Man eighty-two days have gone by forty more to go to Labour Day like maybe I'll take a trip to Acapulco and laugh it all off like chachaville and not a drop of rain.

... ..

A POETIC NOTE

Oh! to be in Surveys now that winter's here,
For those that work in Surveys, it's the
finest time of year.

No more tents, no horse to hill,
No trucks to stall or push uphill.

No tipsy maids to be fought off,
No chance of catching cold or cough.

Just easy chairs in office warm,
And maps and photos by the swarm.

To be looked at, pondered o'er,
Pushed aside, replaced by more.

A life of bliss a life of ease,
We hope that it will never cease.

Summer season '61?
We pray that it will never come.

... ..



A Merry Christmas to All From the Forest Surveys Division!

... ..

WORKING PLANS DIVISIONUS

Oh, come with me to the Working Plans Div.
 And see how some of the other folks live.
 We've plans and maps and files, God Wot!
 From a tree-farm licence or a small woodlot;
 Sustained yield units and P.W.C.'s
 And a few odd nickels for coffees and teas.
 In this "Old House" on the second street back,
 Where the doors and windows are all out of whack --
 But our hearts are gay and our backs are strong
 Don't rush us boys! We'll tag along.

At first glance and to the casual observer, 521 Michigan Street is rather a nondescript place - a battleship-grey abode, tucked between the nucleus of this Nation's future survival, Civil Defence, and the Forest Service garage. Yet, on closer inspection, he is forewarned of definite character within. For there, above the door, appears a second set of numerals - "521", and below the title, "Working Plans".

The occupants have made thorough preparation for near- or far-sightedness, tall or short stature. Consequently, if you are the adventurous type or one whose curiosity is easily aroused, thou wilt surely enter. The red door, (the colour bears no significance like the "green" door across the street) a splendid mechanism, easily separates the undaunted from the timid. Opening it requires brute force, and the first attempt at its closing announces the intruder with a BANG, whether friend or foe. The anti-draught device has sprung home. Thus, the aged or weak of heart are eliminated. To the unknowing, even the blank hallway offers little satisfaction other than an open door to the right or a slightly spiralled stairway to the left. But, having persisted this far, why pause?

Reject the aroma of freshly made coffee coming from above and seek the lower way, for once inside you meet our newest femme fatale, Gail Archibald, whose fresh exuberance is only enhanced by the further charms of Marguerite Smith. Both will readily extend you a welcome to the Thinking Division.

If you were to ask why Working Plans was created, no doubt the answers would be many but, eventually, all would gravitate to the product of one man's common sense:

$$Y = \frac{V}{R} + I$$

A little formula, perhaps more a generalization, meaningless to the uninitiated yet associated with a name that rings in every forester's ear - Hanzlik. He was one of the early few that realized that, to perpetuate a living resource, man had to employ discretion; to balance harvest with growth. Could he have ever visualized the outgrowth of his conclusions, particularly in British Columbia where the fun has only recently begun? Not only the vastness and complexity of our forest resource but the inter-relationship of man's activities therewith complicates administration of his basic principle, now commonly known as sustained-yield management.

Meanwhile, back in the rustic setting on Michigan Street, seven foresters and cohorts toil, in their little way, towards that goal. From field crews, rangers, foresters, and entire Divisions, data pour in, are compiled, analyzed and weighed, whereupon recommendations are made. Each new day brings improvement; each new regulated unit, a further challenge. What a wonderful and interesting future to look forward to.

... ..

The Who's Who of W.P.

One who unconsciously or consciously would replace all conventional song and melody with discordant, gasping, or nerve-wracking anthems.

One who would replace man's spirit of competition and all forms of physical prowess with the ultimate of social intercourse - a study of the Muses, the finer points of ancient fig leaves, or a discourse on Hollywood's apathy.

One who attempts to show us the way to - a bountiful coffee fund but is thwarted by human nature. A dedicated martyr who creates an untold wealth of tastiness only to have it liquidated by cavernous appetites in his absence.

One who would efficiently reduce our living standard to its rustic beginning where man ground his carefully nurtured corn between two flattened rocks.

One who is a strict adherent to the song of the open road, freedom of thought and action, (re-traffic laws and jurisprudence generally) the illustrative graph, the formula complete with complex derivation, Crown lands not otherwise alienated and large houses.

... ..

TO ALL OF YOU WE WISH SEASON'S GREETINGS!

... ..

PERSONNEL DIVISION

Greetings to All from the Personnel Office - from Jim Williams, Arch McKeever, Vivian, Pat and Lorelai.

Greetings to all, in the woods, camps, offices, warehouses, launches, trailers, ranger stations, shops and plants, and especially to those in hotels, motels and boarding houses and those from other lands who are separated from family or friends this Christmas.

... ..

A Rose by Any Other Name

We have never tried to make a list of birthplaces, but sometimes we wonder how many countries would be represented by Forest Service staff. Last year there were about 2,800 of us throughout the Province representing every Continent. We have names beginning with every letter of the alphabet except "X" and varying from three letters to one which was too long to go through the mechanical pay machines and had to have a payroll prepared by hand each month. The proud possessor of this oversized moniker at last succumbed to automation. He volunteered to shorten his name and the machines now merrily punch out his payroll and cheque each month without a hitch, without a hitch, without a hitch -----.

... ..

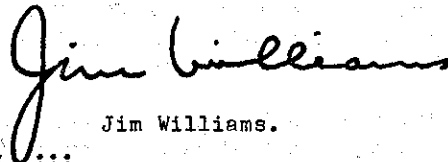
Our Common Bond

At this time of year it is good to think for a moment of our Service as representing, in a small way, the brotherhood of Man which took on deeper meaning following that Birthday centuries ago. Many religions, as well as many countries, are represented in our Service, as well as agnostics and atheists no doubt. Nevertheless, in our Service, more so than in many departments, we find a more common bond, a higher ethic, a healthier spirit, a more personal acceptance of a common Father in our Universe.

Men who enjoy and are devoted to life out-of-doors, to preserving, managing and renewing forests, woodlands and meadows for generations to come are a happy breed - healthy in mind as well as in body and appreciative of the creation around them. Those whose work in offices, maintenance shops, and other supporting sections of the Forest Service may not have started through any particular interest in forestry or the out-of-doors can soon detect this healthy spirit and find satisfaction in responding, associating and contributing to it. The Forest Service attracts fine men with high ideals and the moral strength and courage to keep their ideals before them. Fine men are found in every land and in our Service many lands are joined together as working companions.

So here we are - many lands, many languages, many religions but all part of one common service-serving our fellow citizens - loggers and public both, serving the living forests, serving mankind, living in peace with ourselves.

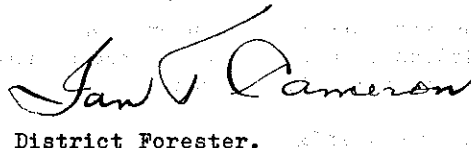
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR!


Jim Williams.

... ..

VANCOUVER DISTRICT

It is a pleasure to have this opportunity of wishing members of the Vancouver Forest District and their families, and all the members of the Forest Service throughout the Province a Very Merry Christmas, a Happy and Prosperous New Year - and a wet Fire Season all 'round for 1961!


District Forester.

... ..

So Long and Good Luck!

S.C. "Smitty" Frost, former Ranger at Squamish, Ganges, etc., and Forest Assistant-in-Charge of Stumpage Adjustment, Vancouver Office, retired this fall after service dating back to May, 1933.

Earl C. McNary, Inspector of Licensed Scalers and member of the Scaling Examination Board, retired this fall after 36 years' service in the Scaling Section, dating back to 1924.

E. Walter Thomas, retired this fall after service as Dispatcher at Thurston Bay and Port Moody for 11 years under 12 different Rangers, and as Forest Ranger in the Penny District of Prince George during the '40's.

To each of the above, who truly represented the code of the Forest Service, we wish much happiness and good health. To each was presented the Vancouver District plaque - Douglas fir disc with annual rings representing the years of service. These discs have been obtained by Monty Mudge

Vancouver District (continued)

and Barrie Agur, Port Moody, and are constructed and finished with the excellent co-operation of Tommy Edwards' crew at the Marine Station.

*** **

Festivities

The 1960 headquarters office party will be held at the Peter Pan ballroom on West Broadway at 7.00 P.M. Friday, December 23, with dinner at 8.00 P.M. This is ballooning up to be a most popular affair and all the Forest Service is welcome. Though the number of tickets is limited to 200, it is worth trying to get tickets from Muriel Kennedy, in charge of filing, Arlene Mahyr, filing clerk, or Bev Boulton.

Perhaps we can persuade our launch 'Syrene' deckhand, Brian Kearney, to be featured singer with his newly-published song "Lonely for Your Love". The following item was recently published in The Province:

Vancouver Province, Oct. 4/60 - Lonely woods of B.C. inspired 'lonely' ballad

Vancouver man Brian J. Kearney, 5634 Argyle, spent the lonely hours at Echo Bay writing songs.

And this week, the compassman with B.C. Forest Service will see his own song on the music store stands for the first time.

Mr. Kearney, 20, is hailed by Nordyke Music Company of Hollywood as one of the new songwriter "discoveries."

The title of the song written in British Columbia's rugged forest land -- "Lonely for Your Love."

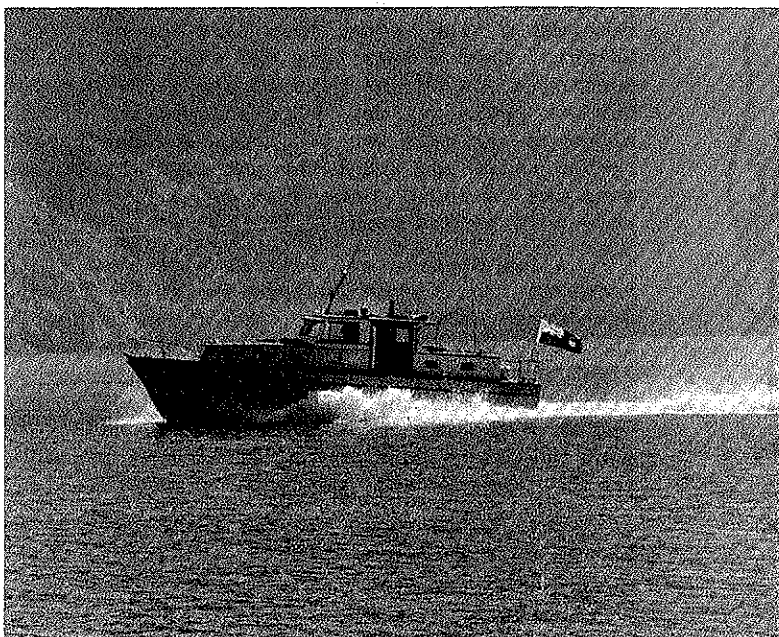
Ranger Thomas, of Echo Bay, has just forwarded his copy of another of Brian's works - "A Dispatcher's Lament". Ray advises, "I am no judge of poetry but it is an original piece".

A Dispatcher's Lament

To tell this tale of morbid woe
Up the coastline we must go
Within a mile of Simoom Sound
Echo Bay can there be found
A tiny place with a Ranger Station
To turn back was a great temptation.
But onward walked I into this mess
T'was indeed a mistake, I must confess
Along the walks and upon the lawn
Stood the inhabitants looking so forlorn
And there before me set 'way 'way back
Was this little, shabby dispatcher's shack.
Is this my home for seven long months?
Oh well, I'll put aside the groans and grunts
And make the most of my lengthy stay
But look forward to my departing day.
I stepped on the porch and opened the door
And was confronted by a sloping floor.
I put my belongings within this place
And forced a smile upon my face

Then to the outside I did roam
To meet the neighbours of my new home.
We sat on the porch drinking tea
With a smell of dried clams drifting in
from the sea.
The view was beautiful with a sun so bright
But alas 'tis the last time I'll see such
a sight.
It rains at night and 'most every day
In fact it never seems to go away.
Now take the people of this thriving bay
They'll get their release, they hope, some
day
And when comes the day that I do leave
I'll look back at Echo Bay and smile
And realize that every moment was so
worthwhile
And memories will linger in my heart and
mind
For the wonderful friends I leave behind.
That smile will never leave my face
For I have grown to like this place
And among the thoughts on my dying day
There will surely be room for "Echo Bay."

*** **

Our New "Lady"

Forest Dispatcher under 'way in Toba Inlet.

A proud new addition to the Forest Service fleet took place with the delivery of the launch "Forest Dispatcher". Ranger Harley Norbirt and Engineer Bill Kennedy are very pleased with this twin "Jimmy" Diesel-powered 40-footer which has a cruising speed of 15 knots. Designed and built by Forest Service officers at Victoria and the Marine Station, this launch is very comfortable and aids considerably in getting around more quickly, especially when the fire calls come in.

*** **

Vancouver District (continued)

That the Lund District is a launch district no-one will argue. Below is the summer fleet tied up - between fires. From port to starboard -- Western Ash, Beatrice R., Balsam, and Sitka Spruce 2.



... ..

Station on the Move

Speaking of the sea, many of the sea-going travellers coming up coast, including those in our Department, tugs, fishermen and assorted tourists, will miss one of their landmarks next year. As they round Root Point out of Havana Channel into Chatham Channel, they will not see the two small houses which have perched precariously on a rock bluff for these past few years. The complete Chatham Channel Ranger Station is in the process of being moved three miles down the channel to Campbell Bay. Ranger Bertram and his Assistant, Glen Erickson, and Engineer Andy Anderson, advise special attention will have to be given during the moving (which will be done by large Coastal A-frame and barges) to such irreplaceable items as, "our two 5-gallon crocks". No doubt confusion will reign supreme during the operation but it is expected the results will develop into a Station of which we can be proud.

... ..

Best Wishes

What will certainly be a Forest Service event - Arlene Mahyr, filing clerk, and Ken Breckenridge, compassman, will be married December 31, 1960.

Congratulations and best wishes! (P.S. Ken is a cousin of Don Breckenridge, dispatcher at Squamish).

... ..

Hair To-day and Gone -----

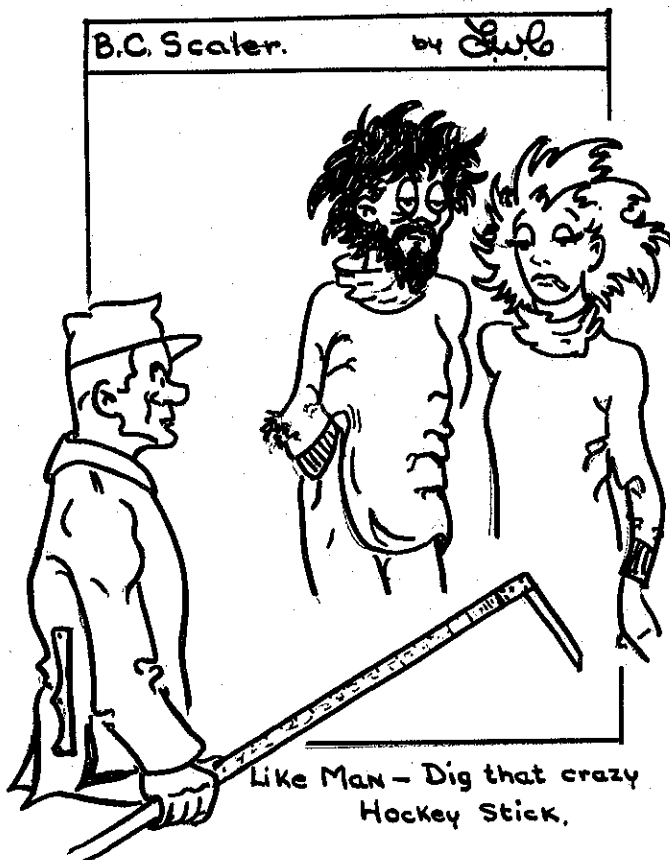
During the height of the Fire Season unpleasantness, a brief little article was carried by Canadian Press on the use of "blonde English hair" in our hygrographs. The item pointed out that the strands must be 14 inches long and that they were being imported from England because "the experts became tired of looking for (real) blonde hair locally."

Because of its special twist, the story got quite a play back East in such papers as the Toronto Globe & Mail. Within three days of the story appearing, the District Forester received a nice letter from Port Rowan, Ontario, from a dear lady who said that she was sending a box of her hair to him to help out in the war against fire. She pointed out that although her hair was now gray, she had had "it bobbed years ago and I thought it might be of some use to you." She also added "P.S.- I washed it before sending."

A few days later, letters were also received from blonde English ladies in Dumont, New Jersey, and Patterson, New Jersey, where the story was carried in the Herald News. The significant difference between the Ontario blonde lady and the New Jersey blonde ladies was that the latter sent no hair, albeit they wanted to help out. First they wanted to know what we were prepared to pay for it.

What happened to the big swath of reddish blonde hair we did receive? Well, now, that's a secret!

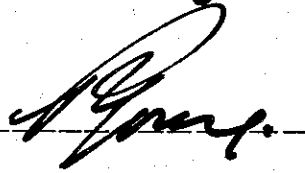
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NELSON DISTRICT

~Greetings from Ibelson~

From the staff of the
Ibelson Forest District to all
Members of the Forest Service
our Sincere Good Wishes for
Christmas & the New Year.



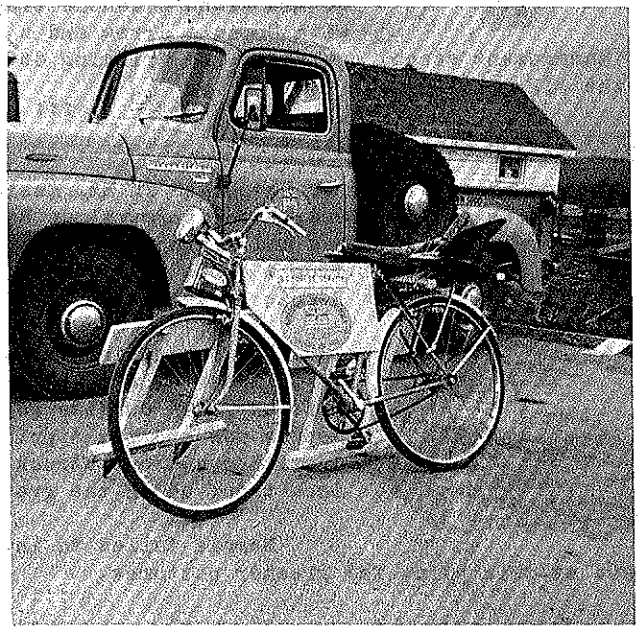
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Bouquets and such floral decorations are in order for the Ranger staff of the Nelson Forest District, who not only met and conquered a near-record Fire Season but who, in the midst of a welter of fire reports, inspection reports, and annual reports, also gave such effective attention to a heavy list of cruises that we have high hopes of entering 1961 with relatively few "outstandings".

The strain of meeting all these situations called for a scraping of the equipment barrel with Ranger Jack Bailey developing a secret weapon that meets all requirements economy-wise, but may be felt to be too exhausting for general use.



Ranger Jack Bailey demonstrates Nelson's new secret weapon.



High-mobility suppression unit in foreground. Note old-fashioned, high-cost unit in background.

It is doubted that his new "pumper" will gain popularity in view of the leg-power involved, and we understand he is working on a new model which will discard the bicycle in favour of a hot-air-powered swivel chair.

::: ::: :::

Say, Did You Hear

The side effect of a heavy Fire Season is a distress crop of cones on fire-damaged trees, a most desirable feature, while another is a fruitful crop of anecdotes, the desirability of which may be open to question.

Our choices are the following from Gil Cartwright, Ranger at Canal Flat, and Ranger Dick Jackson of Revelstoke:

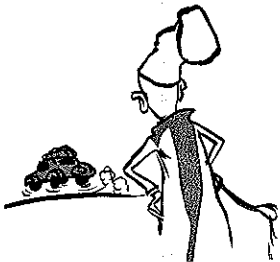
"Although often annoying at the time, some things that go wrong during Fire Season are often quite humorous in retrospect. For instance, a Mitchell bomber that was supposed to make a water-drop on the "Canyon" fire in the Canal Flat Ranger District flew over same, apparently not seeing it, (it was only about 7,000 acres at the time) and made a very successful attack on a fire in Alberta, almost extinguishing it. Rumour has it that our F.P.O., Herb Couling, got a thank-you note from the Alberta Forest Service."

Nelson District (continued)

With the high rate of speed attained by aircraft in this jet age, the foregoing is understandable.

But did you hear about the Canal Flat trail-crew that headed out to clean out the trail on the Palliser River, returning via the middle fork of the White River? To make a long story short, our Palliser River trail now extends over the Kananaskis Pass and down to the Kananaskis Lakes on the east slopes of the Rockies!!! We are beginning to wonder what Alberta has that we haven't got.

Dick Jackson tells us that late one night a couple of tourists from Edson, Alberta, mistook the "fire-camp" for a Parks Branch campsite. They pitched their tent, and were really enjoying some pillow-pounding. "Meanwhile, back at the ranch," I mean cook-house, another day had started and the boys were having breakfast. Big John, the cook, a compassionate fellow who didn't like to see the boys short on pay day, was quite concerned at the lack of day-break activity and bustle around this certain tent. Rushing over with his hair on end and shirt-front open, he thrust his massive body into the little tent and, in the best tradition of a fire-camp cook, announced that breakfast was ready, and would the boys please arise!



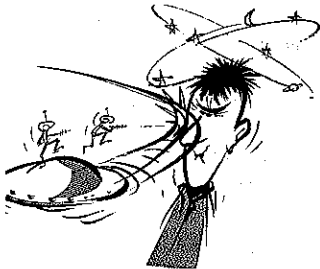
With a speed that defies description the tourists winged their way out of camp, they appeared to have a tight schedule since they didn't stop for breakfast.

*** **

The fact that we can't blame the fires for all our anecdotes is evidenced in Ranger Vern Hopkin's report from Invermere, headlined:

"FLYING SAUCER ATTACKS INVERMERE DISPATCHER"

Alf Davidson, returning to the office from outside duties, was painfully struck in the face by a flying saucer, small size. An investigation revealed it was a garbage-can lid, lifted from its container by a normal Invermere wind. Alf sustained a nasty cut and a broken nose. Suffice it to say that the garbage can and all of its kind now have their lids chained on.



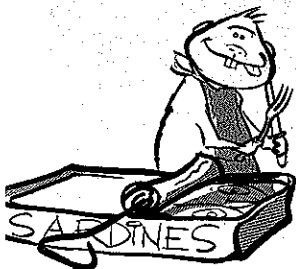
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Game stories reported range from the unsuccessful "insured" approach used by Lookoutman George Walker, who petted, patted, and pampered a three-quarter curl ram on Mount Swansea this summer, (looking forward to opening day, September 1)...You guessed it - on August 31 the ram left for safer pastures; to Art Krane's double trophy - he proved to be an excellent marksman, both with Cupid's arrow and a high-powered rifle, by marrying Miss Heather MacLeod, our Management steno, one week, and bringing down a 5-point elk the second week. The rifle was used on the elk.

*** **

Now, Just One Minute....!!

Ground squirrels or "gophers" in Mt. Assiniboine Park have increased to the point where their natural foods are depleted, reports Patrolman Bernie Coldwell. First becoming aware of this when he saw gophers climbing trees and stripping them of their bark, Bernie later caught them pilfering fish from a cache he had made in a snowbank by an alpine lake. This started Bernie to wondering just how a fish-eating gopher gets that way.



Further spying revealed three gophers with a home-made grass net who were quite adept at netting fingerlings in the shallows. They carried on with this until an outside gopher ate their net. Later the same day, an old buck gopher was spotted dipping a white-tipped tail into the water from a low bank. Just then a trout struck, the old gopher arched his back and flipped a seven-inch trout up on the grass, where he ate it at his leisure.

Bernie failed to interest his horse in eating fish and was forced to leave at this point for greener pastures.

*** **

HATCHED

To Assistant Ranger Les Jones and wife Merle, a SON, 9 lbs. 11 oz., born October 8.

To Mr. John Nichol and wife Pat, a SON, 6 lbs. 11½ oz., born July 29.

To Mr. Tom Hubbard and wife Jean, a SON, 9 lbs. 12 oz., born June 9.

To Mr. Fred Joyce and wife Winnifred, a DAUGHTER, 6 lbs. 14 oz., born June 27.

*** **



TO ALL IN THE FOREST SERVICE

FROM

BEN JOHNSTON

JOE RICHARDS and

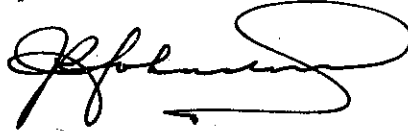
ED MCINTYRE

VICTORIA.

*** **

PRINCE RUPERT DISTRICT

Another busy year has passed, and it's time once again to count our blessings and express the fervent hope that all our less fortunate Brethren to the East and South will enjoy a Very Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year in spite of their unexciting geographic locations!



District Forester

::: ::: :::

OPERATIONS

While the drone of wave after wave of bombers kept firefighters in their shelters in other Districts, we smugly sat under our cloud and listened to the conflagration over the C.B.C. 10 o'clock news.



Members of our force who were conscripted and shipped to foreign Districts were: - Pat Gilgan, Bill Van der Horst, Gordy Potter, Chuck (Prof.) Sunberg, Jack Nelson. Foreign service medals were issued on return.

::: ::: :::

At left is a 60-year old, hand-fired, warm air, multi-pipe furnace on loan to us from the Kamloops District for our Southbank Ranger Station. We understand that this furnace was originally on loan to Kamloops from the Atlin Ranger District.

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Hazelton centennial celebrations included tea served in the Hazelton Ranger Station pictured here.

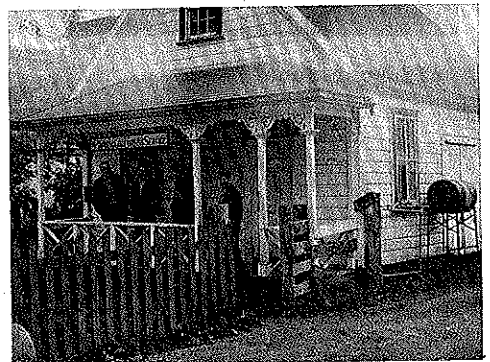
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MANAGEMENT

Activities in this department reached an all-time high when a patch of timber was found extending from Hazelton to Telegraph Creek. The prospect of developing this area will no doubt stagger the imagination of the "cut over" districts.

Last spring, somebody sneezed in the general management office causing a considerable amount of damage to these crowded quarters. It was then decided that the management staff required more space and could not be considered under the grouping section of the new circular letter. Many walls were moved which created a new game called "Waldo" which means that whoever has your wall must find your door first to win the game. However, some new doors were brought into play and everything was called off.

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Here, forest officer Brooks about to go up Butedale Falls in a new "bathtub" skiff.

::: ::: :::

The 1960 management meeting held in May was quite successful which is reflected in the fact that many of the subjects discussed are still causing heated arguments. A snap was taken in commemoration of Sam Marling's retirement.



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Prince Rupert District (continued)SILVICULTURE

During the summer and early fall of this year, the Silviculture crew received a shock. They were informed that no planting would be done this year in our District because of the lack of planting stock from the lower Mainland nurseries. Their exuberance, however, was short-lived. A program was started and about 15,000 seedlings were planted, 7,000 of which were Douglas fir, 2,000 of them originating in Arizona. The remaining 8,000 seedlings were spruce, grown in our Telkwa nursery.

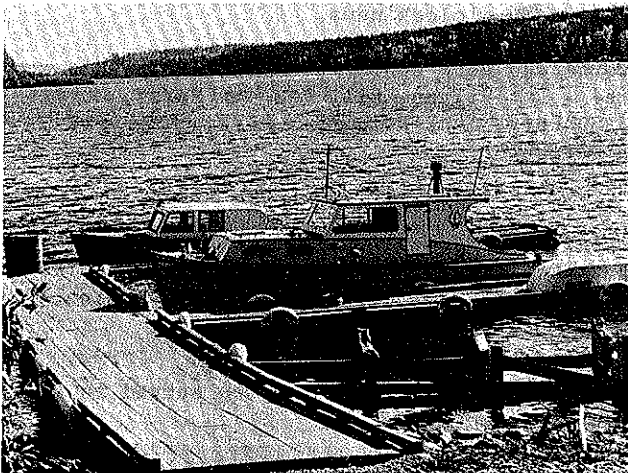
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We would like to receive verification from anyone in the Prince George or Kamloops Forest Districts concerning the following. Dave Armit (R.R.O. with oak clusters)* not only loves pancakes for breakfast but insists on arising early to cook them himself. We cannot understand this propensity for early rising to make pancakes, and we wonder if it was his habit in other Districts. Dave, not being the garrulous type, and not wishing to argue the point, will not comment. (*Regional Regeneration Officer).

*** **

At Sea?

We consider ourselves fortunate in receiving the 28-foot launch "Sylva" - commonly called "Silvia". On her maiden voyage, with Joe Schmidt as captain and crew, and Doug Morton as cabin



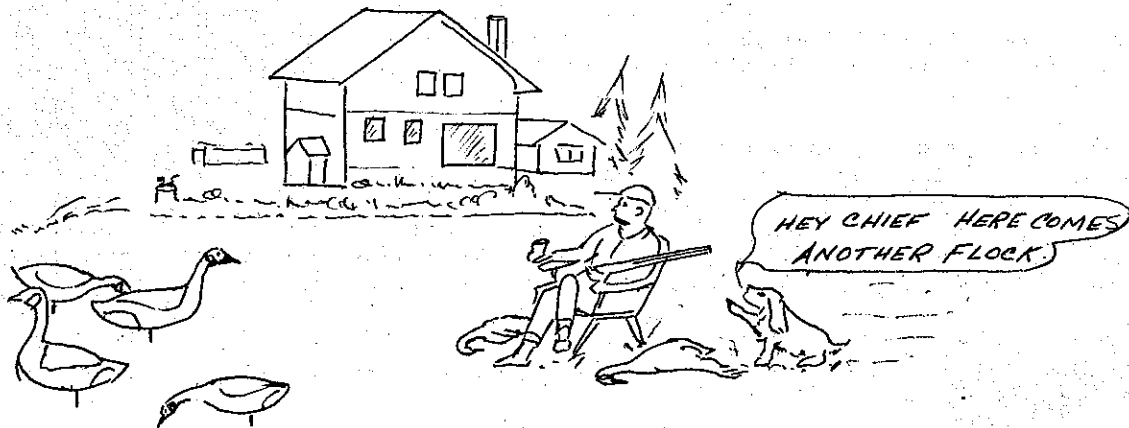
boy, she ran into some difficulty. Not only did we eventually find water in the tanks (gas), but other difficulties were encountered too gruesome to mention. (Say, Doug, was the water in Babine cold in October?)

The second voyage, with the same experienced crew, was much less exciting, except for the rough weather on the lake. Incidentally, she is good in rough seas.

It is indeed unfortunate that D.R.G. was not available for the maiden voyage. We do hope, however, that he will be present for some future one. We are all waiting in eager anticipation, especially for the time of disembarking at a timber sale where no docking facilities are available. Our life(?)boat is not built for a man of Denis' stature. - (Doug, quit rubbing your hands together and get that crooked grin

off your face!)

*** **

Ranger District NewsGoose Hunters Take Note

Maybe we should try the way Marvin Kullander does, e.g., - plant one large lawn, place four decoys on same, prime up shotgun and goose-call, sit back on easy chair and be PATIENT. Marvin has shot two geese at Pendleton Bay this year. George and Gary are considering selling their shotguns.

*** **

Above 56

There's a land that is north of Parallel '56
That to some in the south is known as the "Sticks".
So let me beneath in a small little phrase,
Enlighten you some on a few of our ways.

Like mountain goat trails, the roads there do wind,
Corner-posts few and not easy to find.
With 'copters and planes; jet-boats and jeeps
Access improves and progresses in leaps.

And now midst the pines along the Stikine
There stands a new cabin at a place called
Chutine.

Like true pioneers, this log cabin is proof,
But more civilized as shown by aluminum roof.

All these things the folks who in cities do
stay,
Will hopefully see from the "New Highway".
But of course there are those who are
waiting to play,
The game of "Chance" on the route of the
P.N. Railway.

Vast tracts of timber; mineral wealth by the score
Are awaiting the opening of just such a door.
But before we depart there is one other thing,
It's OUR game in the fall, office nimrods do bring.

*** **

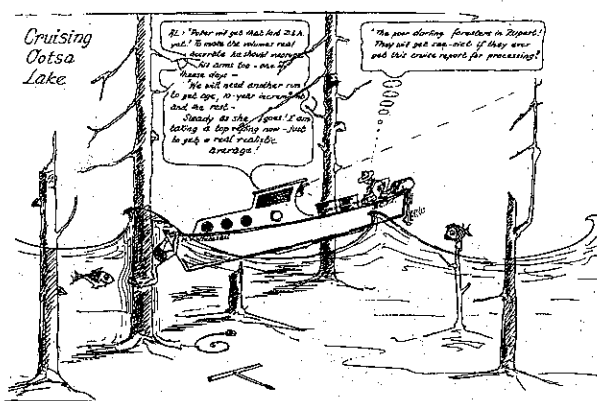
Here and There

During a low hazard period this summer, Ranger Jack Mould was caught without fire tools while on holidays in the Bear Lake country. Fortunately only a few million bailing cans full of water extinguished the abandoned campfire.

• • • • • • • • •

From this same district we hear that Prof. Chuck Sunberg and three companions, cunningly disguised as firefighters, complete with hard hats, packboards, and pump, were landed by aircraft on the shore of a remote lake. In order to hide their real purpose from the pilot, they informed him that they were heading for the "Dot" fire about six miles away. The pilot returned to Burns Lake and so, after about 30 hours, did Prof. Sunberg and company, wet, weary, and thirsty, but triumphant. The malicious gossip which spread abroad to the effect that they were lost is an obvious smear campaign directed at Prof. Sunberg and is completely unfounded. The truth is that "The Professor" was testing a secret homing device. The fact that it guided them home is proof of its success.

A black and white line drawing of a beach scene. In the foreground, a man wearing a hat and a short-sleeved shirt is kneeling on the sand, working on a small boat or structure. To his right, a woman in a swimsuit is walking towards him, carrying a box. In the background, there are trees, a small building, and a boat on the water.



Mr. & Mrs. W.C. Lindstrom
Mr. & Mrs. R.J. Anderson
Mr. & Mrs. C. Willson
Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Talbot
Mr. & Mrs. L. Russell
Mr. & Mrs. G. Potter

Bill, Ranger - Terrace
Ann, Dispatcher - Burns Lake
Charlie, Silviculture Crew.
Gordy, 2 i/c Management
Larry, Headquarters Cruiser
Gordon, Deputy Ranger - Southbank

Jackie Hutchings*
 Marcus Fajrajsl*
 Husky Rindahl
 Leslie Ann Grant*
 Andrea Pavilikis
 Colin Waldron
 Avis Antonenko

- Mr. & Mrs. W.S.B. Hutchings, Prince Rupert
- Mr. & Mrs. M. Fajrajsl, Prince Rupert
- Mr. & Mrs. L. Rindahl, Southbank
- Mr. & Mrs. D.T. Grant, Prince Rupert
- Mr. & Mrs. Nick Pavilikis, Prince Rupert
- Mr. & Mrs. Bill Waldron, Telkwa
- Mr. & Mrs. J. Antonenko, Kitwanga

• • • • •

We wish to say goodbye and good luck to four faithful lookouts who are retiring after many years of service in this District - Jack Mowat, Boer Mt. L/O; Ole Palmerson, Malkow L/O;

18.

Prince Rupert District (continued)

Scratched (cont'd)

Dave Murray, Parrott L/O; Roy Beedle, Verdun L/O.

Chris Dahlie has now retired from the Service which he joined in 1945 as patrolman on his release from the Army. Chris has worked out of Smithers in later years as project supervisor.

Chris is still a very enthusiastic skier - suggest you do not accept his invitation for a weekend trip unless you are in condition for it.

Stop Press

Good luck to Len Ashton, Cruising Supervisor, on his transfer to 100-Mile-House, in Kamloops District, where he will be Ranger-in-Charge.

... ..

PRINCE GEORGE DISTRICT

Once again it is a pleasure,
on behalf of the staff of the Prince George Forest District,
to wish all members of the Service

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

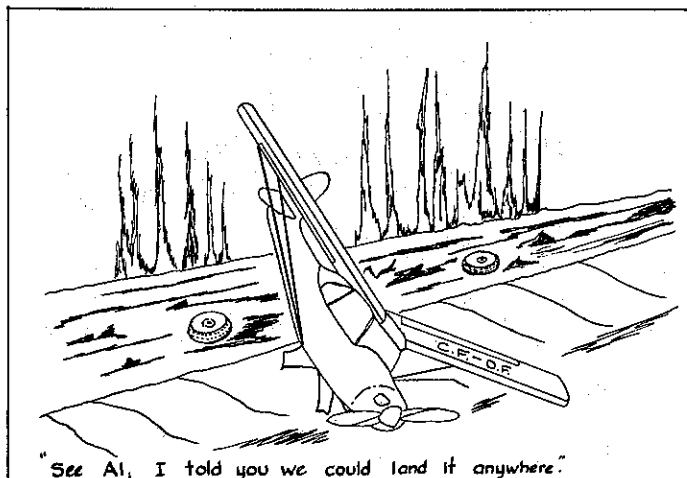
THE VERY BEST IN THE NEW YEAR

A. H. Dixon

District Forester.

... ..

PROTECTION



The Prince George Protection staff has scored several "firsts" this year in their increased protection program for the Peace River area. A Super-Cub aircraft was placed under contract patrol, and working in conjunction with it, were two Bell G2 helicopters complete with a two-man suppression crew each.

It is interesting to note that this year not one fire, in the flat country of B.C. east of the Rocky Mountains, ran out of control. The value of helicopters was well known and, as a result, a great deal of interest was focused on the "Cub". We were pleased to find it would do all and more than was expected of it. This machine was equipped with "big wheels" rather than floats, to take advantage of the numerous air-strips left by

the oil companies. The performance was excellent and, in demonstrations to all and sundry, we were able to prove it could land almost anywhere.

... ..

And then there was the licensee who wrote in the other day inquiring whether the sliding scale was stuck!!!

... ..

HEADQUARTERS CRUISING PRINCE GEORGE

Bear stories? Yes, we have lots of them! The story that went down on record this year occurred last February when four men were cruising near Wells. The men were using snowshoes, travelling on about four feet of snow when they ran face to face with a big, mean grizzly. When they were confronted with the problem of climbing up trees with snowshoes, well strapped to their feet, they decided to adopt quick-detachable snowshoe harnesses.

The crew that was chased up a ten-inch balsam by a mother bear and cubs in the Torpy River area, were kept elevated for three or four hours and there was keen competition for highest position in the tree. One ten-inch tree proved to be none too big for three men!

... ..

CLERICAL

Ed Clough, our Chief Clerk, reports that recruiting new personnel has kept him quite busy for the full year with over a 50% turnover in staff having occurred. Matrimony and associated ills having taken their toll. Ed says, "Not all the birds go south for the winter - the stork remains here the full year around."

... ..

Prince George District (continued)GRAZING

Prince George acquired a "permanent" Grazing Officer this spring and he promptly disappeared over the mountains into the Peace River. Rumours to the effect that he had taken up a homestead or a squaw were refuted on his infrequent, short visits made to District office. Many were his claims regarding the work being done on community pastures, most of which were confirmed when search parties consisting of the District Forester and other personnel came into this annexed section of Alberta looking for evidence of continued existence of this unseen payroll statistic. Invoices, bills, and contracts for fencing and land-clearing kept arriving in the District Office to verify the Peace River progress where 20 miles of fence were built and 120 acres of land were cleared and finally seeded! Keith Murray eventually returned to Prince George around September 1 and is now leading a rather sedentary life commuting between Prince George, Quesnel and Fort Fraser with an occasional side trip to Fort St. John and Dawson Creek.

*** **

Changes in the Prince George line-up since last Season

Reg Hamblin has been transferred from his position of coach in Aleza Lake to take over the Hixon All-Stars Ralph Keefe, having completed his contract with the Fort St. John Farmers, has taken over the coaching job for the Aleza Lake Muskrats Alex Kuly's contract was surrendered and picked up by the Vernon Sage Bushers. He had a 410 average Frank Pearce has taken over the management of the Quesnel Northerners. A great no-hitter Ben Mitchell, in a similar move, has taken over the Quesnel Southerners and Gordon Talbot's contract has been picked up by the Prince Rupert Wetbacks for an undisclosed sum of cash and one Assistant District Forester.

W.D. (Bill) Grainger has been moved up from our Nelson farm team O.J. (Whitey) Anderson was released and picked up by the Kamloops league. Whitey was one of our best-dressed players. Hats were his specialty, although they were often forgotten E. (Ted) Knight, released outright and picked up by the Victoria All-Stars. Had a nice 297 average L.J. McKenna, a former Kamloops Sage Brusher, has been brought in as assistant bat tester. This division now has a heavy batting average Keith Murray, after several attempts, has been made Manager of our farm team organization Gordon Fenton finally made the big leagues after his release from Victoria E. Bennett was picked up in an earlier off-season trade from the Prince Rupert Wetbacks.

E.L. (Bill) Young, released and picked up as Chief Scout for Surveys Division of the Victoria league. His main problem will be to find out how far a balsam knot will travel when hit with a wet juniper branch. Should add youth to this Division with two youngs at the top Phil Bodman bought up his contract and is now a free agent J.C. Payne, picked up after a release, is a former Victoria All-Stars. Good at fielding hot ones and has a solid 297 average.

*** **

KAMLOOPS DISTRICTGREETINGS

Last summer when the temperatures were high, the humidity low, the winds severe and lightning strikes too numerous to count, the cool winter weather seemed a long way off. By way of recollections, we have a sincere feeling of gratitude for the many who were directly on fire suppression activities. While a few Ranger Districts had a relatively easy fire situation, we are grateful to the uncomplaining attitude they displayed in sending staff to the hard-pressed areas.

We are all most appreciative of the manpower loaned to us by both Prince Rupert and Prince George. The Vancouver District's ability to secure equipment on short notice was particularly gratifying. Of course, the Nelson District are to be commended for allowing us to have first choice of the water-bombing planes.

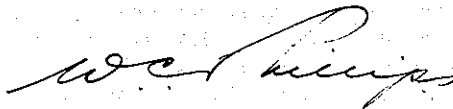
Last, but not least, the Victoria headquarters came through with their usual prompt dispatch of our many rush orders at any hour of the day.

As our disastrous fire problem fades further into history and our other delayed work appears to be coming back to normal, it is with much satisfaction that we contemplate how we would like to thank each one individually. This thank-you is intended for each when we say

MERRY CHRISTMAS

And

A HAPPY NEW YEAR OF WET WEATHER



District Forester.

*** **

Post Fire-Season Lament of Management Staff

Dear Santa:

Please would you exercise more control over that infernal heat pump! We know that you like to have the cold at Christmas time but there is really no need to turn on the heat full blast when you leave for down under.

Just look at what you did to us! Dave Armit, sensing that something was brewing, headed for the showers at Prince Rupert, and Trev. Jeanes took to the snows of Wenner-Grenland. Even Hubert Janning left us for one of the northern Ranger Districts. The heat attracted Whitey (Smoke-eater) Anderson and sent him into such a flap that he flew around half the summer shouting "Bird-dog, bird-dog". Between times he served as player-coach on a couple of spot fires, the "Dean" and the "Mil".

Kamloops District (continued)Post Fire-Season Lament of Management Staff (cont'd)

Gary Huva is in the District Office and he spent the summer chasing lightning bolts. Paddy MacLeod arrived just in time to act as co-host, with Fred Brahniuk, to a friendly fireside gathering of foodless, blanketless, benighted volunteer firefighters. Erstwhile author, elephant-herder, and raconteur, Harry Marshall, swapped tuskers for tankers and tigers for cats.

The heat was on alright. We fled from the office, all save Nick Mason who, when not approving Protection vouchers, stalked the halls in lonely vigil holding high the Managerial torch which cast fleeting shadows across the ever-increasing mounds of untended files.

We jumped unwittingly from the frying pan (or, rather, oven) into the fire. Ask Larry Parlow of cats and cooks or Pete Leahy of his dunking in the Mud River with a bunch of gamblers. Ask Mel Kerr, who played pilot-fish with the Mars bomber, or Hamish Gavin and Bob Hewlett who each wrote more cheques than J.E. Coyne.



Pete Robson would tell of his rise from firefighter to fire superintendent in two days and Bruce Neighbor would burble of being bottom deep in Bentonite. If you asked Amund Groner, he would say he gained twelve pounds but you needn't believe that.

When the heat subsided, the pressure was still on. While wading knee-deep in files, Pete Leahy desperately won a World Series pool and achieved a hair-cut. Ed. Charlesworth, playing it cool, saw his wife bring in a winner on the Irish. Things

were still rough. Bob Young was seen standing on his head and Allan Gilmour went astray for a couple of days. Jim Robinson wandered hither and thither in search of antiques (we never did find out what happened to Pete Leahy's chair) and Art Tourond had trouble with sex --- or so the Game Warden said when he saw Art's moose. On the home front, the MacLeods and the Gavins had SONS and the Bert LeDucs settled for a DAUGHTER.

We were all thankful that we did not have to wear these warm, woollen uniforms anymore and were just lulling ourselves back to normality when, wonder of wonders, Santa, your gift arrived in time for Christmas -- air-conditioning, all bright and shining and so thoughtfully placed. It is wonderful to gaze on the intricacies of pipes and vents, artistically punched through walls and doors in every room, and to know that next summer we should be cool, so very, very cool --- salt tablets no longer a requirement for working in the Kamloops office.

*** **

Protection Staff

Well, another Fire Season has come and gone. They seem to be getting bigger and better each year with grazing acreage increasing by leaps and bounds and the grass-seed companies declaring large dividends. The Protection staff members all look alike these days. They are thin, stooped-over, bald or grey-headed and can be found in dark cubbyholes surrounded by piles of equipment-rental accounts, final fire reports, flying tickets, and broken Pulaski tools, gibbering quietly to themselves about deadlines. Their ears are still badly swollen from hours of telephone conversation this summer.

Probably the most interesting development this summer was the use of water bombers. The first requirement for these aircraft is a good sturdy runway. After one of the Avengers and the B-17 had landed on the Kamloops strip with their wheels up and barely scratched the blacktop, the pilots admitted that the runway was just as firm as any in the country. The second item you must have is a pilot who is not afraid to fly close to the treetops. Although Al Dixon had his eyes shut during a bombing run made by the B-17, he swore that the topmost branches of the trees could be found in the motor's innards. The pilot vehemently protested the slur on his ability but, after landing, his casual examination of the props was too casual. The third necessity for water bombing is a "bird-dog". This is a person who has a nose for smoke, is willing to stay up all night discussing plans for the morning, fly all the next day, land in plowed fields, guide the bombers to the fires and keep out of their way. Art Kirk met these specifications and as far as we know refrained from using "pills".

When you have bombers, you must also have Bentonite. Stan (Mud) Noakes is now considered an expert mixer and dispenser. The slurry in the pits seemed to attract the birds - several were observed to land on it and sink slowly beneath the surface. We weren't at all sure, until the pits were emptied, that we wouldn't find the bodies of some firefighters down at the bottom.

The advent of the bombers has definitely stopped "coffee breaks" on the fire line. On two occasions, the bombers doused the lunch fires of the crews -- you will never be able to convince those men that the water doesn't get to the ground.

*** **

Odds and Ends

Our Mechanical Superintendent, Bill Stewart, had to ask the fellows at Clinton to help him push his car. Nobody had a camera to record the event but Mose Taylor won't let Bill forget it Our road maintenance costs have dropped sharply since Norm McRae received his new "compact". We have not had much use for our grader since then Harry and Brenda Mayson have departed on a long-planned trip to England. We only hope that the English fire season is over before they arrive On October 31, Reg Sweet, Assistant Ranger at Falkland, retired to concentrate on "steelheading" Ranger Alex Kuly joined us in the banana belt after spending too many years in the spruce swamps On November 30, Mose Taylor, patrolman at Lillooet, retired but refused to

Kamloops District (continued)Odds and Ends (cont'd)

turn in his badge (--- "I'll be using it next summer on those *'&'* railway fires") After labelling it as a lost cause ("too much smoke") Cy Phillips, frequently called "the boss" now, has that bent-knee appearance common to all who hurl the "stones".

*** **



Grazing Annual Report for the Year
2000 A.D.

One blade of grass,
One skinny cow.
We had over-grazing once,
But the grazing's over now.

But why write long reports
About imaginary ills?
We'll make synthetic beef from sawdust
And press it into pills.

John P. Weinard,
Ranger.

*** **

ACCOUNTING DIVISION

Each year, about the end of October, the Editor's request for "copy" for this illustrious publication finds us immersed in the welter of figures and paper inevitably associated with meeting the deadline in the annual "battle of the estimates". Christmas seems still somewhat distant, the holiday spirit does not yet pervade the atmosphere and we are almost prone to put the request aside in favour of the more urgent matter at hand.

Then we reflect and realize we must not, on any account, miss the Editor's deadline for if he "puts the paper to bed" without us we will miss the one sure opportunity, which only the "Newsletter" affords, of sending greetings to all our friends and associates in the Service. Our direct contacts generally are not as wide as those of many of the other Divisions but we nevertheless value just as highly our old associations, some of which, through the busy year, may have been unintentionally neglected though not forgotten. The "Newsletter" gives us at least an indirect opportunity to renew these associations and, we hope, to make new and fruitful ones.

We, in the Accounting Division, regard the Yuletide Season as a time to pause from our daily endeavours to "take stock" and conduct a little personal "accounting".

"Accounts-wise" this has been another busy and perhaps not altogether prosperous year, highlighted, unfortunately, by yet another record Fire Season. Though we were not directly involved in the onerous work of suppression, and the Fire Season is now a thing of the past, the memory lingers on for us in the volume of accounts and cheques still not completely consumed. They are a constant reminder of the magnitude of the task which faced the District staffs in, what were for the rest of us, the "fine" summer months.

So, in extending to all our friends the best of good wishes for a Merry Christmas we also express a fervent hope that 1961 may be a tranquil and productive year when our "best laid plans" can proceed unhampered by the threat of delay due to fires and closures.

Comptroller.

*** **

We don't know whether the poem hereunder was inspired by the fact that our Chief Accountant, Dave Robertson, will be leaving us in the New Year, but perhaps it should just be directed "To Whom It May Concern".

MY GET-UP-AND-GO

How do I know my youth has been spent?
Well, my get-up-and-go has got up and went;
But in spite of it all I am able to grin
When I recall where my get-up has been!
Old age is golden, I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder, as I get into bed,
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup
My specs on the table until I wake up -
Ere sleep dims my eyes I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?"
And I'm happy to say, as I close my door
"My friends are the same - perhaps even more!"

When I was young my slippers were red -
I could kick up my heels right over my head!
When I grew older my slippers were blue,
But I could still dance the whole night
through!
Now I am older, my slippers are black,
I walk to the store - and puff my way back!
The reason I know my youth is all spent?
My get-up-and-go has got up and went!
But I don't mind, when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my get-up has been!
Since I've retired from life's competition
I busy myself with complete repetition!
I get up each morning and dust off my wits
Pick up my paper and read the "Obits",
If my name is missing, I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and - go back to
bed!

*** **

FOREST SERVICE CALENDAR FOUND ALMOST EVERYWHERE

To a pub in the lower Westside of London, England, to a weather office in Australia, the Forest Service calendar can be found almost anywhere in the World.



The calendar, which marks its 41st consecutive year of publication this year, was first produced in 1920 under the guidance of P.Z. Caverhill, then Chief Forester. At that time, the circulation amounted to 3,000 copies. In 1961, 32,000 copies will be distributed throughout the Province and many parts of the World, finding their way into offices, schools, churches, parlours of liquid refreshment, logging camps, and numerous other locations.

It is interesting to note that in 1925, 175 calendars were supplied to only 20 schools whereas today more than 12,000 calendars are placed in the classrooms of some 1,500 B.C. schools.

Dr. C.D. Orchard, our Chief Forester from 1941 to 1958, whenever discussing the calendar, would recite an experience he once had on a journey to Europe. Apparently, on his way across Canada, he passed through New Brunswick and, recalling that he had an uncle living nearby, he decided to look him up. The uncle, as it turned out, lived on a farm which was a little hard to locate. Eventually, however, he arrived at a dwelling that resembled the place he was looking for. Unfortunately there was no-one home and not knowing this was definitely his uncle's farm, Dr. Orchard was undecided as to what to do next. During a period of reflection he happened to find himself in the privy at the edge of the garden and there, adorning the wall, was a beautiful Forest Service calendar. -- He knew he had found his uncle's home.

*** **

OUR COVER STORY

To those of you who may consider that is the darndest-looking Santa Claus on the Newsletter cover you have ever seen -- a few words by way of introduction.

That little guy is Bertie Beaver - Nature's Engineer. We like him because he is a very determined and skilful resource manager, he is a Canadian, and he is happy.

As a forestry symbol, however, he seems to represent a wider, more modern attitude towards forestry than most such symbols with which we are familiar. He is very interested in fire prevention and suppression for obvious reasons, but his policies carry him far past this phase of forest management and into the realm of integrated-use forestry.

The reactions to the Bertie Beaver posters distributed early this year have been, on the whole, good. We hope we'll see a bit more of Bertie in the future.

*** **

