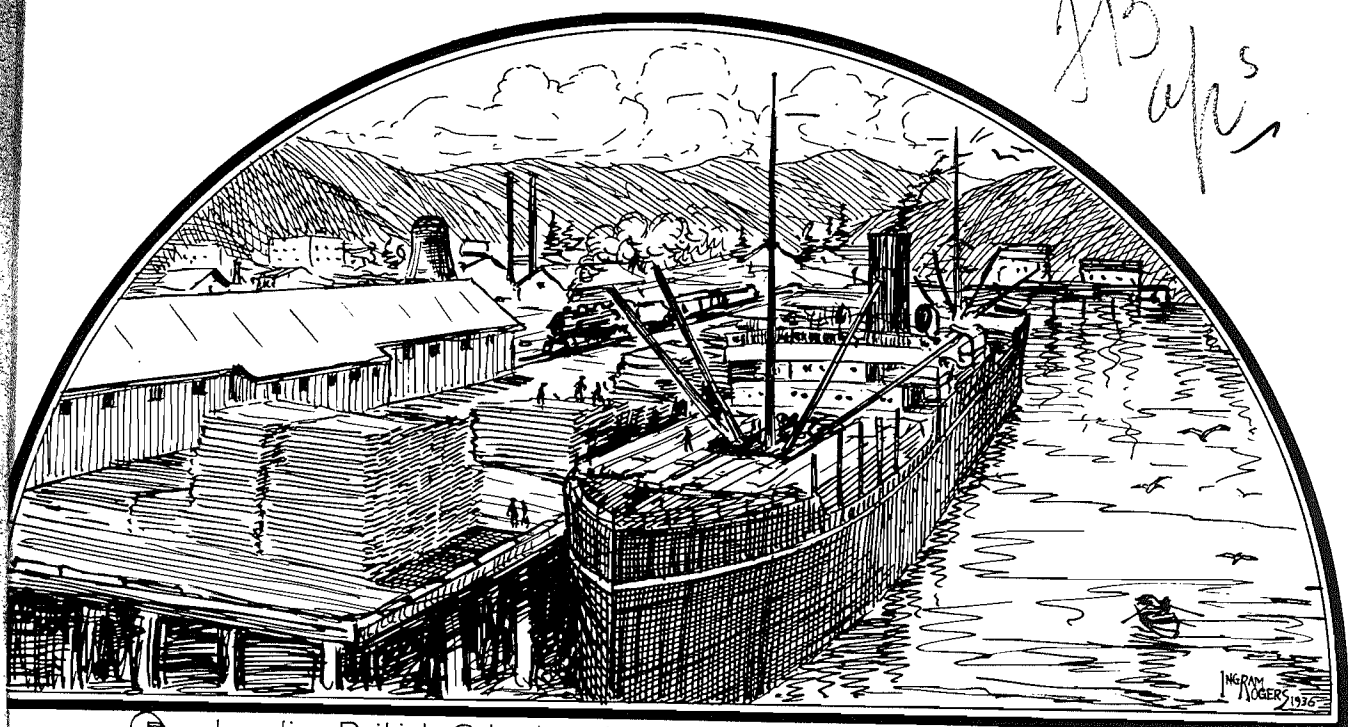




Loading British Columbian Lumber for the World's Markets

FOREST BRANCH NEWS LETTER

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

No. 22

Victoria, B.C., February 17, 1938.

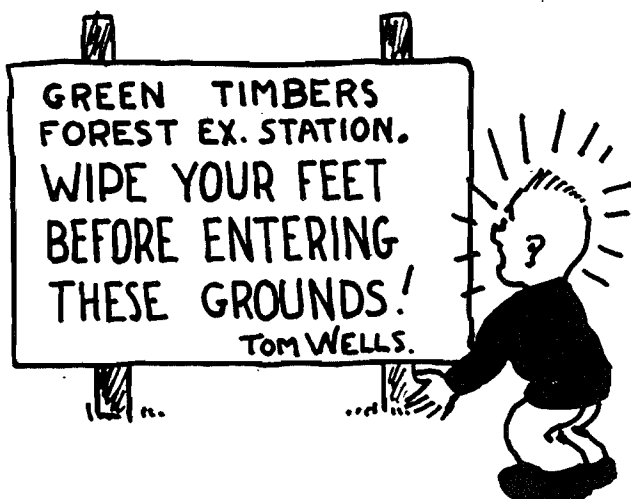
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Somebody said somewhere something to the effect that, "I wish I had a row of desks, extending endlessly away, for then I'd never clean them up, but use a new one every day." Sounds like a good stunt too. If we had that row of desks we might get a News Letter away a little oftener. We might manage a little better too if someone would send us some news. However, the holidays are far enough behind now for us to have got rested up a bit and, in spite of desk piled high and meagre file, we may be able to find a few items of interest.

Here in Victoria annual reports, F.D.P., protection plans, equipment, and an unfailing stream of sales keep us a little busier through the "slack" winter season than we are during the "busy" summer; and we infer that the Districts find enough work to keep them interested. After a recent survey of the Vancouver District they concluded they need about 12 additional Rangers to keep abreast of their work. Incidentally, they have some interesting recommendations re "Deputy Rangers", in other words, full-time Assistant Rangers. Nelson District wants to re-establish the old Rock Creek and Salmo Ranger districts, and Prince George is asking for additional staff.

The annual report taking shape gives us some interesting measures of activities in 1937. The fire season was very favourable. That is history now. We gave you the principal features of Chart "A" in our last Letter. There was a substantial saving in the Fund for the current year out of which we are able to reduce our deficit and, at the same time, make some substantial purchases of equipment. New pumps are coming up, hose and accessories, radios for lookouts, a couple of tractor outfits, and the usual miscellany of shovel, mattock and blanket variety. If we can hold expenditures down one more season we should be out of the red and, comparatively speaking, on easy street--catching up on the "Joneses" maybe. Perhaps we'll put carpets in Ranger offices.

Sawlog scale made a new record for 1937 at a total of 3,035,552,896 F.B.M., about 100 million over the last record in 1929. Hewn ties totalled 1,191,434, far down from the record of more than 3,850 thousand in 1921. Corded materials, 155,494. Poles and piles over 22 million feet from 4½ million in 1934. The biggest cut of these was over 39 million in 1929. The total converted scale was 3,242 million against the record of 3,346 million in 1929. Export of lumber didn't quite equal 1936 but passed the billion mark again at 1,107 million.



Those who have visited Green Timbers Nursery would hardly recognize the place these days. The Y.M.F.T.P. and F.D.P. camps, helped out with a modest expenditure, have transformed the place. The shacks are replaced by two small but adequate and most attractive buildings in the Cape Cod style. Roads are improved, snags disposed of, and additional ground cleared. Tom Wells makes you wipe your feet these days before you come into the office. Just now they are looking forward to lifting about 250,000 planting stock and are busy building what looks to us like the chassis of an overgrown war tank, but which they claim is going to be the last word in root-pruners. They have about 2,000,000 seedlings coming on for 1939 and will put in seed beds this spring to produce about 3,000,000 in 1940.

We had a chance to look over Charlie MacFayden's new seed-extraction plant at Vancouver a while ago, where we got an impressive reminder of the failure of the Coast Douglas fir seed crop this year. Out of some 80 bushels of cones he got about a dessertspoonful of not very good seed. Other species were quite satisfactory. The new plant is most efficient and convenient to operate and is well worth a visit.

A couple of transfers becoming necessary at the beginning of the New Year the usual train of incident moves developed. A.E. Parlow (Rupert) goes to Kamloops; C.J. Haddon (Kamloops) moves to Vancouver; and R.C. St. Clair (Vancouver) goes to Prince Rupert; D.B. Taylor (Victoria) is transferred to the Vancouver District on Protection work but will maintain his headquarters at Victoria; A.H. Waddington (Prince Rupert) is moved to Vancouver; E.E. Gregg (Prince George) replaces Taylor at Victoria; R.D. Greggor (Vancouver) goes to Prince George as District Forester there and E.W. Bassett goes from Victoria to Vancouver replacing Greggor; J.E. Mathieson (New Denver) goes to Rupert as Fire Inspector ex Waddington. We haven't been able to find out as yet who will fill Bassett's place at Victoria. All these moves were officially effective February 1st.

We understand that Lex Johnston (Rupert) is rejoicing in the arrival of a son on October 9th and Chas. Botham (Smithers) in the arrival of a daughter on October 20th. The new arrivals are almost old enough to read this themselves now but we didn't have the dope for an earlier number. We think, too, that we failed to tell you that Norman Pite (Records, Victoria) went into the hospital in October and is still under treatment there. After a series of serious operations he seems to be doing well and we hope to hear that he is convalescing at home shortly.

George Forbes and Walter Wilson, holidaying at the Coast, called on us during the holiday season.

And that seems to be about all the gossip we have collected since our last.



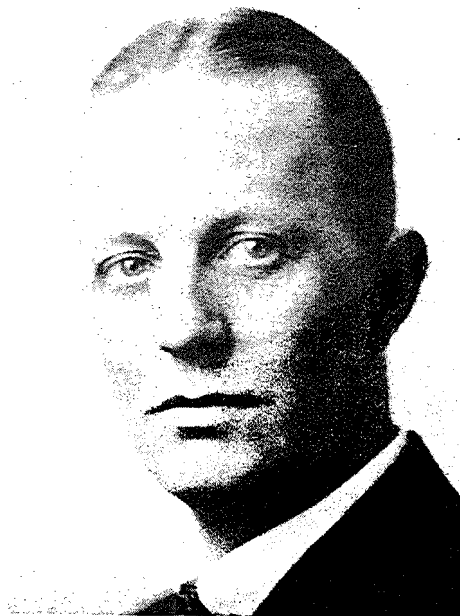
J. Milroy

A year ago, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the Branch, we presented miniature silver badges, suitably engraved, to the six men who had been continuously with the Service since it was organized in 1912. This year six more: C.J. Haddon, T.W. Brewer, H.H. Smith, E.P. Fox, F. MacRae and J. Milroy, complete their quarter century. Badges, together with beautifully executed parchments (product of the artistry, skill and midnight juice of "Shelly" Sheldon-Williams of Surveys Division) were presented to Fox, MacRae and Milroy at the Vancouver office staff dinner on February 25th. The remainder of the badges will be presented as soon as a suitable occasion presents itself.

The Vancouver Annual Dinner, inaugurated last year, was a marked success. More than 100 were in attendance, including wives, prospective wives (and husbands), families, and a number of ex-Forest Branch officers.



F. MacRae



E.P. Fox

A regrading of technical officers into five grades of Foresters and Assistant Foresters is being effected April 1st. This should facilitate organization in cases where we have outgrown the three ranks that have existed for the past 25 years if regrading can be accomplished without too much compromise. Unfortunately, it will be impossible to make all desired adjustments at once, but it should be possible to eliminate most of the compromise features in the course of a year or two.

A few months ago the Publicity Bureau asked us to secure detailed information throughout the coast district regarding small harbours, anchorages, stores, gas stations, and a miscellany of that class of information so useful to travellers and visitors and, at the same time, so difficult to secure. Reports from the various Rangers have now been turned over to the Bureau where they are delighted with their variety and completeness. Bureau officials are very pleased with and appreciative of the assistance given by the Rangers.

The recent arrival from the King's Printer's of a supply of Forest Branch calendars serves to remind us of at least two things: (1) Pre-depression days when we had calendars every year. (2) That we haven't thanked John Rogers of the Nelson Office for his excellent illustrations that appear on each of the calendar's pages. For those of you who didn't know, John is the fellow who hides behind the "J.C.I.R." that is usually to be found tucked in one corner of the very fine drawings at the top of each News Letter.

You may recall--or don't you--that in our last effort we were forced, through complete lack of editorial what-it-takes to resort to story in our earnest endeavour to assist all the Brethren of the Forests to "prosper" in their chosen walk of life. And you may further recall--or would you rather not--that our story was of those ancient and perhaps better days whose happenings have come down to us in but a meagre manner in the form of what up to now some have chosen to call fable.

However, whether you do or don't--since that last issue, or maybe it was before, we have dug further and deeper, and deeper and further into those stacks of ancient scrolls and papyri that record the early story of the Brethren and have there unearthed in one of the nethermost catacombs a small but valuable further collection setting forth various and diverse other happenings of those times. By dint of much arduous and painstaking effort we have finally arrived at a translation of several of these latest-discovered documents with astounding results! The very similarity of the happenings there recorded with those of times within our own memory can lead to but one conclusion: these are not fables but history--for we find they represent an actual chronicle of some of the problems that confronted the Brethren of the Forests in those same ancient days.

And so, as we have always been taught to believe that history repeats itself--or may someday--we have come to the conclusion that the least we can do is to pass them along to the Brethren of today. This we hope to do from time to time as translation proceeds and it may be thereby that we shall profit by the experiences of those early Brethren who first stepped out--sometimes too far and sometimes not far enough--to face the problems, vicissitudes and pitfalls that are to be met in administration of the Forests.

THE SECOND CHRONICLE

"Not twenty thousand years ago, it Chanced--even as it Chanced in our Last Recorded Chronicle and as no doubt it will Chance in Chronicles to Come--that a Hewer of Trees, in one of his Peregrinations up and down the country in search of Trees for Hewing, did spy upon a hillside a Particular Timber Stand. And the Hewer thought it a Likely Looking Stand and he put forth his Best Effort and climbed to the Timber and examined it and it was indeed a Good Stand containing Very Many Products such as were of his seeking. And a Beautifully Clear Stream of Water flowed through the Area and the Hewer coveted the Stand for his Own Purposes and could see only Dollars and Cents in it anent the time it were All Hewn and transported to the Market. And he had No Other Thought nor did he consider Any Other Interest that might perchance be Dependent upon that Particular Stand of Timber. And forthwith and without loss of time he hastened to the Sanctum of the Highest Appointed Representative of the Brethren of the Forests in That Part of the Country and he told Off-Handedly of his discovery and he learned that the Particular Stand of Timber was indeed under the care of the Brethren to do with as they saw fit in the Best Interests of the Community. And the Hewer then declared that if the Brethren in their Wisdom did see fit to make a Sale of That Particular Stand he Might Be Interested and Perchance he could by arduous labor obtain but a Very Few Products from That Stand but it was a Tough Show and he was not sure he was Particularly Interested but Failing Something Better he Guessed he might as well Make an Application for That Sale. And he Did. And he left the Sanctum without declaring to the Local Highest Appointed Representative his True Opinion of the Value to him of that Particular Stand--for that was the Custom in Those Days. And he Congratulated himself that he had thus indeed done well in not making it appear the Stand was Very Desirable for His Purposes for that might mean More Ducats and he would fain part with such inasmuch as he was Covetous of Wealth.

"And in due course his Application was Considered with Favor and the Local Highest Appointed Representative dispatched one of his Henchmen, a more Lowly Appointed Brother of the Forests, to Look Well over The Particular Stand and to make Report on all manner of Features and Interests bearing on a Sale of That Stand so that he might have Complete Knowledge with which to Consummate the Sale. And the Report was made and it showed that a Sale was In Order and in the Interest of the Community. And the Sale was consummated and the Local Highest Appointed Representative was Gratified in that he considered he had Conducted his Duty

in a Wise Manner befitting his Authority and the Hewer likewise was light of heart although forsooth he had indeed Expected or at least Hoped that a Lower Number of Ducats would have represented the Purchase Price.

"But all in all, Everything seemed Good and Rosy!

"And the Hewer posthaste hied him to his Purchase and forthwith commenced to build Dwellings on the area for himself and His Men and a Cook's Shanty and a Wash House and particularly one or two other Smaller Houses for the use of Any of His Men when Occasion demanded. And His Men on the appointed day repaired to the Area and Dwelt thereon and Hewed the Trees. And they Made Use of the Beautifully Clear Stream of Water which flowed through the Area both for the Quenching of Their Thirst and for the Cleansing of Their Raiment.

"And still Everything seemed Good and Rosy!

"But lo, without warning, even as a thief in the night, Everything seemed Anything Else but Good and Rosy! For it developed that a Community of Other Men dwelt, as they had for years gone by, along the Lower Reaches of the Beautifully Clear Stream of Water flowing through the Sale Area and they were in the Habit of Using the Water for Divers Purposes including the Quenching of Their Thirst and the Irrigation of Their Lands and they held the Rights thereto and they were Not At All Interested in Hewing of Trees. And they had taken Counsel and having decided on a Course of Action had obtained the services of a Scribe who Without the Least Loss of Time despatched a Long and Formal Protest and Petition to the Chief of All the Brethren of the Forests at his Sanctum Beside the Sea. And the Chief in due course received the Missive and having transcribed the Contents he learned therefrom that the Community of Other Men claimed a Goodly Number of Things Detrimental to their Communal Interests were Happening as a Direct Result of the Sale of the Particular Stand of Timber to the Hewer of Trees. For the Missive set forth at length that the Beautifully Clear Stream of Water was no longer Clear but was Contaminated from above and further that the Supply of Water was definitely Decreasing through Hewing of the Trees and Many Other Divers Complaints. And it further

stated that the Community was Founded and Dependent upon the Continued Flow of the Beautifully Clear Stream and What Did the Chief Propose to Do About It. And the Chief made Enquiry and Asked Questions--at first not in a loud voice but at length his voice took strength--and it may again be recorded that Everything seemed Anything Else but Good and Rosy!



"And when all the Facts including the original Report on the Sale were gathered together the Chief was indeed Wrath and he had another Flight of Eloquence--even again as in our Last Recorded Chronicle. And the Chief declared, 'Have I not but Just Returned from a sojourn in this part of the Country from which Protest now arrives? And did I not while there devote Time and Effort to assuring the Community of the Unfailing Service and Co-operation that could be Counted Upon at all times from the Brethren of the Forests? And now, forsooth, fast upon my Return arrives this Protest and I am upon a Spot.'

"And he said Other Things that were not good to record but the Brethren Within Sound of his Sanctum heard aplenty and it was agreed that indeed Everything was still Anything

Else but Good and Rosy!

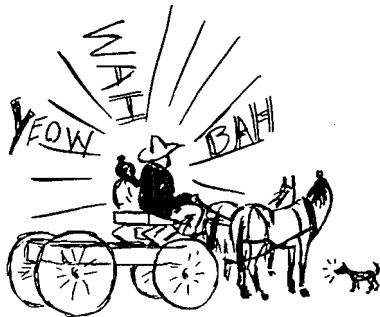
"And at long last with breath nigh gone and fist and desk worn thin the Chief finally decreed that the Whole Happening should forthwith be Chronicled, even as here set forth. And further that All the Brethren of the Forests should read thereof and Profit thereby to the Extent that they in future would consider Every Interest Involved in Making Their Reports and recommend Wisely and Well so that there might be no more Jackpots."

And All the Brethren of the Forests read and took Counsel unto themselves and prospered.



Old timers on the coast like to reminisce about the days of horse logging and the ox teams, the days when they were yarding big ones out of what is now the business section of Vancouver. Jim MacDonald (Vancouver) goes them one better with his stories of horse logging and six-foot logs within the city limits of Vancouver today. His documentary evidence herewith. If we remember rightly, these are windfalls and snags being taken off Vancouver city lots, sound and valuable after 30 or 40 years. The four 14-foot logs in the picture scaled about 8,000 F.B.M. Two men

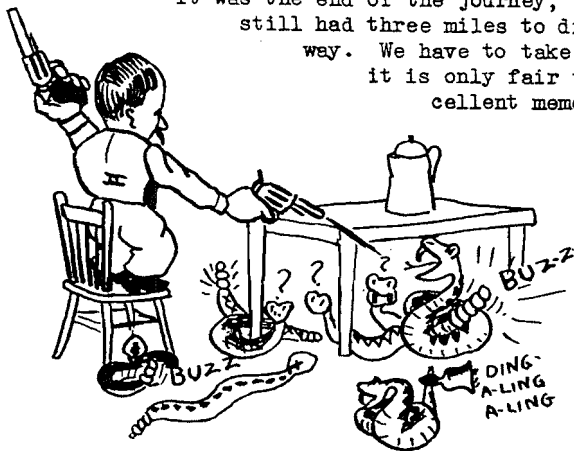
and one team of horses logged these sticks and yarded them about half a mile.



In the thick of the Reil Rebellion, on June 17, 1884, at Broadview, Sask., then known as the North West Territories, JOHN WESLEY MCCLUSKEY, veteran Ranger of the Okanagan, was born. He went from Moose Jaw to Victoria, B.C. in the summer of 1886 and to the Okanagan in 1888.



Jack claims he remembers (at the tender age of three) driving from Ducks to Vernon in a democat, and on arriving at Cameron's store, Vernon, thought it was the end of the journey, but when he found they still had three miles to drive, he cried all the way. We have to take his word for it, but it is only fair to say he has an excellent memory.



He was educated in Vernon and, on leaving school, worked at various pursuits, including a job in an aerated water factory, and to this day he indulges in nothing stronger than this form of beverage. He subsequently took up land near Oyama, south of Vernon, from whence comes a stack of anecdotes about his adventures with rattlesnakes that would make Paul Bunyan hide his head in shame. We can't vouch that he once shot 110 of them before dinner, most of which were under the dining table, but we do know that he was badly bitten at least once. Being a tee-totaler it is a mystery how he survived, but survive he did, and to this day modestly carries teeth marks as a memento.

He also put in ten years in a lumber mill at which work he was occupied to the time of his entering the Forest Service in 1914, and his history since then is familiar to all who have had dealings with him. He nearly lost his life in 1917 in a bad fire on the east side of Kalamalka Lake, collapsing after he had rescued a party of fire fighters who were cut off by the fire. Every peak and every creek between Armstrong and the International Boundary are known to Jack, and nearly every survey post. He dearly loves an argument, but admits if he convinced anyone he would think they were crazy.

For nine years Jack was sidesman in the church and says if that does not entitle him to a ticket to heaven he will not go there. Knowing his sterling qualities we think that eventually St. Peter will unhesitatingly allot Jack a pre-emption on an especially nice clean white cloud.

Gone are the days when a young machine shop was a necessary accessory to a Model-T or any other make of car. Twenty years ago the manufacturers recognized the necessity for road repairs and supplied a few simple tools, and the cars, like life in those historic times, were simpler than today. There were no high-compression heads, down-draft carburettors, self-starters nor knee actions. Clearances were high, fenders, if still adhering to the frame, were designed to make road repairs easy, instead of the opposite, and all the engine needed to keep it running was a little gas, the odd spark and a prod with a screwdriver or monkey wrench every so often. Hydraulic brakes, ethyl gas, oil-bath air cleaners and automatic spark control have complicated our motor vehicles to the point where it is no longer possible nor advisable for every driver to make repairs on the road. At the same time, the cars are more reliable and service stations closer together. Manufacturers conduct many comprehensive training and brush-up schools for their service personnel from which develop real experts in trouble diagnosis and repair. Along with the improvements in car design and manufacture there have been developed many instruments and tools to aid the expert in his diagnosis of trouble. A screwdriver and heavy thumb on the needle valve used to be enough, but six and eight-cylinder motors cannot be tested nor tuned that way, while the extra fine clearances for moving parts are no longer subject to measurement with a thin dime.

Improper adjustment, poor operation and inattention to worn and broken parts can account for waste of large sums of money in a fleet the size of that run by the Forest Service. For that reason, and the others mentioned above, there has been added to the staff of the Operation Office in Victoria an Assistant Mechanical Inspector, W.C. Spouse, who has been through the schools and worked for years in garages and service stations. His main duties will be the inspection and tuning up of motor equipment, the diagnosis of troubles, advising operators on the care of their equipment and reporting his findings to the District Forester and Victoria. He will not attempt major repairs nor overhauls that require garage equipment and considerable time to effect.

Mr. Spouse is now at work on the Vancouver District equipment and when through on the Coast will proceed to the Interior.

Requests for information and assistance only remotely relating to Forest Branch matters are not uncommon here and we like to oblige whenever we can. We had to disappoint one of our cousins south of the line recently however, when after asking for guidance regarding certain timber matters he continued: "and would also be very grateful to know where I could buy a ticket on the Irish Derby or Sweepstake and how much a ticket is, and also any other information you can give me on this Derby will be very much appreciated."

The Editor is holding up the press for a word from Management so it must be brief.

E.B. Prowd has returned from a mid-winter visit to the Nelson District and reports the gold-mining activity in the district continues to be of material assistance in maintaining prosperous conditions. As mining prospers so local demand for forest products also grows. This is particularly noticeable in the Salmon Valley south of Nelson.

It was noted with interest that fire-killed hemlock was finding sale for newsprint production. Cottonwood logs unsuitable for veneer, produced in the course of operations for the Nelson Veneer Works, are also finding an outlet in the manufacture of masonite.

Pole scaling is being placed on a sound basis and replacing the old system of returns based on buyers' inspection. In future all poles will be scaled to the nearest inch top diameter and length in feet.

Assistant Supervisor of Scalers Charlesworth is spending the next few months in Nelson District, where all scalers will be properly coached in their scaling duties.

Returning via Kamloops a hive of industry was encountered due to increased production--poles alone scaled last year around the ten million lineal ft. mark, just about double the 1936 output.

Annual reports are a bugbear to most of us who have to labour on them. The prospect begins to be vaguely disturbing in June, working up through a few preliminary mild nightmares in October, to culminate in near brain fever through the throes of composition in December. Add to this some grave doubts on the part of the compiler as to whether they are ever read and you have the makings of one of the prime futilities of the year. We can sympathize with you. We've been there--still there for that matter. Amazing as it may seem, however, we can assure you that annual reports are read and constantly referred to. Not many Ranger reports reach Victoria but when they do they appear to be particularly good. Charlie Holmes (Victoria) manages to compress a very good summary of an excellent detailed report into an introductory paragraph that appeals to us, to wit:

"It has been a good year. A year in which Grumblers have grumbled, Gamblers have won and lost, and Stout Chaps have got exactly what was coming to them. Prices rising, stopping abruptly, receding sharply, steadying. No ships. U.K. rates rocketing from 55 to 110, and falling back to 70 shillings. Action. Scheming. Butchers and Bakers and Candlestick-makers throwing their cap into the ring, and adventuring their entire capital structure of two dollars and a quarter, plus their native shrewdness, into the logging and milling game. Some of these boys breaking even and gaining experience, others caught "en deshabelle", leaving of their own free will, followed by the Sheriff. In the main the Industry has prospered, and vested interest has got by nicely."

A few pages below he concludes his review of trespass:

"It can be safely assumed that there will never be a time when all danger of trespass has ceased. Diligence in inspections, complete reports by the Field, and continuance of the present action taken by the District office should, however, furnish an effective control of this unethical activity. Usually a trespasser finds himself in possession of an increased respect for the forest officer who brings him to justice, and frequently that trespasser does not rest until he has succeeded in reporting a brother operator in sin. There is nothing "stool-pigeoney" about all this, on the contrary, an unpleasant piece of business can be carried through without any loss of dignity--occasionally the cat does catch a mouse, the blind rooster manages to pick up a little grain (if the forest officer finds the corner post, and if time permits that he run the line.)"

This annual report business often reminds us of W.I. Hutchinson's skit on the "Work Plan", a copy of which we keep handy to cheer us up from time to time. We'll pass it along in case it may serve a similar purpose elsewhere:

ALL THE ESSENTIAL INGREDIENTS

"The annual Work Plan was finished. But no one around the ranger station dared to call it a work plan, for it was a symposium of objectives garnished with the most up-to-date methods of efficiency and standardization gathered from all the 'best thought' of the ages and ground out to the field from the gloomy maw of a mimeographing machine. There were columns upon columns of jobs and sub-jobs and sub-sub-jobs, worked out to split seconds, covering every conceivable contingency from the homogeneous calories of luscious oats old Bess was to receive as her per diem, to the latest method of identifying blister rust while riding at the rate of 3 miles per hour.

Nothing had been overlooked, except possibly practical ideas. And now the final conference was on before this momentous effort would be sent the District Office for review and approval.

'Have you got in all the Improvement work you expect to do next year?' inquired the Supervisor.

'Yes,' replied the Ranger, 'not only for next year but for five years. I plan to use the Guards on all the big jobs when the Inspectors aren't around.'

'Fine! Have you cut headquarters work to the bone?'

'Yes, and if anyone ever finds a surplus of time around this Station in my diary again they'll have to take an advanced course in calculus.'

'And have you put down plenty of grazing inspection trips?'

'Why you know I always do that, even if I never get beyond the first salt lick up the gulch.'

'How about a winter study course in modern business methods and self-analysis?'

'Did you ever hear of me leaving that out?'

'Well, you'd better not if you want to draw your pay check and stay on the efficiency register. I suppose you've allowed plenty of time for that brush burning job?'

'Oh, yes, there won't be any trouble about that because I've already threatened to close down the mill if they don't clean'er up. I'm going to do some public relations work, too, now that we've got a new schoolmarm in the district.'

'That's a good idea. How do you plan to use your spare time?'

'Well, as near as I can figure, the jobs I've got listed for next year would take an able-bodied man just about 500 days to clean them up. But if the fishing don't get too good, and I don't have to 'personally conduct' more'n five or six D.O. men a month around my district, and can save enough out of my wife's housekeeping money to buy a new inner tube for the jitney, I reckon I'll be able to hold down the fires and handle all these little jobs and still keep within the limits of a field man's work day of nine to four with an hour for lunch.'

'All right,' said the Supervisor, 'I believe your Work Plan will be a success.'

"And it was, too."

Ian MacQueen (Operation, Victoria) returning from a busman's holiday trip to California reports amongst other interesting features:

The catchment basins used in Southern California for water storage. These drain into cement tanks of from 10,000 to 25,000 gallon capacity and are located at strategic points along the roads in the forests. When a fire occurs the tank trucks fill up at the nearest storage tank.

A master board at the Regional Office in Portland shows fire-danger rating. This board has a small flashlight bulb in the centre of each Ranger District. When the daily reports arrive coloured cellophane caps corresponding to the hazard ratings are slipped over the bulb. Thus the Regional Forester can tell at a glance the current conditions throughout the entire region.

There is an increasing number of specialized technical men in the Forest Service at Berkeley--two mechanical engineers with a sound fundamental knowledge of combustion are connected with the fire control staff of the Experiment Station.

Remarkable success has been attained by Region 6 in dropping supplies and equipment from aeroplanes. This technique was used on several fires last year and proved of great value on fires in isolated areas. Although costly, this method proved cheaper than if trails had been cut into the areas and packhorses used.

The Angeles Forest in Southern California commenced the 1938 season with a 300-acre fire in the middle of January. This acreage was larger than that of the entire 1937 season.
